9 April 1983 35p US $1.95 (by air) ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 80c DnKr 14.50 Fr NF 10.00 Ger Dm5.00
Malaysia $2.50 Spn 225pts IR 52p (inc. VAT)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
NME

Ken Livingstone

THE GREATER LONDON STYLE COUNCILLOR

Interview by Andrew Tyler

TRACIE: THE GIRL STAR PAUL WELLER WOULD BUILD

BY DAVID DORRELL

Tracie. Photo Peter Anderson.

Joan Armatrading

U.S. Soul Searchin'

Roman Holliday

Ray Charles

SPK

RESPONDING TO STYLE

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
	1	IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW	Duran Duran (EMI)	3	1
2	2	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	3	2
3	6	DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT LOVE	Altered Images (Epic)	3	3
4	7	RIP IT UP	Orange Juice (Polydor)	4	4
5	3	SPEAK LIKE A CHILD	Style Council (Polydor)	4	3
5	18	BOXERBEAT	JoBoxers (RCA)	2	5
7	5	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)	Eurythmics (RCA)	6	2
8	4	TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	6	1
9	8	ROCK THE BOAT	Forrest (CBS)	6	3
10	(—)	OOH TO BE AH	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	1	10
11	19	ORCHARD ROAD	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	2	11
12	9	NA NA HEY HEY KISS HIM GOODBYE	Bananarama (London)	6	5
13	22	FIELDS OF FIRE	Big Country (Mercury)	2	13
14	10	BILLY JEAN	Michael Jackson (Epic)	10	1
15	21	WHISTLE DOWN THE WIND	Nick Heywood (Arista)	2	15
16	11	DROP THE PILOT	Joan Armatrading (A & M)	4	11
17	17	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	3	17
18	(—)	TWO HEARTS BEAT AS ONE	U2 (Island)	1	18
19	13	YOU CAN'T HIDE YOUR LOVE FROM ME	David Joseph (Island)	4	13
20	(—)	BREAKAWAY	Tracy Ullman (Stiff)	1	20
21	12	RUN FOR YOUR LIFE	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	4	12
22	14	VISIONS IN BLUE	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	3	14
23	15	GARDEN PARTY	Mezzoforte (Steinar)	3	15
24	(—)	SNOT RAP	Kenny Everett (RCA)	1	24
25	(—)	THE CELTIC SOUL BROTHERS	Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	1	25
26	25	WAVES	Blancmange (London)	6	19
27	(—)	WORDS	F. R. David (Carrere)	1	27
28	16	HIGH LIFE	Modern Romance (WEA)	5	7
29	27	I AM ME (I'M ME)	Twisted Sister (Atlantic)	2	27
30	28	THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT	Tracie (Respond)	2	28

JoBoxers on the beat at Number Five

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
	15	THE FINAL CUT	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	2	1
2	2	THE HURTING	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	4	2
3	3	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	16	1
4	1	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)	Eurythmics (RCA)	8	1
5	5	WAR	U2 (Island)	5	3
6	13	DEEP SEA SKIVING	Bananarama (London)	4	6
7	12	CHARTRUNNERS	Various (Ronco)	3	7
7	4	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR	Marillion (EMI)	2	4
9	20	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	41	2
10	7	THE KEY	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	4	7
11	11	TOTO IV	Toto (CBS)	6	3
12	9	INARTICULATE SPEECH OF THE HEART	Van Morrison (Mercury)	2	9
13	18	HAND CUT	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	3	13
14	10	POWER & THE GLORY	Saxon (Carrere)	2	10
15	14	HOTLINE	Various (K-Tel)	5	6
16	8	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	4	5
17	21	DAZZLE SHIPS	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Telegraph)	4	6
18	16	QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK	Thompson Twins (Arista)	6	2
19	6	THUNDER & LIGHTNING	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	5	2
20	24	HELLO I MUST BE GOING	Phil Collins (Virgin)	21	2
21	29	ANOTHER PAGE	Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	7	3
22	19	THE HIGH ROAD	Roxy Music (EG)	3	19
23	17	RICHARD CLAYDERMAN	Richard Clayderman (Delphine)	16	4
24	(-)	HEARTBREAKER	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	21	2
25	(-)	THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION	John Lennon (Parlophone)	18	1
26	26	WORKOUT	Jane Fonda (CBS)	6	10
27	23	VISIONS	Various (K-Tel)	9	10
28	(-)	SHAPE UP AND DANCE	Felicity Kendall (Lifestyle)	1	28
29	22	SURPRISE, SURPRISE	Mezzoforte (Steinar)	2	22
30	(-)	HIT PARADE	Billy Fury (Decca/Rock Echoes)	1	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Blue Monday**	New Order (Factory)
2	(6)	**Anaconda**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
3	(2)	**Somewhere/Hide**	Danse Society (Society)
4	(16)	**Peppermint Pig**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
5	(5)	**Bad Seed**	Birthday Party (4AD)
6	(3)	**Mexican Radio**	Wall Of Voodoo (Illegal)
7	(8)	**Lined Up**	Shriekback (Y)
8	(11)	**White Rabbit**	Damned (Big Beat)
9	(13)	**Love Under Will**	Blood & Roses (Kamera)
10	(7)	**Garden Party**	Mezzoforte (Steinar)
11	(9)	**Fat Man**	Southern Death Cult (Situation 2)
12	(3)	**Oblivious**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
13	(12)	**In Nomini Patri**	Alternative (Crass)
14	(—)	**Angry Songs**	Omega Tribe (Crass)
15	(19)	**Cry Me A River**	Julie London (Edsel)
16	(—)	**Transformer**	Joy Division (Factory)
17	(10)	**Get The Balance Right**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
18	(18)	**Cattle And Cane**	The Go Betweens (Rough Trade)
19	(25)	**As High As You Can Go**	Chameleons (Statik)
20	(20)	**People EP**	Action Pact (Fall Out)
21	(23)	**Something Don't Matter**	Ben Watt (Cherry Red)
22	(17)	**Hold Me**	Punilux (Red Rhino)
23	(—)	**Money's Too Tight**	Valentine Brothers (Energi)
24	(29)	**Mental Disorder EP**	Disorder (Disorder)
25	(21)	**Shoot You Down**	APB (Oily)
26	(—)	**Don't Come Back**	Marine Girls (Cherry Red)
27	(14)	**Johnny Remember Me**	Meteors (ID)
28	(—)	**Tainted Love**	Dave Philips (Rockhouse)
29	(—)	**Where I Stand**	The Maisonettes (Ready Steady Go)
30	(15)	**Crazy About Love**	Wire (Rough Trade)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Pillows And Prayers**	Various (Cherry Red)
2	(2)	**Song And Legend**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
3	(5)	**Seduction**	Danse Society (Society)
4	(9)	**Let The Tribe Increase**	The Mob (All The Madmen)
5	(4)	**A Distant Shore**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
6	(3)	**Wreckin' Crew**	Meteors (ID)
7	(7)	**1981-82 The Mini Album**	New Order (Factory)
8	(—)	**It's Time To See Who's Who**	Conflict (Corpus Christi)
9	(12)	**Surprise, Surprise**	Mezzoforte (Steinar)
10	(13)	**Lazy Ways**	Marine Girls (Cherry Red)
11	(11)	**Care**	Shriekback (Y)
12	(8)	**North Marine Drive**	Ben Watt (Cherry Red)
13	(10)	**Partisans**	Partisans (No Future)
14	(25)	**Before Hollywood**	Go-Betweens (Rough Trade)
15	(6)	**Strive To Survive**	Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)
16	(26)	**Lend An Ear**	Pigbag (Y)
17	(17)	**Upstairs At Eric's**	Yazoo (Mute)
18	(14)	**Earth**	Misty In Roots (People Unite)
19	(22)	**Chaos UK**	Chaos UK (Riot City)
20	(27)	**The Maverick Years**	Wah (White Label)
21	(30)	**Pissed And Proud**	Peter And The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
22	(—)	**Fetisch**	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
23	(20)	**Dig This Groove Baby**	Toy Dolls (Volume)
24	(21)	**Gang War**	Prince Charles And The City Band (Solid Platinum)
25	(24)	**Urban Dogs**	Urban Dogs (Fallout)
26	(—)	**Nipped In The Bud**	Various Artists (Rough Trade)
27	(29)	**Call Of The West**	Wall Of Voodoo (Illegal)
28	(23)	**Embrace The Herd**	The Gist (Rough Trade)
29	(19)	**The Day The Country Died**	Subhumans (Spiderleg)
30	(15)	**All Systems Go**	One Way System (Anagram)

REGGAE DISCOMIX

1	**Revolution**	Dennis Brown (Taxi)
2	**Jumping Jack**	Freddie McGregor (Intense)
3	**Whip It**	Derrick Harriott (Hawkeye)
4	**Lend Me The Chopper**	Johnny Osbourne (Starlight)
5	**People Of The World**	People Of The World (Carousel)
6	**Love Come Down**	Barry Biggs (Afrik)
7	**Love Is Tops**	Alton Ellis (Body Music)
8	**Loving Thoughts**	Byron Otis (CF)
9	**Keep On Dancing**	Bunny Lie Lie (Midnight Rock)
10	**No Problem**	Powell Family (Island)

REGGAE PRE

1	**Life**	Trevor Shields (Coxsone)
2	**Stop The War**	Peter Roots (Taxi)
3	**Disarm The World**	Junior Delgado (High Music)
4	**Nutron Bomb**	Eek-A-Mouse (Gorgon)
5	**Work Us So Hard**	Little John (Hitbound)
6	**Credel**	Spliffy Dan (Circle Throne)
7	**Wha Happen Dey**	Wailing Souls (Gorgon)
8	**Roots With Quality**	Third World (Observer)
9	**Creamy Corner**	Ranking Toyan (Volcano)
10	**Single Woman**	Black Skin (Solomonic)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

JAMAICA SINGLES

1	**The Girl Is Mine**	Michael Jackson/Paul McCartney (Epic)
2	**Electric Boogie**	Marcia Griffiths (Solomonic)
3	**Sexual Healing**	Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
4	**Night Nurse**	Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)
5	**Heartbreaker**	Dionne Warwick (Arista)
6	**It Must Be Love**	Carlene Davis (Orange)
7	**Harambee**	Rita Marley (Rita Marley)
8	**Love Problem**	Echo Minott (Joe Gibbs)
9	**Down Here In Babylon**	Brent Dowe (Crazy Joe)
10	**This Is Massive**	Massive Dread (UFO)

Courtesy the Gleaner

US SINGLES

1	**Billie Jean**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	**Do You Really Want To Hurt Me**	Culture Club (Virgin)
3	**Hungry Like The Wolf**	Duran Duran (Capitol)
4	**You Are**	Lionel Richie (Motown)
5	**Back On The Chain Gang**	The Pretenders (Sire)
6	**We've Got Tonight**	Kenny Rogers & Sheena Easton (Liberty)
7	**Mr. Roboto**	Styx (A & M)
8	**Separate Ways**	Journey (Columbia)
9	**One On One**	Daryl Hall and John Oates (RCA)
10	**Twilight Zone**	Golden Earring (21 Records)

US LPs

1	**Thriller**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	**Frontiers**	Journey (Columbia)
3	**H_20**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
4	**Business As Usual**	Men At Work (Columbia)
5	**Kilroy Was Here**	Styx (A&M)
6	**Rio**	Duran Duran (Capitol)
7	**Lionel Richie**	Lionel Richie (Motown)
8	**Toto IV**	Toto (Columbia)
9	**Pyromania**	Def Leppard (Mercury)
10	**The Distance**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)

Courtesy Billboard

WEST GERMANY

1	**99 Luftballons**	Nena (CBS)
2	**Major Tom**	Peter Schilling (WEA)
3	**You Can't Hurry Love**	Phil Collins (WEA)
4	**Passion**	Flirts (Rams Horn/Ariola)
5	**Sonderzug Nach Pankow**	Udo Lindenberg & Das Panikorchester (Polydor/DGG)
6	**Die Sennerin Vom Koenig See**	Kizz (CBS)
7	**Billie Jean**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
8	**Our House**	Madness (Stiff/Teldec)
9	**Electric Avenue**	Eddy Grant (Ice/Intercord)
10	**Wot**	Captain Sensible (A&M/CBS)

Der Musikmarkt/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Denis**	Blondie (Chrysalis)
2	**Baker Street**	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)
3	**Wuthering Heights**	Kate Bush (EMI)
4	**If You Can't Give Me Love**	Suzi Quatro (RAK)
5	**Matchstalk Men & Matchstalk Cats & Dogs**	Brian & Michael (Pye)
6	**I Wonder Why**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)
7	**I Can't Stand The Rain**	Eruption (Atlantic)
8	**I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass**	Nick Lowe (Radar)
9	**Never Let Her Slip Away**	Andrew Gold (Asylum)
10	**Is This Love**	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**The Twelfth Of Never**	Donny Osmond (MGM)
2	**Get Down**	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
3	**Power To All Our Friends**	Cliff Richard (EMI)
4	**Tie A Yellow Ribbon**	Dawn (Bell)
5	**I'm A Clown/Some Kind Of A Summer**	David Cassidy (Bell)
6	**Cum On Feel The Noize**	Slade (Polydor)
7	**20th Century Boy**	T. Rex (T. Rex)
8	**Killing Me Softly With His Song**	Roberta Flack (Atlantic)
9	**Heart Of Stone**	Kenny (Rak)
10	**Feel The Need In Me**	Detroit Emeralds (Janus)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Lady Madonna**	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	**Delilah**	Tom Jones (Decca)
3	**What A Wonderful World**	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
4	**Congratulations**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	**Dock Of The Bay**	Otis Redding (Stax)
6	**Cinderella Rockefella**	Ester & Abi Ofarim (Philips)
7	**Step Inside Love**	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
8	**Legend Of Xanadu**	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
9	**If I Were A Carpenter**	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
10	**If I Only Had Time**	John Rowles (MCA)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**How Do You Do It**	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
2	**Foot Tapper**	Shadows (Columbia)
3	**From A Jack To A King**	Ned Miller (London)
4	**Summer Holiday**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	**Say Wonderful Things**	Ronnie Carroll (Philips)
6	**Like I've Never Been Gone**	Billy Fury (Decca)
7	**Rhythm Of The Rain**	Cascades (Warner Bros)
8	**Charmaine**	Bachelors (Decca)
9	**Brown Eyed Handsome Man**	Buddy Holly (Coral)
10	**That's What Love Will Do**	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)

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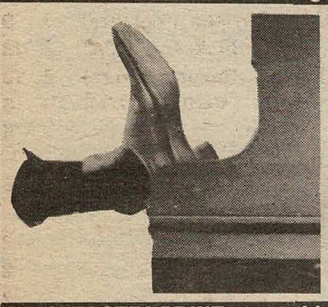

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BOWIE: open air concert in July

LATEST development in the continuing saga of David Bowie's upcoming concerts is that his projected open-air show, plans for which were revealed by *NME* last week, now seems likely to be one week later than originally planned — on Saturday, July 2.

And there's growing indication that the event will go ahead, to help absorb the huge overspill of ticket applications for the indoor Wembley Arena and Birmingham NEC concerts.

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith has been touring the country in a landrover inspecting possible outdoor locations, and has apparently rejected several of the more off-beat contenders, mainly for reasons of logistics. It now seems to have narrowed down to a choice between Knebworth, Blackbushe and Milton Keynes, with the latter a slight favourite at this stage.

A spokesman said this week that "practically every band in the country" wanted to get onto the Bowie open-air bill. "We've had scores of calls from would-be support acts, many of them very big names", he added.

Meanwhile, EMI are launching a massive promotion campaign on Bowie's new album 'Let's Dance', set for release next week. Besides the conventional shop window and Music Press advertising, there'll be commercials on Channel 4 and local radio, and even back-lit adverts on the tube and railway stations.

October on show in April

GENE OCTOBER, former front man with the now-defunct Chelsea, is preparing to launch a brand new band named Open Doors — and the ambitious line-up features a horn section, three back-up vocalists, guitar, bass and drums.

October says that the sound will be very Stax orientated, and the result will be "a big show". The outfit are already in rehearsals in preparation for a heavy summer schedule, both in Europe and the UK.

Prior to the unveiling of Open Doors, October plays a one-off at London Marquee on April 23, as part of the club's 25th anniversary celebrations — and for this gig, he'll be joined by a number of friends and guest musicians. He's also busy completing his second solo single 'Anti Clockwise', for release later in the spring.

Bo Diddley pic: Pennie Smith

Ray Charles pic: Steve Samiof

Bo D and Bro' Ray: the cool gunslinger and the R&B hillbilly

MR RHYTHM & MR BLUES

BO DIDDLEY — the near-legendary high priest of R&B, whose disciples have included the likes of The Beatles and The Rolling Stones — has been lined up for what is already his second UK visit this year. But whereas his winter tour was on a nationwide basis, his return trip concentrates on the London area.

His schedule is built around a major showcase at the Lyceum Ballroom on May 1, for which tickets are already on sale priced £3.50. The strong supporting bill is headed by the especially re-formed Pirates, plus King Kurt, Under Two Flags and The Guana Bats.

Diddley is bringing his own backing band of US musicians and his other London shows are at The Ace in Brixton (April 26), Camden Dingwalls (27) and Oxford St 100 Club (May 3).

RAY CHARLES returns to the UK for a one-off appearance at London Royal Festival Hall on Saturday, May 28, when — together with his full orchestra and The Raelets — he will give two performances (6.15 and 9pm).

Tickets are £12, £10, £8, £6 and £4, and the promoters are Alexander Zivkovic and Patrick Allen.

Postal bookings are being accepted immediately, and those received by April 27 will be given priority, as the box-office doesn't open to personal callers until the next day. Write with SAE to Mava Music Ltd. (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 386, London W5 1LS, and allow 14 days for delivery.

BLACK MUSIC BONANZA

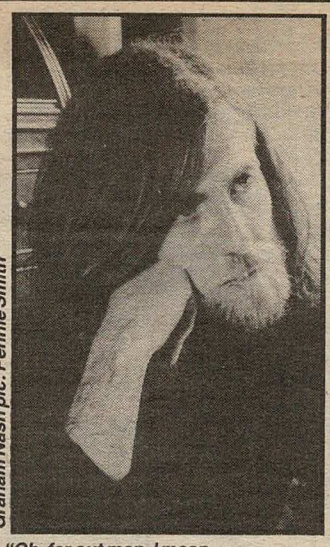
BRITAIN is facing an invasion by many leading American blues, R&B and jazz stars this summer. A huge circus of top singers and musicians will be touring the European circuit, performing in festivals and outdoor events, as well as individually in their own concerts.

The hub of the 1983 season seems to be the North Sea Festival in The Hague (July 8-10), where over 60 major acts will come together — but both before and after, they'll be branching out around the Continent, and many are sure to take the opportunity of coming to Britain.

Some members of this vast assemblage have already been set for UK visits — like Ray Charles, Dr. John and the line-up of the London Blues Festival (Albert King, Buddy Guy, Junior Wells and John Lee Hooker).

But among others likely to drop in are Herbie Hancock, Nina Simone, Chick Corea, Dorothy Donegan, Slam Stewart, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Jimmy Witherspoon, Big Joe Turner, Shelly Manne and Oscar Peterson.

It seems likely that London's Capital Radio, which will be staging a five-week music festival this summer, will take advantage of the proximity of many of these stars.



Graham Nash pic: Pennie Smith

"Oh, far out man. I mean — whoopee!"

FAB FURRY FART BROS FLY IN

PLANS ARE under way for Crosby, Stills & Nash to return to Britain in the early summer, *NME* learned this week.

It's understood that they would headline a major open-air concert during the first half of July — possibly on Saturday, July 9 — though the location isn't yet known.

It would be their first UK visit since their famous Wembley Stadium concert in 1974 with Joni Mitchell and The Band. Since then, they have worked together only spasmodically, playing summer fairs in the States and recording the occasional album — their most recent LP 'Daylight Again' was released by Atlantic last summer.

● *NME* also understands that permission is being sought to stage a summer open-air concert at the Rushmore Arena in Hampshire, a venue most closely associated with Aldershot military tattoos. It has 70,000 seats, plus a large area of grass. But of course, it doesn't follow that the application applies to CS&N, or even to DB.

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NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster and send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA.

Good beehive-ure award of the week goes to Colin, Mari Wilson's soundman, for self-ridiculisation beyond the call of duty. Fellow maestro of the self-raising haircut, John Cooper Clark, completes the threesome, snapped at Mari's Palladium show by the lurking lens of Chris L Urca.

DREAMS, SWEET HOLOPHONIC DREAMS

EVER FANCIED being buried alive? Wondered how it might feel to have your head consumed in fire? Had the urge to taste fear as a rabid army attack dog tugged and snarled at your left ear?

Well, if you've been burning for such experiences, your prayers are about to be answered by Psychic TV, whose second LP 'Dreams Less Sweet' abounds in such delights, all recorded with a new 360 degree holophonic sound technique.

The holophonic technique was developed by a young Italian inventor Hugo Zucarelli, whose device is moulded in the shape of a human head, complete with all its cavities, gases and yecchy fluids. The effect is that any sound it picks up will play back in roughly the same space from which it came.

It's more than just a neat trick and to exploit it Psychic TV have composed a balance of sound collages and songs, some of which were previewed in darkened Trident recording studio, to an audience listening in on separate headphones.

Just how well it all hangs together is not yet known, as only a selection of lighter moments were played, so as not to frighten the nationals — at least according to Some Bizzaro Stevo, who was handing out the Maltesers. For their part the nationals pretended not to be curious when Genesis P-Orridge strode past in customary military regalia, regulation Tibetan haircut and baby daughter Caresse in his arms. If they thought *that* was weird, it had nothing on the spectacle of Gen crooning: *"Santa Claus is checking his list/going over it twice/Seeing who is naughty/and who is nice"*.

Here's hoping you've all been behaving yourselves, otherwise who knows what you'll find in your stocking?

CHRIS BOHN

Official "spokesman for the Temple of Psychic Youth" fending off Stevo's advances. Pic from the upcoming C4 series *Alter Image.*

SYNTH TAX OUTRAGE

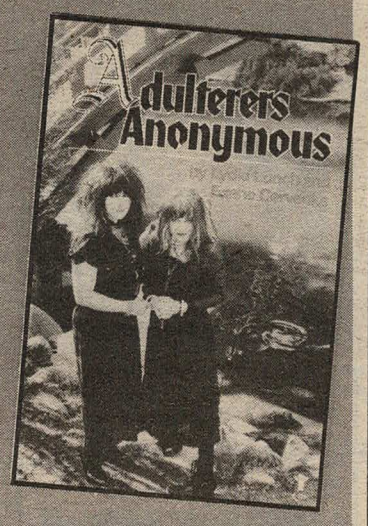
IS THE Government planning a special tax on synthesisers? Yes they are, say the 'Union Of Sound Synthesists'. In a press release, suspiciously dated April 1st, the USS claim to have evidence that the Department of the Environment is preparing a report on the subject — prompted by an alleged meeting between the Musicians Union, the Arts Council and an opera-loving cabinet minister. The implication is that said parties are in cahoots to thwart the electro-revolution, in favour of traditional music and musicians.

Oh no they're not, says John Morton who's General Secretary of the MU. He tells *NME* his union is *not* seeking "a special levy on all sound synthesising equipment including sequencers and drum machines" as the USS maintains.

"It's all absolutely a load of cock; absolute rubbish. I'm not sure anybody at the Arts Council has ever even heard of synthesisers, but most of those musicians who use them are our members and it's their work we're protecting too."

Anyone who wants to query the Union Of Sound Synthesists on their campaign to "Keep Synthesisers Live" is directed to PO Box 37b, East Molesey, Surrey KT8 9JB.

ROCK OFTEN produces diverse creative couplings; the latest is Exene Cervenka of X and Teenage Jesuit/ Eight Eyed Spy/ Swamp Child Lydia Lunch. The dark duo have traded off their poetic sentiments on sex, love, angst and more than 200 motels in a slim volume of free-form verse entitled Adulterers Anonymous AA *ranges from the accomplished to the throwaway, but its basic interest is not a surprise — seeing as how Lunch has scribbled madly for so much of her chequered career, while Exene met hubby/colleague John Doe at a poetry workshop.*



Adulterers Anonymous *has pieces set in separate typefaces indicating who contributed what and is available from St Mark's Bookshop, 13 St Mark's Place, New York 10003 USA for $6.95 (postage not included). It's published by Evergreen Books.*

CYNTHIA ROSE

THERE NOW FOLLOWS A...

A PARTLY Satirical Broadcast is the name of a new programme on Channel 4 which will attempt to lay out the precepts behind Our Great Political System, as well as taking an irreverent look at the three main parties.

Twenty-year-old Niki Berou, who left her grammar/private school education without a full understanding of the workings behind the political machine, approached C4 with the idea for the series after a brief liaison with *Whatever You Want*. The aim of the programme is to take the pomposity out of political debate and examine the things that parties actually stand for, rather than allowing the familiar jargonising and whitewashing to cloud the issue. While Niki admits that she has her own political axe to grind this isn't intended to come across, rather it is hoped to show the condition and operation of the political world and allow the viewers — the programme is aimed mainly at first time voters — the stimulus to make their own decisions.

The one edition previewed on the Conservative Party — the second in the series — features a quite telling interview with a party policy maker and a humorous insight to the workings of the present government. It did seem to lack a real scalpel to examine what lies beneath the smooth public image of the party however, and as Niki herself admits perhaps the reason she is presenting the programme has something to do with her undeniably privileged education — the Catch 22 of British politics and its media presentation.

The first programme draws on a disparate collection of viewpoints — taking a young Socialist, a member of Greenpeace, a Tory MP and an unemployed woman to look at the meaning of the word 'democracy'. Subsequent programmes, as well as looking at the big parties, discuss the alternative political parties and the future of politics in Britain. The series starts its seven week run on April 12th at 6 o'clock.

●JUST WHAT the world needs, another keen-teen orientated light entertainment programme. The obvious candidate for the job being former *Face* assistant editor Steve Taylor. The show is called *Loose Talk* and will be shown live every Monday at 5.30pm for ten weeks from April 11th. Basically it's a chat show interspersed with suitably subdued live acts and covering the "broad sweep of popular culture". Despite the avowed 'journalistic toughness' and 'confident format' the show seeks to put across, the previewed pilot programme presented nothing more than a facile line in chit-chat and Taylor's nearly paranoid obsession with the *middle class*.

However we can hold out some hope for future issues because apart from the likes of Sade (pronounced Char-day and not as we plebs thought, Saydee), Pete Shelley, Grace Jones and The Chevalier Brothers, one of the co-presenters lined up — cue 76 trombones and Wembley floodlights — is former *NME* scribe and London Weekend TV star Danny Baker. The latter should go some way to knocking the programme out of the alternative Russell Harty, slot for which it seems destined.

GAVIN MARTIN

Niki Berou aims to get to grips with politics but makes do with the easier lion to tame.

partly satirical broadcast

note oilskin base lowry

MONTY MONTGOLFIER, THE POPULAR TERPSICHOREAN, IS ENJOYING A WELL-EARNED HANGOVER DOWN BY THE SEA. SUDDENLY...
LISTEN MONTY - I'M SO BORED WITH THE U.S.A. BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
SIGH..AND I THOUGHT HE WAS A THREAT TO THE SOCIAL FABRIC..
YES, A TYPICAL BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND. MONTY FOLLOWS THE PROGRESS OF HIS ALBUM UP THE POP CHARTS...
AS THE NATION IS SOOTHED AND RELAXED BY THE NEWS AND ENTERTAINMENT JOCKS
CHARLES AND THE BEANPOLE!
MILITANT WRECKERS!
BILLY SMART'S CIRCUS!!
AAARGHH!!
SMASH!!
ZZZZ..
BUY ME A DRINK!
NEIGH.
MOO..
WAS IT 'YESTERDAY IN PARLIAMENT' DID FOR HIM?..
OH WELL, OUR ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL ANALYSIS MAY BE A JOKE..
NO, I THINK IT'S A CASE OF PLAIN OLD, RADIO ONE FATIGUE..
AND OUR DEEJAYS A LAUGHING STOCK..
IT'S 12.32 PRECISELY.
BUT YOU MUST ADMIT - WE CAN TELL THE TIME!!
BBC
THE ARCHERS
TELLING THE TIME WITH A POSH ACCENT!
BUT ALL TOO SOON THE HOLIDAY IS OVER AND MAGAZINE EDITORS MUST CONFRONT THEIR READERS' WRATH..
IT'S ANOTHER CHAPTER OF HELL'S BOLSHEVIKS CANCELLING SUBSCRIPTIONS!!
ACE
WHAT HAVE I DONE?
NEXT - WHAT IS TO BE DONE? LENIN WRITES..
IT'S THAT BEASTLY JOE STRUMMER - OUT ON ONE OF HIS PUNK-STYLE FUN RUNS!!
SPIT!
WHAT A ROTTER!
VOMIT!
RETCH!!
MEANWHILE - IN A THOUSAND DISSAPOINTED HOUSEHOLDS..
OH NO!! THE FACE JUST ISN'T THE SAME WITHOUT THE BELOVED OLD ROCKIST!!
FACE
COME ON, BABY. CLIMB! CLIMB!
CHARTS 1. MONTY LEE MONTGOMERY 2. PUPA
MEN ONLY DELICIOUS DOREEN IN SIX SEXY POSES
* FOR DETAILS OF HOW TO BECOME A THREAT TO THE SOCIAL FABRIC WRITE TO THE 'JOE STRUMMER FUN RUN'.

EDDIE MAELOV

FILMS
The Third Man
Brief Encounter
South Pacific
Billy Liar
The Inauguration Of The Pleasure Dome (Kenneth Anger)
The Damned
Radio On (Chris Petit)
Mephisto

WRITERS
Christopher Isherwood
Samuel Beckett
Cordwainer Smith (Sci-Fi)
Cheap '50s romances
The Personal Computer Book
Arthur Koestler

TV
The Young Ones
Lou Grant
News At Ten
Match Of The Day
Tinkler, Tailor, Soldier, Spy

VIDEOS
'Genius Of Love' Tom Tom Club
'Once In A Lifetime' Talking Heads
'One Man Show' Grace Jones

COUPLES
Fred Astaire & Ginger Rogers
Chopin & George Sands
Bogart & Bacall
Jean Paul Sartre & Simone De Beauvoir
Hans & Lotte Haas

SOUNDS
'Magic Moments' Perry Como

SUNSHINE PATTESON

PLACES
Butler's Wharf, London
Trocadéro, Paris
Maracaná Stadium, Rio

WRITERS
Victorian women novelists
Romantic poets & drug addicts (Coleridge & De Quincy)
Anyone who writes about Elvis, Japan or Philosophy

FILMS
Antonio Das Mortes
Savages
Born Free
La Bonne Année
California Suite

TV
The Monte Carlo Show
Malu, Uma Mulher (Brasilian TV Series)
The classified football results

RADIO
Sport on 2
The shipping forecast (Radio 4)

LIVE PERFORMERS
Laurie Anderson
Grace Jones

SEX IDOLS
Frank Stapleton
John McEnroe
Alex Higgins

VIDEOS
'Frankie Teardrop' Suicide
'Save Your Love' Renée & Renato
'Mumbo Jumbo' Woodhead Manroe

LIKES
Flowers, cats, computers, crosswords

DISLIKES
Babies, weapons, money

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

EDDIE AND SUNSHINE

'Just Drifting' Psychic TV
'Walk Away Renee' Four Tops
'O Superman' Laurie Anderson
'Tell Laura I Love Her' Ricky Valance
'Heroes' David Bowie
'Buffalo Girls' Malcolm McLaren

LIKES
Style, seafood, CND, Channel 4, Japanese, trains, games

DISLIKES
Marriage, politicians, banks, cold baths

"The socialist transformation of society having been successfully accomplished, paternalism and sexual inequalities having been abolished and all other things being equal, we're gonna Rock around the Clock . . ."

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RUSH
LIVE IN BRUSSELS 12th MAY
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DIRE STRAITS
LIVE IN BRUSSELS 31st May
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£58 includes ticket for concert ● Cross-Channel Ferry ● 4 Star Hotel ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets. Depart morning 9th June, Return evening of 11th June. ☐6

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EAST AND WEST

THE DAY THEY MET IN NW10

JUST BEFORE Christmas, Channel 4's *Eastern Eye*, a magazine programme aimed at young and fairly westernised Asians, announced a contest to find the country's best Indipop band. They received some 50 demo tapes. And the multiracial East-West took the honours.

Their prize was exposure via a slot on the show (this Friday 8th, 8.00, C4), performing a specially written number 'Can't Face The Night' and three days of studio time to turn it into a top class demo.

The response to the competition would indicate that Indipop is a boom industry, yet outside the communities that evolved it little is known. A morning spent with East-West, on the final day of their recording stint, led to the discovery that there is more to Indipop than its silly name.

In essence, it's a simple fusion of disco, pop and classical Indian music — it showed its head briefly last year when Monsoon, always more 'pop' than 'Indi', reached the charts. In spite of taking its ingredients from three different continents, it is one of the few recent styles that can honestly stamp itself 'Made In England'. In areas such as west London, Coventry and Bradford there are people with a desire to integrate, balanced with a strength of tradition, and backed by a community spirit healthy enough to see the project through its infancy.

East-West are from Wembley and surrounding territories; the ten members (two English, eight Asian) came together at local youth clubs through their varied musical interests — the keyboard player was into soft rock, the sitar player listened to nothing but traditional Indian music and the girl singer favoured Diana Ross and Shalamar. They traded talk and then ideas, and soon began "funking up" theme songs from Asian films to provide an alternative to Michael Jackson and Duran Duran at club dances.

The band's reputation quickly grew, and tours of youth clubs and college Asian societies climaxed in their winning the Indipop '82 contest organised by The Lohonna Community Association — a 'caste' society so strong as to sell out the Wembley Conference Centre for the finals.

Now they are in a bouncy mood, confident about the TV appearance and the song (written and produced by Steve Coe and Martin Smith late of Monsoon), and they're currently negotiating a deal with CBS and Arista.

"I hope we can go on to do something outside the Asian community," began vocalist Gautan Patel. "We could, I suppose, make a living from what we've been doing, but the whole purpose of Indipop is to introduce Indian music to the mainstream of pop culture.

"At the moment, young Asians are becoming increasingly more involved in English society, yet have no music in discos or on the radio that they can identify with, or say that their culture had a hand in. Rock bands from The Beatles to Blancmange have been experimenting with Indian sounds, so even to the European pop fans we won't sound that strange."

How is the music made — is it disco-ised Indian music or Indianised music?

Here Jayant Mistry takes over: "Both, we're still very much experimenting, and looking for the right blend. Sometimes we hear a disco rhythm that would sound good with a sitar and tablas on it, or we might get a sitar track and add a bass line!"

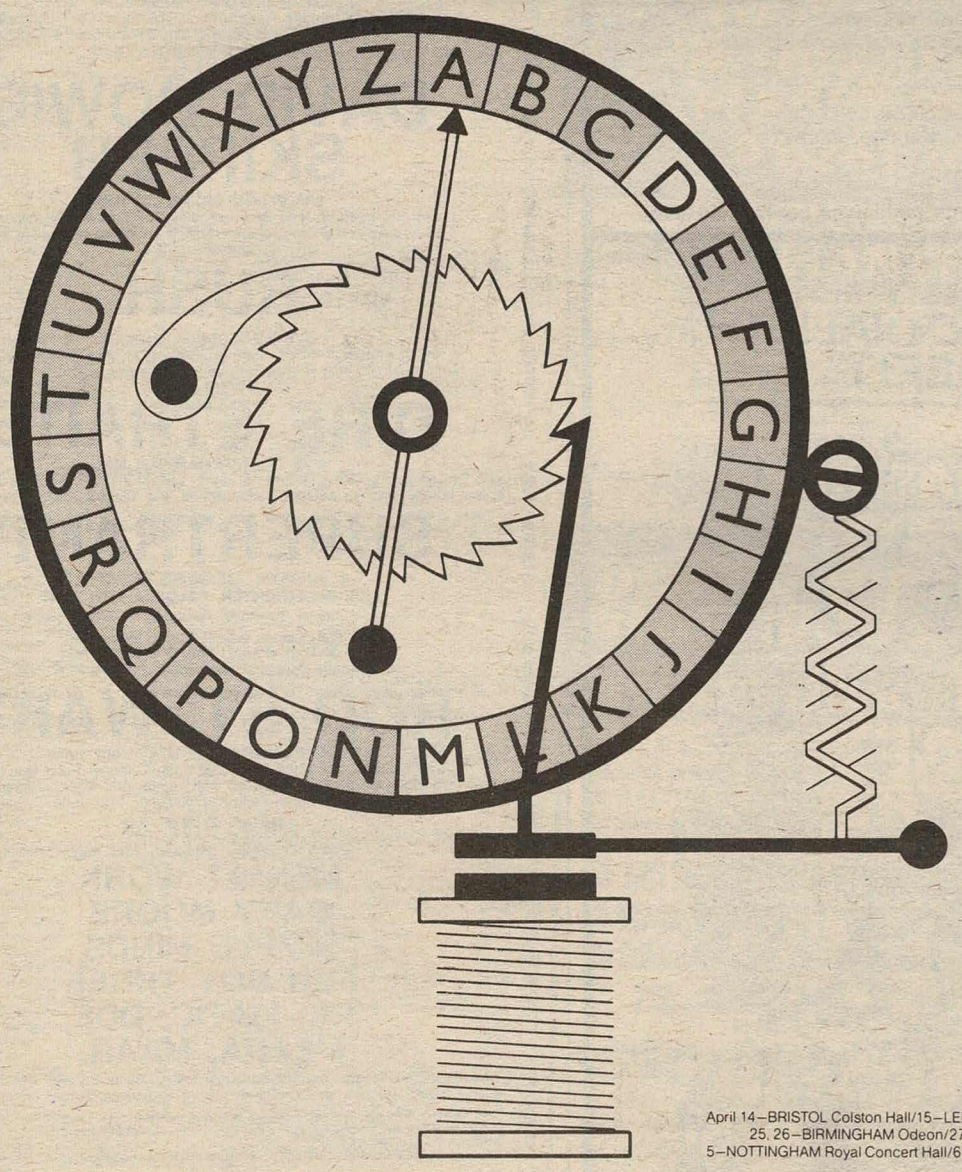
The band all seem pretty well heeled, with an impressive array of equipment. They explain that now they have a group fund to take care of that, but initial finance must've come from their parents (they are all late teens or very early 20s). How did the older generation react to their 'bastardising' a cultural heritage?

"Now they're all for us as we're successful, and I think they were in the beginning, even though some of them were apprehensive.

"Their main concern was that it didn't interfere with our studies or our jobs. As regards to the cultural aspect, they can appreciate what we're doing as something that's necessary for the youth, because so many Asian kids are more into English ways than the ways of their parents, that this could be the only way to keep them interested in their traditional heritage. If it wasn't for Indipop then a lot of these kids would only listen to purely western music."

The rigid cultural traditions are being relaxed back in Asia too, where in the last year nightclubs and discos have taken over from cinemas at the top of the leisure league. Indipop went home recently in the shape of Biddu —

Right: East-West takes on the mainstream of pop culture with a TV slot and a single 'Can't Face The Night'.



Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark

The new 7" single
From the album
Dazzle Ships

TELEGRAPH

Produced by/
Rhett Davies for
E. G. Management Limited
and Orchestral Manoeuvres
In The Dark

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark Tour 1983
April 14—BRISTOL Colston Hall/15—LEICESTER De Montfort Hall/17, 18—SHEFFIELD City Hall/19, 20—LONDON Hammersmith Odeon/22—POOLE Arts Centre/23—BRIGHTON Centre/25, 26—BIRMINGHAM Odeon/27—EDINBURGH Playhouse/28—GLASGOW Apollo/29—NEWCASTLE City Hall/May 1, 2—MANCHESTER Apollo/3, 4—LIVERPOOL Empire/5—NOTTINGHAM Royal Concert Hall/6—IPSWICH Gaumont/7—OXFORD New Theatre/9—LONDON Hammersmith Odeon/24—BELFAST Maysfield Hall/25—DUBLIN Francis Xavier Hall.

he used to produce Tina Charles — and caused a sensation. Until recently Indipop was strictly a 'live' scene, but as these young Asian bands take to the studios a good proportion of the recorded output will be aimed at the Motherland.

Whether or not East-West's 'Can't Face The Night' will chart remains to be seen, but there is plenty of young talent gearing up behind them — The Ganges Orchestra, Risan, Sons Of Arqa, Dhiren — clutching recording contracts. Widespread singles buying, in the right shops, from the Asian community alone could win any one of them a *TOTP* place, and then... it's in the mix.

LLOYD BRADLEY

NOT SO FREE RADIO

□The **Caroline Movement,** one of Britain's best known Free Radio groups, is holding a conference in London on Saturday April 30th at the Courtenay Hotel, Manor Park, E12.

In a long day lasting from 11 in the morning to midnight many aspects of Free Radio will be discussed with the help of videos and exhibitions. There is also a chance to meet and talk with radio groups from many parts of the UK and Europe. The cost to members is £7, guests £8, and booking forms can be obtained from the Free Radio Convention, BCM BRFM, London, WC1 3XX.

Francis Xavier Hall.

Linton Kwesi Johnson was born in Jamaica in 1952 aged 11, and, he moved to Brixton, London where he has lived ever since.

Having completed a degree in sociology at the

□Well he was ahead of his time. From the *West Meath Chronicle,* and brought to you by *NME* (the paper that *never* makes mistakes...) via reader Mark Venner, County Kildare.

Making Friends Again...

BIG FAST cars and hot highways, rolling ranch hands, trolley cars and trains — Friends Again conjure up the images of small town American fantasy in their first breath. Which could be considered strange as the west coast they are more familiar with is the west coast of Scotland.

The Glasgow treasure hunt goes on with Friends Again spearheading a movement that could be described as second generation Postcard, along with the likes of April Showers (three of Friends Again are involved in session work with April Showers), Strawberry Switchblade and The Kingfishers. Friends Again are a continuation, not in musical terms particularly, but in that elusive style: clean-cut and thoughtful youth.

What makes Friends Again tick is hard to define. That they've been together for less than a year is surprising when measured against the cohesiveness of their performance and uniformity of outlook. Their component parts are Chris (12 string acoustic and vocals), Neil (bass), James (guitar), Paul (keyboards and backing vocals) and Stuart (drums and backing vocals). They have recently released their first single, a double 'A' side, on the independent Moonboot Records — aided and abetted by their publishers April Music. 'Honey At The Core' and 'Lucky Star' caused enough of a stir to seal an album and singles deal with Phonogram — as well they should. Both songs are definitively Friends Again, revolving around Chris's throaty, insistent vocals with excellent soul backing vocals from Paul and Stuart and, the ingredient that expresses that Stateside feel, James's country pickin' guitar.

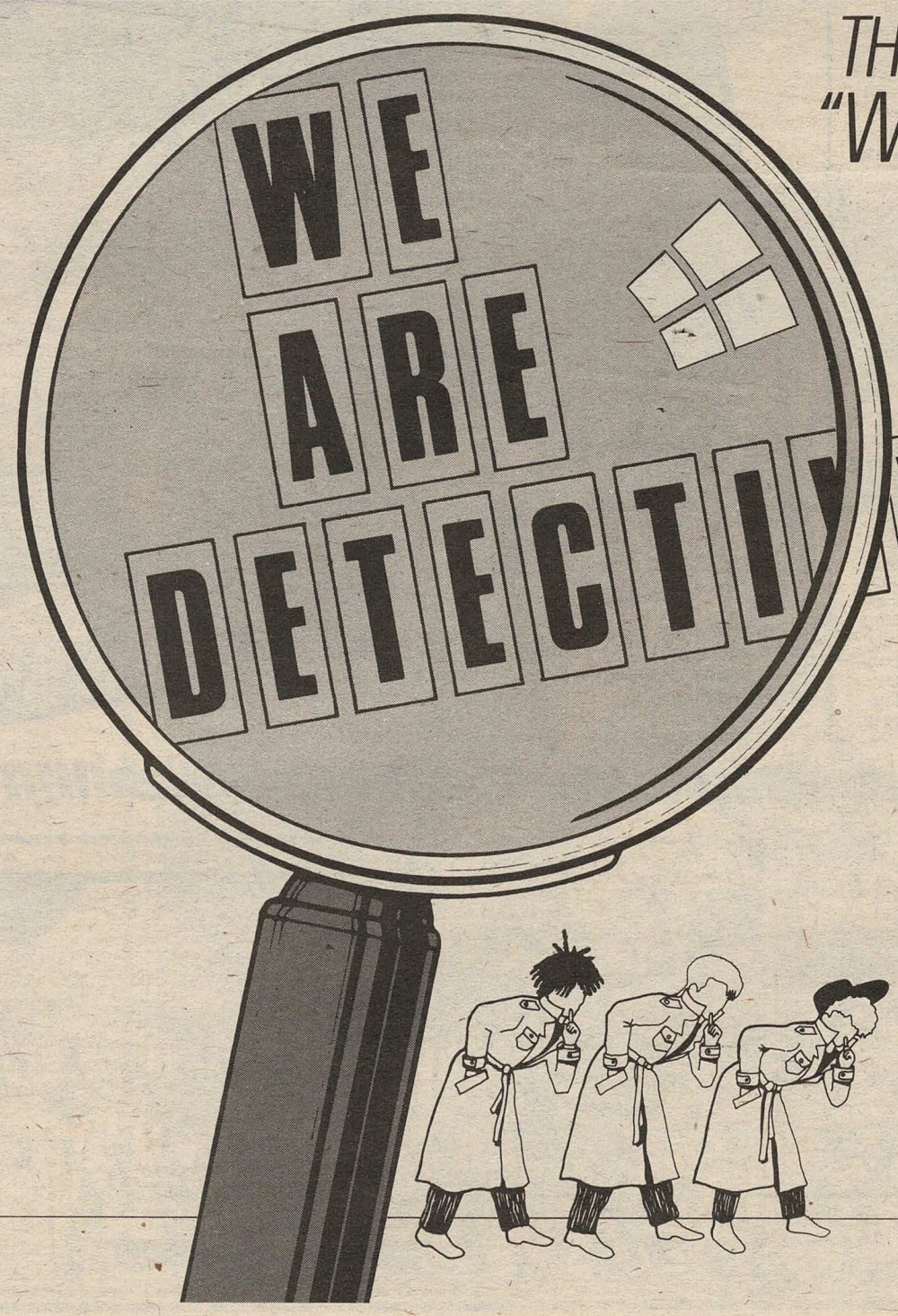
America calls to them personally even more strongly than it influences their music. "Before we signed to Phonogram," James adds, "We'd said to all the companies that our main aim is to be successful in America — we feel that we'd be most appreciated there."

However it seems unlikely that Friends Again will fail to have an impact here as well. 'Honey At The Core' and 'Lucky Star' are both worth more than a casual listen. It'll be even more interesting to hear the first release on Phonogram — tentatively planned to be either 'Bird Of Paradise' or 'Lullaby Number Two'. **ANDREA MILLER**

Second generation Postcard? Friends (left to right) Stuart, Paul, James, Neil and Chris.

THOMPSON TWINS

WE ARE DETECTIVE



THE NEW 7" & 12" SINGLE
"WE ARE DETECTIVE"
B/W "LUCKY DAY"
(PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED)

PRODUCED BY ALEX SADKIN

ARISTA

HOLLIDAY IN THE SWING

REMEMBER GLEN MILLER? FORGET GLEN MILLER. ROMAN HOLLIDAY PUT GAVIN MARTIN IN THE PUNK-SWING PICTURE.

PICS NICK KNIGHT

AND BACK in the sweat pit something is definitely a shaking baby. At £4 a head your entertainment in the Rock Garden doesn't exactly come cheap but if you like your weekend night out to have music that is clean and punchy then Roman Holliday do their best to give good value with two servings of their sharp and stylish 'punk-swing'.

On vocals stage centre Steve Lambert is definitely a face, a cert pin-up for the teeny mags. But there's no overbearing genuflections to the audience or any ingratiating mannerisms. Like the music Lambert is straight ahead and uncontrived — getting down to the serious business of dancing the night away and singing with a clear strong voice. To his left Rob Lambert blows hot and fruity saxophone, wrapped in leather and hidden behind shades looking like Robert De Niro in *New York New York* (though he denies all knowledge etc).

The rest of the Harlow seven piece are done out in fighter pilot and bomber jackets, T-shirts and baggy jeans. They look vaguely Americana punk circa late '40s–'50s and it suits the music they play fine. Roman Holliday clock the zap and jive of Louis Jordan et al but they're not to be confused with the precocious 'In The Mood' set, they use the smart slap of the swing era not as a badge but as a springboard for their highly infectious and uncontrived beat music. Their two sets are 45 minutes of stylish and instantaneous conflagration, the only time they change the pace, as on the typically sweet and snappy 'IOU', is to bring an even faster and punchier angle on their jive drive.

For several reasons Roman Holliday put me in mind of early Eddie And The Hot Rods. It was around this time seven years ago (yes *seven* years ago) that the Rods traipsed out of Canvey Island onto a national platform with their (at the time) potent revitalisation of '60s R&B. They faced a national chart packed with overhyped teenypap, Roman Holliday face much the same thing. The similarities don't end there — both bands go against the grain of their respective eras by cutting their teeth on a rigorous tour schedule rather than an industry hype, both signed to a new major independent and presented a brash, sweaty return to the basics — perhaps just the sort of thing pop kids are looking for as the first cuckoos and streakers are heard and seen around the country.

Like The Hot Rods Roman Holliday don't try to do much more than get everyone up to have a good time, but they do it very well and in the present musical climate they're a breath of fresh air.

Steve Lambert and guitarist Brian Bonhom played in several punk and pop groups in their native Harlow for 18 months before meeting with the rest of the line-up some months ago. Steve: "The first gigs we did in London had a few jazzy numbers but Rob and Simon our drummer were really into jazz and that brought it out more, we just wanted to do something a bit different. Everybody seemed to be hiding behind machines, there was no energy left."

During the autumn they soon found a home and roots following in Gaz's Jive Dive in the middle of Soho and it was from there that things started to happen. John Peel turned up on his push-bike one night and immediately gave them a session, Clash roadie Mick Jones (*You sure about that — Ed.)* saw them and offered a support slot. Soon they packed in their jobs and went full time and after warming up for the likes of Mari Wilson and The Belle Stars (a job for a few hundred gas fires if ever there was one) they've now played an astonishing 104 gigs. Their first single 'Stand By' has just been released on Jive and their pictures are starting to appear in teeny mags . . . the time looks about right. Steve: "It hasn't come out of nowhere, we've been slogging our guts out for this."

Does he get annoyed at revivalist accusations?

"Nah, I was waiting for the tag to be put round our neck because it was so obvious. Everyone was saying you've had jazz funk and soul and now you're going to have swing. But it wasn't like an EMI hype or anything like that, it was just something we wanted to do. It's all just our pop songs with a swing backbeat, there's no big deal. The only time I ever really come in contact with swing music was down the Jive Dive and I *can't stand* Glen Miller and that old rubbish. A lot of people think we're into that but we're not, we're more into the black side of it — Dixie and that."

At the moment their set consists of about 12 originals and a cover of the hardy 'Choo Cho Ch Boogie', they're putting a touch too much trust in their producer Pete Collins but are determined that their hard graft and keeness to learn in the studio will give them the confidence to impress their exhuberant onstage identity on to vinyl.

I tell them that although their set is quite some buzz I still feel it lacks some depth, some challenge.

Steve: "A lot of people have said that but we're only young, I mean literally we've only started so there's still bags of time."

Jon: "We're starting to get the length so we can play about a bit more. Before it was too short to put in any slow bits or dynamics but now it's getting longer."

So you see this as a long term career?

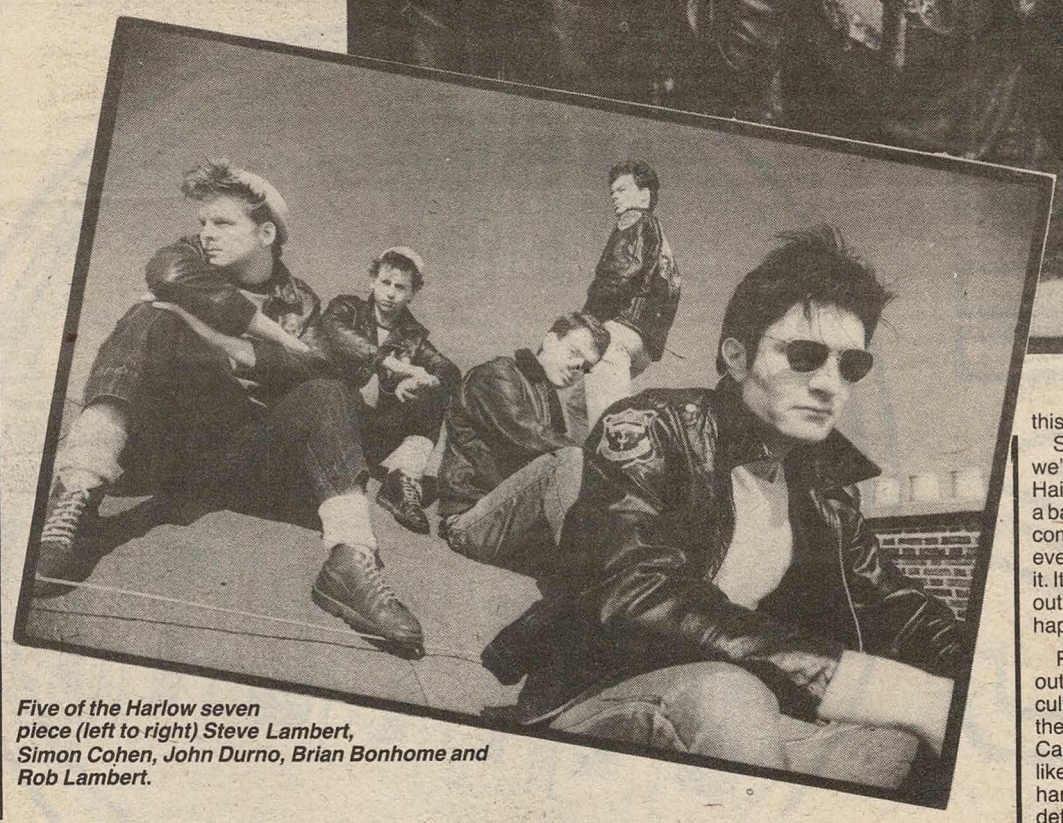
Steve: "Being a singer? Fucken right, yeah — until I'm about 30 anyway."

No fear of turning into this season's Nick Heyward (or even this season's Barrie Masters)?

Steve: "Nah, it won't happen, we're a band, we're not Nick Haircut and Heyward 100, we're a band — don't you think it comes across like that — everyone putting everything into it. It won't happen, they'd kick me out before they'd let that happen."

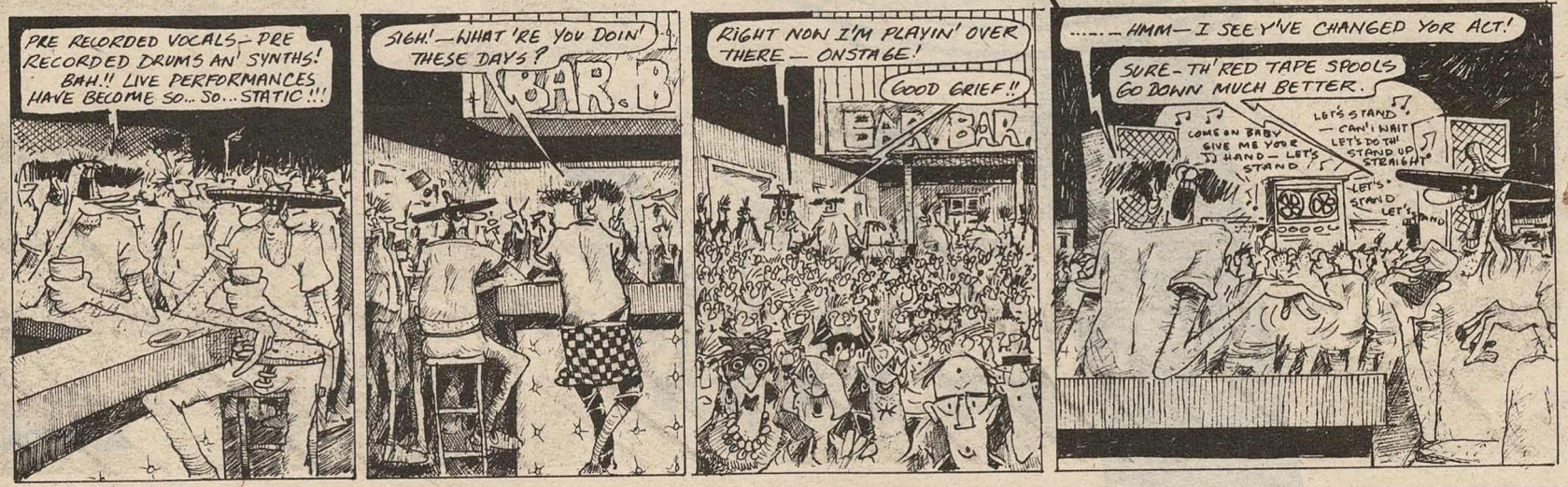
Roman Holliday have moved out of the Jive Dive now, past any cult or clique. In fact they played the swing revival night in Camden Palace and went down like a lead balloon, and were harangued by the flat and now defunct Stargazers for not being 'pure' enough. Over the next few weeks they'll be playing up and down the country, hopefully attracting some of the punks and skins who turned up to see them with The Clash and The Belle Stars. They point to Madness as a group who came along on the crest of the ska wave but soon established themselves as a top pop outfit — their songs and personalities will out they say. Me, I'll enjoy them for what they are now and wait and see.

Meanwhile back in the Rock Garden, sometime in the early hours of Sunday morning with the hearty Holliday bippity boppity stash still ringing in the air, the punters drag themselves out of the bear-pit dripping sweat and flashing big smiles. For the moment at least Roman Holliday pack all the spontaneity and exuberance that a lot of us have been missing.



Five of the Harlow seven piece (left to right) Steve Lambert, Simon Cohen, John Durno, Brian Bonhome and Rob Lambert.

the lone groover benyon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LET'S DO TH' STAND UP STRAIGHT
LET'S STAND LET'S

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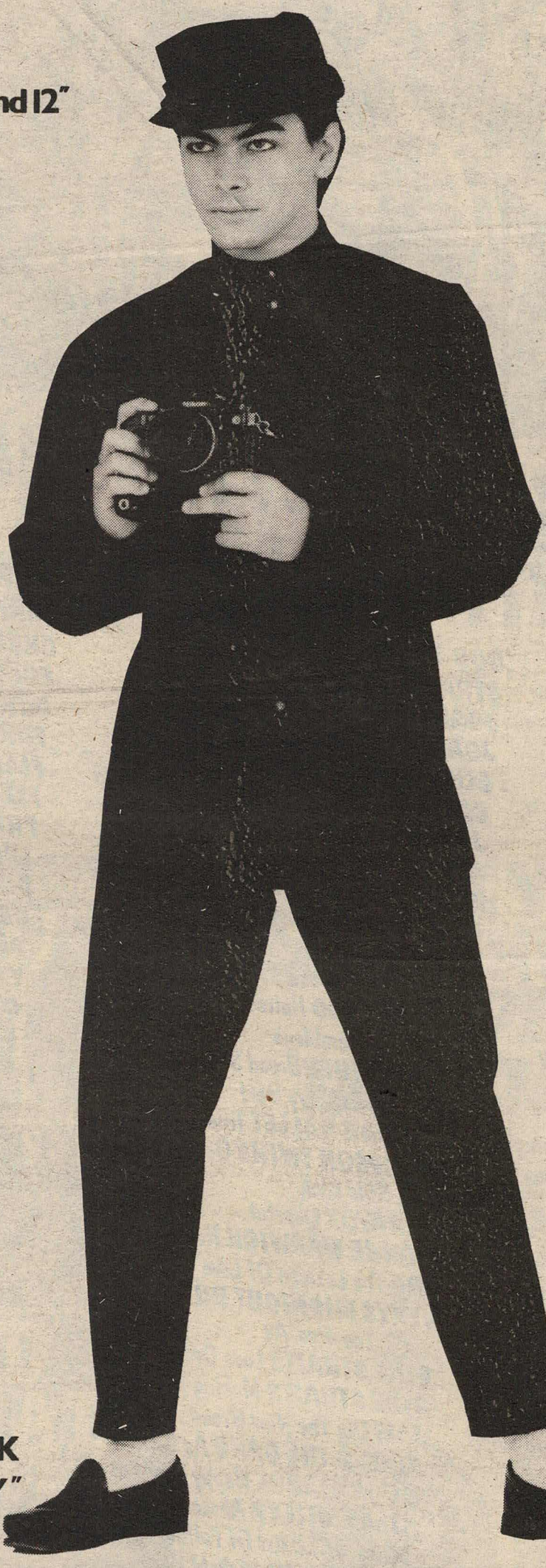

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Illustration Ray Lowry

OLD BULL . . . ...& BUSH

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE
by Myra Gale and Murray Silver *(Virgin, £4.95)*
HELLFIRE
by Nick Tosches *(Plexus, £4.95)*

THE FIRST time I ever saw Jerry Lee Lewis was on archive footage from an early '60s British TV show. There in the middle of a group of young swingers — crimplene frocks and roll necks a go go — was a mad, bug-eyed figure in shirt sleeves hammering the hell out of the piano keys.

He pumped, pummelled and hollered; declaiming an unholy sermon over the quaking, pulverising backbeat. A mass of greasy locks falling on a sweat-covered face — the man was *not* a pretty sight — he shook and raged, possessed by a fury of unspeakable lust and licentiousness.

The second time I saw Jerry Lee Lewis was on a TV programme made some 20 years later; the *Johnny Carson Show*, last year. He sat behind his piano trying to summon up the same demons, he spoke of 'The Killer' and the unholy fire, but the eyes were clouded over, the flesh wrinkled — after all the years, the endless nights, one scandal after another, the spirit had been eaten away.

The old Black River stallion had been tamed and his attempts to issue forth with the same rage and abandonment rang hollow.

The Jerry Lee Lewis story is a fascinating one, as much tied up with the weird, twisted history of the Southern states of America as it is with the cultural shockwave of early rock 'n' roll. By the time he was 18 he was a bigamist and renegade preacher and thereafter a philanderer, a drug addict, an evil chauvinist, an alcoholic, a hypocrite, a mean dirty lowdown cheat or, in his own words, "a rompin' stompin' piano playing sonofabitch".

Myra Lewis was the 13-year old second cousin who Lewis was wooing with milkshakes and sundaes at the time of his greatest success — between the release of 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On' and 'Great Balls Of Fire' — and their subsequent marriage resulted in a howl of public outrage and recriminations from which Lewis' popularity never recovered.

Myra spent 13 hellish years with him and he treated her little better than a caged animal — the most cruel action being the needless torment he heaped upon her when their first-born drowned in their swimming pool. Lewis claimed that it was the Lord punishing her and he drove Myra to the brink of a nervous breakdown. Despite this, *Great Balls Of Fire* is not a vitriolic attack; it veers more towards a concerned portrait of an incredibly mixed up figure.

The book is written in the third person which, when you consider that the horrors being related actually happened to the author, is slightly disconcerting. Perhaps the cool disdain which taints the objective overview favoured in the book is something to do with the fact that these days Myra is a very successful business woman and feels comfortable and able enough to take a detached stance. Although it's a thorough documentation of Lewis' career, and includes several anecdotes not included in the Tosches' masterwork, the book runs out of steam after the half way stage (their marriage) and lacks a wholly engaging writing style to tie the facts together.

Which is where Tosches' book comes in. Taken on its tod *Great Balls Of Fire* is an interesting enough book, but compared to *Hellfire* it pales into insignificance. Nick Tosches is an excellent young writer and he recreates the vulgar, bellicose spirit harnessed by the Lewis clan when they first settled in Louisiana some 200 years ago — a spirit duly inherited by Jerry Lee Lewis (who, with no immediate male issue, became the clan's Final Wild Son). It's a spirit that runs through the centre of *Hellfire* — inextricably tied up with the man and his music. There are no holds barred in Tosches' tale, no myths glorified or whitewashed; with a style somewhere between the epic grandeur of Steinbeck and the fire and brimstone of Ye Olde Testament he unleashes a tale that sears from rise to fall, from the heights of redemption to the depths of despair.

Lewis was raised on black blues, country music and The Wrath of the Pentecostal Church, and his music can be seen as a direct result of these inputs. Tied up with years of moonshine abuse, with breeding and a deep fear of the unknown, they made for an inner conflict that's plagued him for the last 30 years — a battle between 'good' and 'evil'.

While Jerry Lee went on to become a big noise in the profane world of rock 'n' roll his cousin and childhood friend Jimmy Lee Swaggart became a famous piano playing preacher, who still offers up prayers for Lewis' salvation on national television. Jerry Lee never really escaped from the battle — his career and music stand as an expression of his confusion rather than being a way to throw off restraints. His inner battle was and is a type of terminal insanity — he actually believed that by playing rock 'n' roll he was in the devil's grasp.

Nick Tosches brings to life Guy Peelaert's image of 'The Killer' in *Rock Dreams* which, as anyone knows, is the highest compliment that can be paid to a rock writer. He follows the long road to rack and ruin — through the scandals, the booze, the pills and the tragedies until there's nobody left to shout out or tear apart but Lewis himself and he has only his dread and damnation to turn to.

Hellfire is an unflinching study of the horror and despair behind the Great American Dream, particularly when it's filtered through the fucked-up values and attitudes of the Old South. If you have any interest at all in rock 'n' roll, where it began and, more pertinently, where it leads to, *how it ends*, then you must read this book.

GAVIN MARTIN

THE SECRET HISTORY OF KATE BUSH (AND THE STRANGE ART OF POP)
by Fred Vermorel *(Omnibus Press, £3.50)*

FRED VERMOREL concedes that as well as being the perfect pop pin-up, Kate Bush looks like a woman who could punch him on the nose.

I don't think he or EMI would be very happy if she ever did, and it doesn't look like she will.

Shame, 'cause she's a woman of great strength and talent, usually portrayed as a cream bun — sweet to consume, all sugar and no spice. Mr. Vermorel does consider KB as an artist, but mostly as her music relates to her image, and that seems most satisfactory to him when most passive.

This book pretends to take Kate Bush very seriously — at various points he compares her to Dufy and Hockney, and calls her a "profoundly subversive" artist, but at the same time he chides her rather petulantly for not being more available to fans and curious journalists. He seems to think it is her duty, looking as she does, to be utterly agreeable and yielding, to *be* her ethereal vulnerable music, and nothing else.

There is also a mannered, mocking quality to the writing that makes his admiration unconvincing — not to mention an earlier vitriolic biog he tries to shrug off — and he loves to analyse her publicity pics in soft porn terminology. He raves on about the significance of KB's image in the pantheon of pop-as-art, and somehow makes it all faintly insulting.

That said, a lot of the book is good fun. At least half of it is about her biological and cultural ancestry and Vermorel is great at painting pictures; creating a weird magical atmosphere speaking of witch hunts in the misty Essex countryside, hinting at debauchery in overgrown Victorian gardens and itemizing the lush suburban comfort of KB's family home.

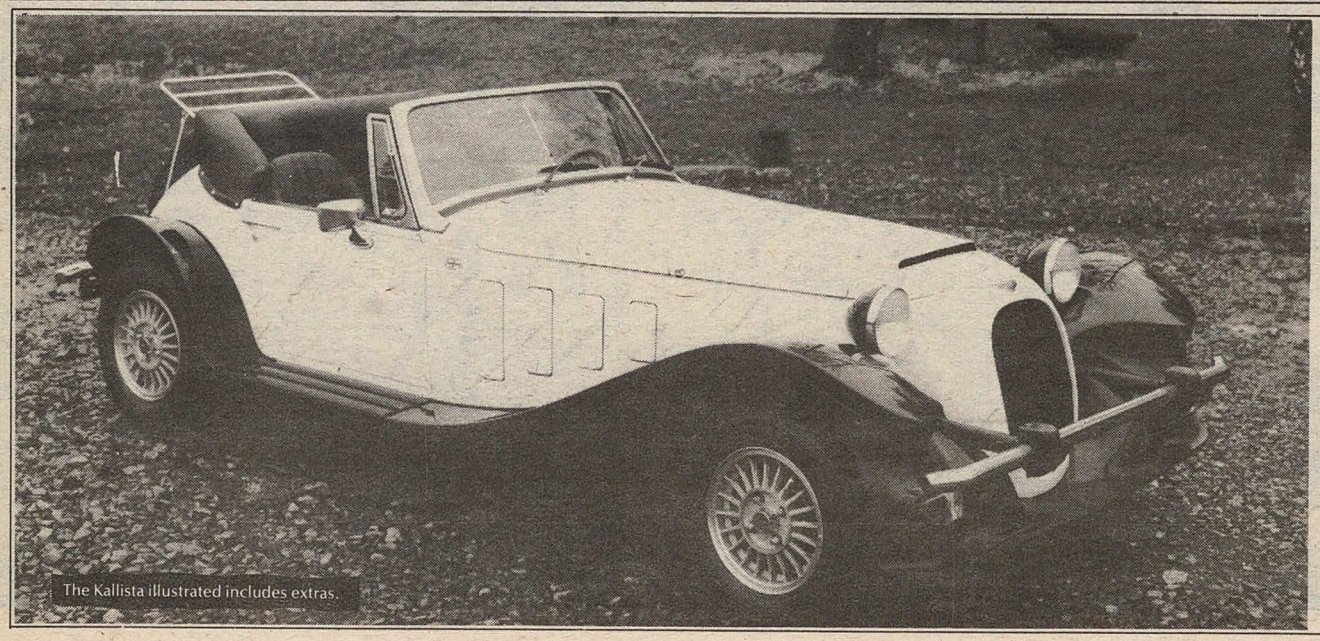
She was a privileged child, in terms of love *and* money, and had an excruciatingly precious adolescence, by the sound of things — all poetry writing in an attic den, and getting up to chow-mein-eating high jinks with the girls. There's lots of wonderful trivial detail, like what kind of floors KB's school had (old wooden ones). Vermorel reckons that all of this atmosphere is crucial to understanding her music, and he may be right; he certainly paints it very Gothic, yet also springlike and delicate.

But he also traces KB's ancestry in tedious detail, from 1769 forward, with very boring diversions like telling us what latitude and longitude mark the exact position of the ditch her great grandfather died in. He's really obsessed with context to the point where occasionally you can forget who the book is actually about, and all his discussion of her image doesn't answer the question of who manipulates it — KB or EMI.

My favourite bit, though, was a panegyric to the name Kate, which I read eagerly, looking for clues to my own future — it seems that, amongst other things, we Kates are dangerous company, use our charms to advantage, and "beguile, draw, drown and ruin men". So there. Be warned, Fred Vermorel. She'll get you yet.

KATE ZESERSON

Subversive? Moi? Pic: Pennie Smith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STYLE

THIS IS THE SOUL HOUSE

RESPOND INTO

THE TORCH SOCIETY

LORD JIM and his frothy friend, The Cappucino Kid, have added their services to the already sparkling entourage at Respond Records.

Along with such coffee club luminaries as Paul Weller, Tracie Young (at 18) and The Questions they grace the classic single bags of the label with their presence, their wisdom and their wit. Everybody at Respond wears their heart on their sleeve.

The Questions on the sleeve of their new single, 'Price You Pay', pose points one to six and ask at number five if we "...want to forget the dull and go for the *good*?"

Tracie on 'Tracie Talks' (the B-side of her single, 'The House That Jack Built') plays the giggling prima donna to Weller's dumb northern interviewer; her sarcastic (but sorely accurate) reply to the question, "what to you is the meaning of success?" shows the antithesis of the label's doctrine. Three Jaguars and a mansion do not a Respond star make.

Lord Jim asked me on the back cover of Ms Young's single cover "...to try Tracie and then decide." I (unabashed) replied, "Fine." The call of a day's work never sounded quite so alluring.

THE PARTY CHAMBERS

THE SWITCH studios at Watford are very cramped and the set's two tiers are bedecked in wire and scaffolding. Amongst this Hi-Tech wasteland you catch fleeting glimpses of camera men vying for the best angles and the prime slots.

Somewhere above such sordid shoot-outs are The Questions. Firing through their new single, 'Price You Pay', they are a shock of primary colours and glorious falsettos. For laughs they run through a riff or three of Chic's 'Good Times'. The gush of smiles and the hot element of FUN with a K extricates a svelte Paul Weller from the sound box. His partner in Style, keyboard player Mick Talbot, grins from the sidelines. So now we have everything — but the Girl.

Tracie, veiled in the Council's cool black arrives unannounced. A lazy twirl in her high heels heralds the opening notes of 'The House That Jack Built' from her illustrious backing band. The rehearsals are under way and the show is on the road. The decisions are coming.

SPEAK LIKE A CHILD

RESPOND IS not a new label. In fact it's been on the shelves and turntables for a good year now. Already it's seen singles from The Dolly Mixtures, Urban Shakedown and The Questions, though none made any impression on anything but Polydor's bank balance.

The Jam split has changed all that though. Irrevocably. Snatched from Polydor's doorstep and now licensed by A&M, it has undergone a facelift, a heart transplant and a much needed infusion of young bloods. It is cracking its own shell of brilliance every day and with Tracie's single straight in at number 61 it has broken its duck.

So Paul, what's your response?

Sitting in the less than inspiring cocktail bar of a Watford Gap hotel, such blatantly banal questions seem oddly appropriate. In fact the proverbial piped muzak seems to inspire them. Fortunately Weller takes it all in his elegantly cobbled stride.

"I'm just really excited about the whole thing — the possibilities and the potentials of it are fantastic. I think that the time's right for it now. I suppose in a lot of ways it's carrying on the ideals that I've always felt music should have.

"I always felt that music should elevate itself a bit, above the normal pop and music business...it's like an extension of that. Like some of those independent companies whose intentions are so good, but they go about it in a drab way. I don't see why you can't have good ideas, ideals and principles and still make it stylish and attractive. The main thing is that it's got to be contemporary and more than that...I'd like to juice and loose a real new sound."

Then why didn't you start this before?

"Mainly because I didn't have time and I didn't have the money before," states Weller. "Time mostly because you've got to be totally committed to it, which is obviously gonna take a lot of time. Which I've got now."

Unable to check his enthusiasm for the label he continues in an often garbled manner. The vigour of his approach is, of course, duly echoed in the club's policies.

As Weller points out, "The great thing about Respond is that we're gonna keep really young people on it. Just to get back to that thing of having proper young groups again. Even the bands you get these day, the so-called new bands like Kajagoogoo, they're all in their twennies. Most of 'em are probably the same age as me — even older! I think it would be great to get back to that thing of having teenage groups; like the whole punk think again. Bands playing to audiences who are the same age as each other. I think that's missing."

Even though Weller seems nervous, endlessly toying with cigarette butts, he is adamant about his convictions. His confidence would undoubtedly disarm most of his critics, but it also serves to reiterate the strength and the quality of every Respond production whether present or projected.

Prone to playing Devil's Advocate at such unassailable heights, I remind this lounging lizard of what he said to Tony Stewart in *NME*'s Christmas issue, basically that he was going to claw the power back from "the old tossers".

Who's to say you're any better, Paul?

"I think I've got more ideas," he snaps confidently. "I feel I've got more integrity than they have — the previous people — and even some of my peers. I feel that I've proved myself, I don't think I can sit back now, I've a lot to prove still but not to other people. To myself.

"Another thing is that when you get older you tend to look down on younger people and get frightened; frightened of them taking away your thunder — which I don't see at all. I just want to push that, help and direct it. To me that was the whole punk thing, you know?"

SOMEHOW WE'RE back to the class of '76 for this soul/punk revolution. But back with an aching vengeance and a new suit and tie — because if there's one thing about Respond, it positively exudes style. From the classic cut of the sleeve designs to the polish on the production, this is quality.

So what were the blue-prints like?

"I quite liked the idea of someone going into a shop and buying the latest Respond release, regardless of who it is," says Weller. "They buy a record and they know that they're going to get something good — they ain't gonna get shit; which you couldn't do with a major company. It would be like going in and buying the latest Polydor release," he chirps sarcastically. "It doesn't work that way.

"There have been lots of labels — Stax and Motown are the obvious ones — and some of the '70s labels, like Invicta, always had good stuff on them. Current ones, I suppose, would be that reggae label Greensleeves...and probably Sugarhill to a certain extent; not so much recently, but maybe a year ago. I like the idea of that; just giving quality, something good all the time. I like the idea of the whole corporate thing, the whole image — and all sort of pushing in the same way."

Isn't that a one way groove?

"I'm not too sure. I suppose it all depends on how long you continue it. It's gotta evolve; if you don't change with it, move it, adapt it *then* it would get limited."

Obviously, as Respond is his creation (and *his* money invested) he wants to keep control. You don't doubt that he will 'adapt' because he is as lucid as his eyes and as changeable as the tonic strides that he's wearing.

But probably the strongest point in Respond's favour is its ability to choose the right people; people that have that aptitude for change; people that relish style more than fashion; people with endurance rather than flavour (as in 'month').

People like Tracie and The Questions.

Who do you see Tracie Young as? A modern day Cilla Black or an evergreen Diana Ross?

"I wouldn't compare any of them. I just

THAT PAUL WELLER BUILT

Does Respond live up to Paul Weller's claim to be Britain's Stax label? DAVID DORRELL borrows Weller's mac to check out the soul style of Tracie and The Questions. Pix PETER ANDERSON.

Photos: below left, Weller and Mick Talbot; left, Tracie; right, The Questions

want her to be herself basically," opines Weller. "The great thing about Tracie is the presentation of it...cos either you sell girl singers on that tit and arse thing, or else it's all that sophisticated crap and that American thing. It's all bullshit.

"That big myth about the girl-next-door or the boy-next-door; who wants one of them? They're usually boring! You've got to get the right balance — I don't see why it can't be ordinary people."

But couldn't you end up creating hordes of *ordinary* kids?

Paul: "I think that it's best to forget about everything else and to just concentrate on what is happening at the moment and the people involved. I think that there is a new breed of young people that would be different anyway. It's like, creating hordes of people...it shouldn't be about fashion. It should be about individual style."

Verbally collapsing he laughs, "Oh! I'm gonna lead meself up me own arsehole. I don't know what I'm on about. I've just talked a load of shit for the last ten minutes..."

Cynics beware! Paul Weller has dropped dogmatism for biting sarcasm and delightful self-effacement. He is serious without being heavy. That is something that he's eager to point out.

"People are saying, why is Paul Weller talking about clothes and superficial things like that? Respond is not going to be a political thing. All that stuff is bullshit as far as I'm concerned.

"There isn't going to be any angry young men on Respond. We'll leave that to Bono (Vox of U2) — perhaps it's his turn to be the spokesman for a generation. I'm more concerned with getting on with living and actually trying to do something, than just talking about it. I haven't given up on it, I'm trying to find ways of *doing* it. I'd prefer not to bother talking about it and just get on and do it. The only way things will ever change is if people want to change 'em themselves."

Sound words. If anything, Weller is for the first time speaking with all the pure intent of a child; serious yet happy, he is filled with a jealous pride for his overwhelming ideals. Not content with years of actionless thought he is now pursuing his quarry with a resolute fervour. In closing, I ask (naively) what is Respond to you?

With a deadpan, almost mystic voice he replies, "Respond to me is a way of life..."

But seriously...

"No, Respond is a new record label with good ideas and so far good music. There's nothing intellectual about it. To simplify it, that's what it is — a new label.

"It will separate itself because first and foremost the people behind it are fans. I'm still a fan of music, I love music and that goes for The Questions and Tracie and everybody else involved in it. That's why it's different. It's not being controlled by some hierarchy who live in the stockbroker belt. That's what separates it. It's also not being run by people who used to live in a squat in Notting Hill..."

MAMA NEVER TOLD ME

BEFORE ALL the talk, Tracie had been in action.

White fists occasionally come out of her black skirt pockets to smother an imaginary cough or brush down a pellucid blush. 'The House That Jack Built' goes with a hip, and in view of the Respond sound it is more pertinent than pert.

At 18 Tracie Young is unmistakeably more of the latter; she is coy, forward, rude, sensitive and openly confident in herself. She is from Chelmsford *not* Hereford. She likes tennis (especially 'The Brat'), Gary Kemp and squirrels. She is not the girl-next-door — although she's maybe the girl in the window opposite; or maybe the girl about town that you've heard of.

How are things Tracie? Are they all a bit of a whirl?

"A bit of a what?"

A whirl...

"I don't know. I haven't had much time to give it a thought. I just take each day as it comes," she adds. She laughs; a hint that not everything you hear (or read) should be taken *too* seriously.

Tracie: "It's certainly busy at the moment. I'm having trouble keepingup with everything and I forget half of the things I've got to do. I suppose I'll get used to that in time."

Are you starry-eyed then?

"No! None of that!" She laughs nervously, then splits open a smile.

In the morning she had pored over the sleeve for her single; what seem like spots on the cover photo cause some consternation. Even that, though, had been dismay with a grin. Whilst signing free 12" copies of 'The House' for the *Colchester Gazette* she paused and smirked, "I'm sure we don't get that in Chelmsford."

Starry-eyed or not, she is rapidly becoming famous, whether in her local Our Price shop or in Oxford Street's HMV store. Did she always want *this*?

"Yeah, it's something I always wanted to do. *Always,*" shoots Tracie with an echo of self confidence. "It wasn't always just like a dream, I could really see myself doing it. I never thought it would come about like this though. I used...to hope.

"I mean, there wasn't all these people sitting about out there going, Tracie Young's on the market, let's rush out and see if we can grab her! I had to do something off my own back."

That something has already passed into the annals of glossy mythology — and deservedly so. Getting signed up at 17 is romantic: getting signed up by Paul Weller via an ad for 'young singers' in *Smash Hits* is undoubtedly the stuff of fairy tales. So isn't it all a bit fast?

"I don't really know...I suppose I have to really think about that one. In some ways it's too fast...no, no actually I don't think so," she finally decides. "You've got to get in there while there's a wide space. There's a need for new faces and young people these days.

"You just get all these...crap bands," she adds somewhat guiltily.

Then what do you see yourself as?

"I see myself as...I don't know. I haven't really compared myself to anybody. I think I'm gonna be *unique.* A one off!"

The reply is a vague mixture of self-belief and self-mockery. Maybe there lies her appeal. Tracie Young is constantly on both sides of the coin. You just can't win. Anyway, who would want to?

"You never know," she continues, "years from now somebody might be sitting here talking to some 40 year old David Dorrell going, I kind of see myself as some modern day Tracie Young!"

She chokes a small cough — she's smoking far too many cigarettes lately — but this time it's for real; relaxed she is a much bolder figure than the one that, only this morning, hid under her trilby. Is this the right route for success?

"I don't think that it's off to a bad start cos we've got a good, strong single out. I'd like to do something much harder-edged, real funky type soul stuff. At the moment I jus' wanna get really good singles out and eventually I wanna be able to do really good live shows.

"I think that must be the *ultimate* kick: to get up onstage and to be able to relate to every single person in the audience and know that they're into it — know what I mean? I'm not coming over as particularly articulate at the moment.

"I'm not trying to impress people. I just want the right people to sit up and take notice. People who've the same ideas, young people — people like me who think that there is something here worth bothering about."

Remember, they asked us to "try Tracie and then decide". I wonder why?

IS IT MY IMAGINATION

DECISIONS CAN wait for awhile. There's still a lot to ask. Like, have you always had that awareness — or was it instilled in you?

"No, I think that's something that I've always thought," comes the reply from a JPS smoking Tracie. "I think that if I hadn't had that outlook Paul wouldn't have bothered with me. I'd be lying if I said that Paul hadn't influenced me at all since I've known him. For the most part, the ideas I've got are my own, Paul's just helped to bring them out.

"Compromise is the key word really. You've got to compromise a little bit. There's like clothes and that sort of thing — I'm just like anybody else but you've got to compromise a bit — be a little sharper...toe on the mark...

"I'm not going to drastically change myself because Paul says, do this, do that, do the other. He tried that once and it didn't work...in the end he said suit yourself, do what you want. But I didn't want that either.

"I think compromise is what I was really after; a bit of his ideas, a bit of mine. Basically they're the same but we don't agree on everything. That wouldn't work if we did; it would be false, and nobody would believe it if I said that it was the case anyway. I think that we work a lot better now because we've come to some compromise."

She speaks with disarming honesty, pausing only to sip pineapple juice. She speaks like she sings with a clear note and a sudden strength.

Tracie: "I'd rather learn by my mistakes than have some bolshy bloke push me about. I'd hate that. It's nice because it's quite loose the way it stands at the moment. I've got quite a lot of freedom and at the same time I still do take notice of what Paul says."

On the topic of chart success she is the first to admit that the Paul Weller connection obviously helped to move a few units. Though that in itself is open ended: the record alone bought its own position on merit. Not bad for a pleasant ditty...

"A pleasant ditty!" She howls at the idea. "Pleasant ditty will do — call it what you want. By the way, that's a nice rag you've got draped around your shoulders."

She can be cruel sometimes. You have to laugh.

"I asked Paul what it meant and he said that you're supposed to see 'The House' as being representative of England. You just work the rest out from there.

"I'm not bothered about politics," she adds, "it doesn't matter whether you're singing about love *or* some social comment."

Drinks and tapes exhausted we drop the tone of the conversation. There are more things to bother about than whether two out of three (she's only had three) of her fan letters say she's "really good looking". It's the eve of her birthday and the tour starts soon. Hopefully, in the near future, she'll have a hand in picking the members of her backing band. She doesn't want people to think that she uses Weller as "a walking stick".

'Walking stick'? I've got an inkling that she'd run rings around Weller in a race. By now I've nearly decided. All that's left is to rap up any suspicions about The Questions.

THE PRICE YOU PAY

WELLER HAD said to me earlier, "if you can make people feel good through music, then it's a fantastic achievement."

Continues page 41

THE

BELLE STARS

SWEET MEMORY

NEW SINGLE

SEE THE BAND LIVE

Mon 25th April	Manchester Apollo
Tues 26th	Newcastle City Hall
Wed 27th	Glasgow Tiffanys
Fri 29th	Birmingham Odeon
Sat 30th	Nottingham Royal Concert Hall
Sun 1st May	Hammersmith Palais London

7" BUY 174 LIMITED EDITION PICTURE DISC P BUY 174

STIFF RECORDS

SINGLES

reviewed by Charles Shaar Murray

HALLELUJAH! (C'mon, Row The Boat Ashore)

MICHAEL JACKSON: Beat it *(Epic)* I don't want to stick me neck out *too* far, but I *think* — making no promises, mind — that this one *just could* be a hit. Another wall from 'Off The Album...' I'm sorry, I don't know what's the matter with me today. Another track from 'Thriller' (with one from 'Off The Wall' on the B-side just in case you forgotten what it all sounds like), this is a touchingly anti-macho song winningly designed to set off the new slightly-more-macho Jackson stance as revealed in recent videos and sleeves. The irony is further compounded by big, buffalo-eating power chords and a frisky, squibbling solo contributed by the well-known California wild person Eddie 'Ted' Val Halen. The chords are revolting but the solo's quite nice (people with extreme guitar aversion can pretend it's a synth) and Michael sings as plangently as ever (look it up). The only question is: why Eddie Van Halen? After Paul McCartney, everything else is just toothpaste.

IN HEAVEN EVERYTHING IS FINE

HEAVEN 17: Temptation *(BEF/Virgin).* Except that it isn't (fine) and this isn't (a temptation) and they're not (delivering with anything like the panache with which they were launched). The inability of the British Electric Foundation to do *anything* right apart from the first and third Heaven 17 singles is one of the most bewildering mysteries that a music-obsessed person with a ridiculous amount of free time could get involved in studying. Those confident boardroom smiles must be congealing around the edges by now, as the absurd Hot Gossip album and the ludicrously overblown 'Quality And Distinction' project recede into the dumper and yet another indifferent single plops limply into the arena.

Glenn Gregory's voice still sounds hollow and the synths are tinny and bare. Since one presumes that 'Fascist Groove Thang' and 'Penthouse And Pavement' were not flukes, the only answer can be that Ware and Marsh are keeping the perfect single up their sleeves, biding their time and waiting for the ideal moment to release it. That moment is *now*, gentlemen. Delay no further. (The suspense is killing me).

TALKING OF MICHAEL JACKSON . . .

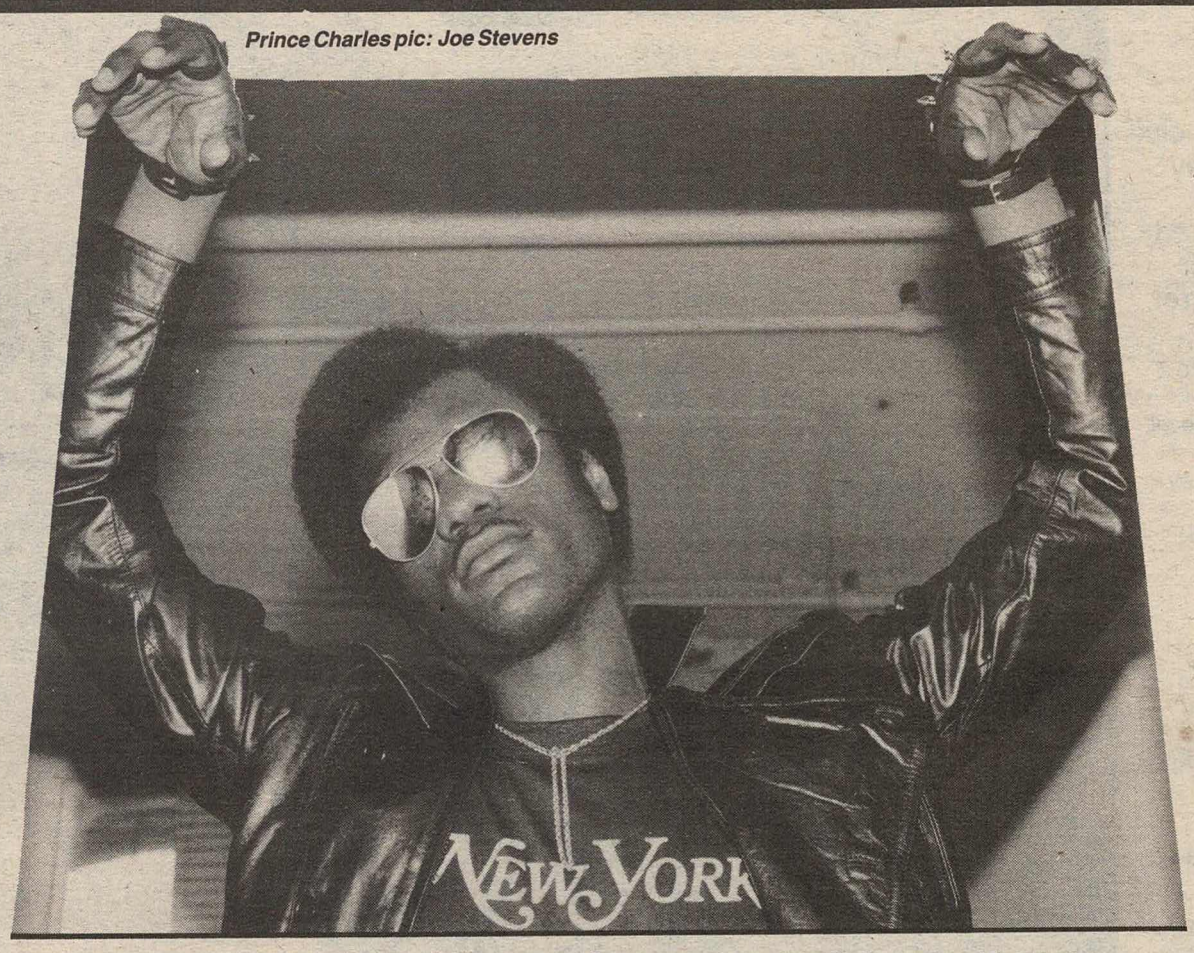
NEW EDITION: Candy Girl *(London).* In a bold new move designed to give America its own Musical Youth capability strike force, New Edition have bubbled to the surface. A quintet of youth who evidently eat, sleep, drink and breathe old Jackson Five records, they make a debut with a sound not a million miles away from 'ABC' and all packaged up with the aid of Rockers Revenge man Arthur Baker to move along in the brightest, slickest manner possible. Complete with 'Young And Strong Edition', 'Long Version' and 'Singalong Version', the 12" is a virtual 'Get aquainted with New Edition' kit, and should — if nothing else — give the repulsive Minipops someone closer to their own age to imitate.

AAAAAARRRRRRRRGGHHHHHH!

GUN CLUB: Death Party *(Animal).*
BLOOD AND ROSES: Love Under Will *(Kamera).* Once again, things are going bump in the night. Blood And Roses crawl out of The Batcave with several rather clumsy invocations of something or other, including two versions of something called 'Necromantra' and the jangly 'Spit On Your Grave'. Is this 'positive punk' or have I got it mixed up with something else? If one refuses to doubt the seriousness of their occult trappings, all that is left is to wonder why they sound like they couldn't tell Aleister Crowley from Gary Crowley.

Gun Club, who are from another country and who are produced by famous conceptual rocker Chris Stein, are of a more tradrocky style of melodrama: their leader, Jeffrey Lee Pierce, sounds like a sort of tenor Jim Morrison over a manically scratchy garage-band drone, and evidently fancies himself as some sort of damned soul. Well, that sort of thing won't wash over here, sonny jim. We've got far too many damned souls of our own. You can't even turn round without falling over some doomed young poet or other. Mind you, Paris is worse.

Prince Charles pic: Joe Stevens



SINGLE OF THE WEEK (BY DEFAULT)

PRINCE CHARLES AND THE CITY BEAT BAND: Cash Money *(Virgin).* This record does not lead off this column because it is incredible, but simply because it is the best of the few this week that are not mediocre. The incredible is — as ever — at a premium, unlike the way it was in the Golden Age Of Pop, when masterpieces flowed out of the world's pressing plants at the rate of . . . oh, at least seven or eight a week, and everybody who wasn't a complete cloth-eared jerk knew what was happening. 'Cash Money' asks the basic Leninist question *("Who's makin' all the money?")* over what sounds like a Shalamar beat slowed down to a menacing Clintonian funkasaurus thromp, complete with tricky double-tongued flute and a synthesised bass that will shake any floor you care to lay it on. This record certainly doesn't mess about: funk spelled F-O-N-K, so to speak, and the band's too tight to mention.

More music like this is needed: not necessarily records that sound exactly like this one, but music which lays out the issues of the day in terms that deal with our common experience. *"Who's makin' all the money?"* is a very good question. If more people asked it and kept asking until they got some solid answers, this government's position would be markedly less secure. (Mind you, if your *NME* 'Racket Packet' cassette has already arrived, you'll have discovered this here for yourself by now. Ask your feet if they've heard it).

SPLAT!

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS: It's Not Me Talking *(Cocteau);* Nightmares *(Jive).* Sigh . . . what more could a devotee of A Bunch Of Turkeys desire? In this one week their new single 'Nightmares' is sent off on its voyage to immortality *and* Bill Nelson's Cocteau label reissues the *very first* Gaggle Of Peewits effort, which was not — just as well, really — included on their first album. Fans can be reassured that both singles sound very much alike and also very much like the stuff that crept out in between, so it doesn't look as though anybody's in for any problems here. It is no doubt the result of some massive character failing on my part, but this endlessly pompous drone-rock always induces in me a desire for a walk or else a deep, refreshing slumber.

REISSUES OF THE WEEK

HOWARD TATE: Look At Granny Run Run *(Verve).*
THE YARDBIRDS: Over, Under, Sideways, Down *(Edsel).* Two utterly dissimilar and completely nifty singles from '69 and '66 respectively are both commended to your attention. Howard Tate was a great and groovy soul singer whose work is not much discussed these days, but this is his Greatest Hit, the best of his collaborations with writer/producer Jerry Ragavoy. Ry Cooder tackled the tune most creditably on his 'Bop Til You Drop' album, but this version is definitive and remains as stylish as ever.

The Yardbirds' single is authentically '60s in its ethos *("Cars and girls are easy come by in this day and age/laughing joking drinking smoking when I get my wage")* and in its casual juxtaposition of boogie bass lines and eerie Middle Eastern intervals. The crazed ingenuity with which the Yardbirds reworked their blues material has placed them in the unfortunate historical position of precursors of guitar-strangling hard rock, but 'Over Under Sideways Down' is still an elegantly unusual piece of work today.

BACK TO AFRICA . . .

ROSE LAURENS: Africa (The Voodoo Master) *(WEA).*
JULUKA: Umbaqanga Music *(Safari).* Heeyyyy! Everybody loves Africa this week! Rose Laurens must know and love Africa just as well and just as much as Toto do, since her record simply disgorges a few stereotypes about heavy jungle mystery while taking absolutely no account of what kind of music people in Africa actually listen to or play, Never mind, it makes a fabulously exotic location for videos, doesn't it?

The Juluka single comes with a note informing the curious that their previous single 'Scatterlings Of Africa' sold better than any of the other genuine African singles released over here. This is possible. Juluka are an integrated group from South Africa who apparently do very well playing in front of integrated audiences in their homeland, which suggests that they are not exactly the country's most radical band. Leaving all political suspicions to one side, their single is pretty and pleasant and moderately pappy, but compared to anything by Orchestra Makassy or Pablo or Peacocks International, it's very, very flimsy.

GOTTA LARF, AINTCHA?

THE TUDORS: Tied Up With Lou Cool *(Stiff).* In which The Tudors — Eddie Tenpole's former cohorts — invent a new genre! 'Tied Up With Lou Cool' is a sort of fake cajun that goes well beyond anything Dizzy's done because it's totally unpurist, and uses some fine fiddle and accordion to tell a tall and tangled tale about life's more ludicrous complexities, all sung at breakneck speed by someone whose voice unfortunately doesn't make it. This could've been magnificent with the right vocal: as it is it's merely quite good.

IT'S HERE! WORST PUNK RECORD EVER!

DISORDER: Mental Disorder EP *(Disorder).* I'm impressed. I really am. I didn't think it was possible to be as unmusical as this lot (who are, needless to say, from the Bristol area). Normally, when music is deconstructured, structure is removed. In other words, the first things to go are chord progressions, regular rhythms, things like that. Disorder actually *keep* all of that, plus metered lyrics, but they speed things up to the point where all cohesion disappears and you are left with a single roar of rage split up into six nominal parts. Still, music like this isn't made to be listened to; it's made to be made (at least, that's the only rationale I can imagine).

SORRY, I WAS DANCING IN MY SLEEP

LEVEL 42: Out of Sight Out of Mind *(Polydor).*
DE BARGE: I Like It *(Gordy).*
VISUAL: The Music Got Me *(Prelude).*
LOOSE ENDS: Don't Hold Back Your Love *(Virgin).* These are probably the most pleasant of the soul records that don't really go anywhere this week — or to put it another way, they go nowhere in a much more attractive way than most of the others. Level 42's bass player sounds less like a pinball machine on overload than usual on this abnormally wistful little item (a solitary tear trickles down the exquisite cheek. Harbour lights flicker . . .) De Barge is not what The Beloved sails way on, but a new Motown family vocal group with average clothes and very deft vocal counterpointing. With a better tune, *they'll* be making all the money. Visual are on the Prelude label, whose reputation is as high as an elephant's eye, but 'The Music Got Me' is remarkable neither for its groove, its tune, its message or its funny noises. The Loose Ends single wins on groove and its breathy, caressing feel — not to mention its majestic sax solo — but the song is so forgettable that you'll have forgotten the chorus before the instrumental break is halfway over.

COMEDY RECORD OF THE WEEK

T. SKI VALEY: Sexual Rapping *(Pama).* Now this is silly on a cosmic scale: a rapping version of Marvin's masterpiece of silky carnality performed by a singularly jolly at the mike MC whose readily perceptible aura of well-being and self-satisfaction suggest nothing more than Wonder Mike of The Sugarhill Gang playing Father Christmas. The end result is risible in the extreme, and about as erotic as a bowl of six-week-old rice pudding with four fag-ends and a bit of old chewing gum on the top. (On second thoughts, there's no accounting for tastes.) This record has everything: self-conscious dialogue between the heavy-breathing T. (*"Hey baby, whuss hap'nin'?"*) and his inamorata, panting bits with dub echo, and T.'s hearty instructions in sexual etiquette. A real side-splitter, in fact.

ONLY A NORTHERN SONG (or three)

CLOCK DVA: Resistance (*Polydor*).
VARIOUS ARTISTS: Four From The Floor EP (*Office Box*).
COOK DA BOOKS: Low Profile (*Kiteland*). Clock Dva's front-person Adi Newton — assuming that's who's singing on this one — has the least convincing Big Important Voice that I've ever heard. Matched with one of the least convincing drum sounds I've ever heard, this makes the drama of 'Resistance' seem cardboard despite Hugh Jones' valiant attempt at a Rilly Big Production and the exquisitely art-directed sleeve.

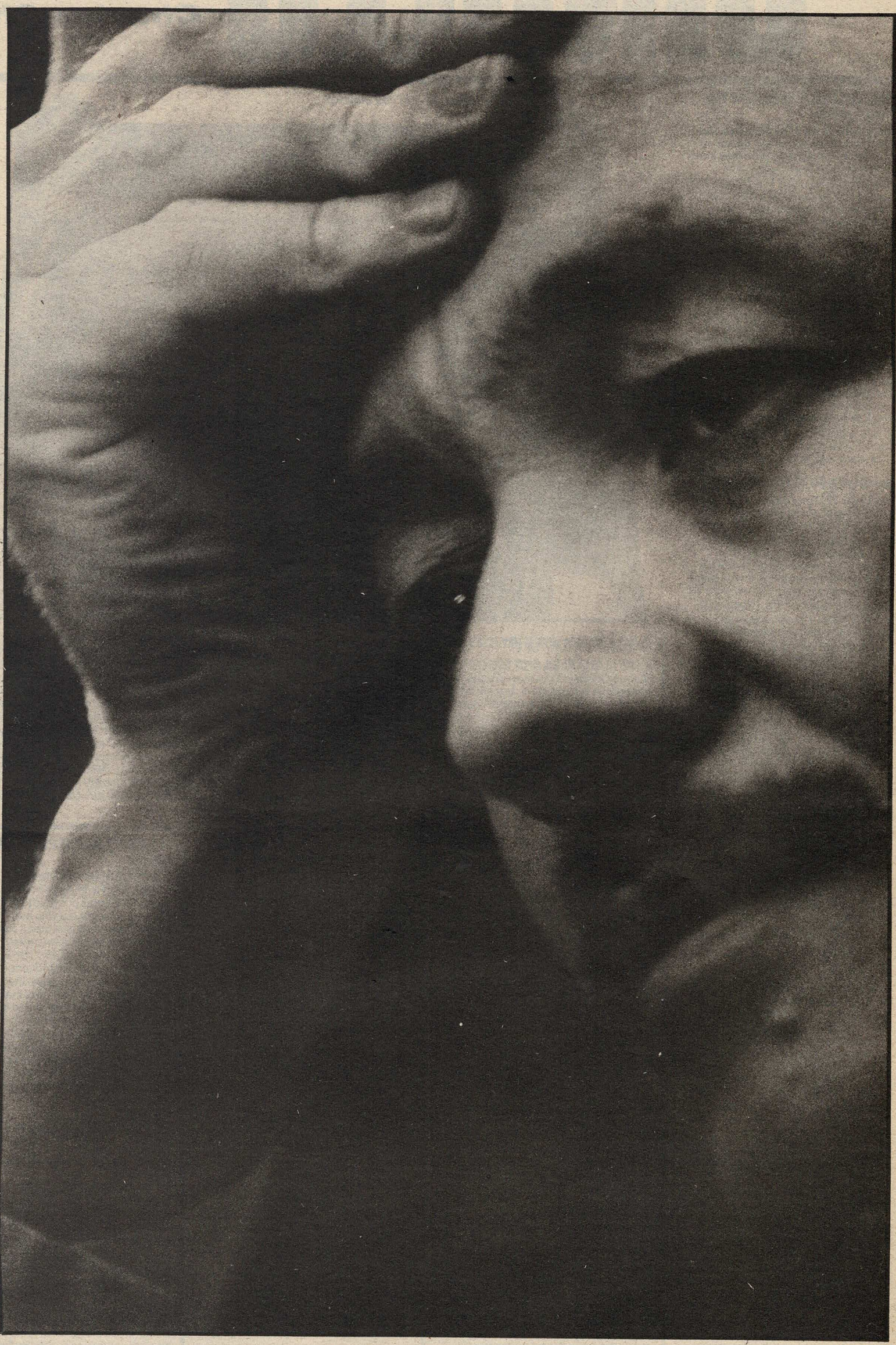
Four more conglomerates of Sheffield talent crop up on the 'Four From The Floor' set, along with a press release earnestly informing the world that there's much more to their hometown than ABC and The Antediluvian League, but the collected inspirations of Surface Mutants, Bass Tobe Trap, They Must Be Russians and Hula still add up to less excitement than the first eight bars of 'Don't You Want Me'. Liverpool's Cook Da Books appear to have spent the last three years locked up with the complete works of Gary Numan, and no-one could be more bemused by that than myself.

SLOP FOR ALL THE FAMILY

CLIFF RICHARD: True Love Ways (*EMI*). Something alarming is happening to Cliff Richard's face. It may seem uncharitable to point this out, especially since taking care of one-self is such a gruelling task that many people of my acquaintance have given it up for lost, but it remains undeniable that those neat little features are beginning to look a trifle sunken. Neither his voice nor his taste appear to have changed, though, which is why we find him strolling through a venerable Buddy Holly tune with hardly a soul apart from the London Philharmonic Orchestra to accompany him. The result is a kind of glutinous stodge utterly lacking in the dry, spare conviction which made the original so affecting.

AND THE BILL, PLEASE

BE-BOP DELUXE: Panic In The World EP (*Cocteau*).
RED NOISE: Revolt Into Style EP (*Cocteau*). Two journeys into antiquity with Bill Nelson, each 12" collating significant moments from the careers of his two major band projects. Since the spiky electromodernity of Red Noise produced far fewer Sig Moms than the alternately awkward and surprising BeBop, two of the former's contributions are taken from unreleased live tapes. Of the two, I preferred BeBop: at their best, they managed — in a highly sophisticated way — to retain considerable unself-consciousness while linking and exploring the possibilities of the universes of David Bowie and Jimi Hendrix. The lead-off track and the yearning, ironic 'Maid In Heaven' are the best-known pieces here, but Nelson's tribute to Jean Cocteau makes very nice late listening. Charming, talented and inventive, Bill Nelson's only fault was that he is devoid of magic.



PUBLIC FIGURES are a shock when you meet them. They are nine inches taller or shorter than expected, with pitted skins or missing fingers, or their hair is actually golden not squirrel grey as in the photographs.

Harold Wilson wore what looked like a £60 silk shirt when I saw him in a film preview theatre, and newsreaders are all giants, balding at the back.

But Ken Livingstone of London — the key to this man's physical presence is that he is precisely as advertised: a man exemplary in his ordinariness.

The campaign to present the Greater London Council's 37-year-old leader as something more awesome, something whipped up from the dungeons of hell, has been both vociferous and sustained — and not just in the Tory Party's loyal and demented organs.

He was initially served up as an unstable communist rat for whom parliamentary democracy is poison to the blood of his conviction.

Some papers, like the London *Standard*, stick to this game. Others have switched to the slow, mocking routine — Red Ken with his pet salamanders; Red Ken with his utterly crackpot stunts like Peace Year (ho, what a laugh), Fair's Fare, the Ulster visit, the auctioning off of his official nuclear bunker for a fire brigade charity, babysit money for women active in council affairs, and now a 'peace summit' visit to London in May by Moscow's mayor.

The fact that such initiatives (which, in fact, don't always originate with Livingstone) strike the majority of Londoners as perfectly reasonable or, in the case of the Moscow invite, as brilliantly creative, is seriously damaging the media's offensive.

People have now seen Livingstone on TV chat programmes. Children talk to him on radio phone-ins ("Hello *Ken*, my name's Mandy . . .") and note that he is still uttering the common citizen's complaint. He goads the establishment, gets up the Tory skirt and — *HIS BIGGEST CRIME* — refuses to self-destruct like the old-time head-bangers of the left.

The success of the style — and it *is* largely style since the GLC's power has seriously withered — can be measured by a recent Radio 4 national poll which placed him second only to the Pope in the male popularity stakes (The Pope!!?). Another fine accolade came from *NME's* own readers who, two years running, voted him second Most Wonderful Human Being. This seemed to please him greatly. "so how many readers voted on that?" he asked, trying to mask his pleasure.

He'd been stuck with three types of exotic jab when we met in his large, pine-panelled County Hall office overlooking the Thames. The jabs were in preparation for an Easter visit to the Lebanon and West Bank where, with other Labour councillors, he'd be exploring conditions in the Palestinian camps.

He arrived late and fell groaning onto a couch. His trousers were grey cord, his jacket blue cord. There were three Valentine cards on a ledge, and an old Christmas card, a television, a conference table strewn with paperwork, all set off against a municipal green carpet tacked down in squares like sods of turf.

He was easy, affable company, yet some harsh desire clearly lurked underneath. I asked him if he ever felt powerful. her answered, "No, beleaguered".

HIS MOTHER was a travelling dancer (from whence he gets his political dexterity?) and his father a merchant seaman (his restlessness?). He went to a comprehensive school in the South London inner suburb of Tulse Hill and once believed faithfully in the white hot promise of

Leader of the Greater London Council, 37 year-old KEN LIVINGSTONE is one of Britain's most controversial political figures. But behind the Red Ken image what is the man really like, and how sound are his policies, especially towards the nation's youth? ANDREW TYLER investigates. Photo PETER ANDERSON

DREAD KEN:A CAPITAL LEADER

From page 17

Wilsonian 'socialism'. But when he saw that Wilson was merely an artful slime, willing to sell his mother's liver for another month in power, Livingstone cocked his own political trigger and fired up through the ranks of Borough and GLC politics — first Lambeth Council (1971–81), then Camden, then in 1979 a failed attempt on the Commons via the Hampstead constituency, after which he went for control of the GLC.

This latter campaign was genius. He first persuaded a number of young, left activists that the authority was actually worth winning. Then he urged them to go for marginal rather than safe seats held by Labour right wingers. That way the Party cast a wide enough net to win back the Council from the Tories — and without great cost to internal unity.

These days after the July 1981 victory came the deposing of Labour moderate Andrew McIntosh and the crowning of *Red Ken* in his place. McIntosh hollered he was victim of an "elite and secretive caucus", and who's to doubt him?

But whatever the juiced up complaints of his enemies, Livingstone is not a cock-eyed sectarian of the extreme left, but a power broker with a support troop of about 20 keen, young souls whom he calls The Team. Together they are learning to wrest control from County Hall's permanent, tradition-encrusted bureaucracy.

This knowledge might be coming too late. For along with the withering of GLC power comes a new threat of actual extermination. Livingstone, you can be sure, hears the clanking bells. He hopes to enter Westminster soon through the once-safe seat of Brent East. If he can take with him a few young, left wing friends he should do well there.

He is already being tipped as heir to the Benn mantle and not infrequently as a future prime minister — should Labour ever again be able to produce such a specimen.

HOW DO you like all this maniac Red Ken stuff?

In that first six months after the election it was really damaging. I found it terribly demoralising and you ended up feeling beleaguered that everyone out there was hating your guts. Then, by about October 1981 (the introduction of cut rate fares) we started to get a lot of letters filtering in whose balance was overwhelmingly supportive. I also started doing a lot of meetings around the country and found people coming up afterwards saying, I'm really surprised I agreed with what you said.

I mean, we get letters from soldiers who served in Northern Ireland, from retired colonels living in Bournemouth saying, we saw you on *Question Time* and I was amazed to agree with what you said. So, in creating the climate they did — that we were an absolutely lunatic mob about to sweep out and murder people in their beds — when people were able to see us on television, hear us on radio, they quite quickly formed a different impression.

I don't know if you're using the royal we . . .

No. It really is a collective leadership. In the sense that I went round and persuaded most of them to stand for the election three years ago when they hadn't really considered it, then I am responsible, but I could not possibly control this building or do what we have done alone. It's been essential to have a team of 15 to 20 people.

Why have you decided to speak to *NME*, a music paper?

Back in the '60s I used to read it every week. It was a much more lightweight journal in those days.

It was a piece of pop trash.

I seldom read much other than council papers now. But every now and then somebody sends me a copy because there's something I might be interested in or there's something about me. And clearly it's dramatically changed.

So are you indulging your adolescent yearnings by getting interviewed by *NME?*

No. It's just interesting that something I used to read 20 years ago is now actually interested in speaking to me. When I was buying, it would have been inconceivable. Those things are interesting if you come from a background where you didn't expect to be a success in anything in particular and then suddenly you find . . . I suppose it's much like young people finding they're a hit and suddenly the focus of a lot of attention.

Were you a glamorous young man or pretty gawky?

I was awkward and gauche, and I just hated being an adolescent. I just wanted to grow up as quickly as possible.

Did you have spots?

Not many.

Were you a loner?

No, I was always involved in a group that was mainly geared to natural history. At school we used to keep things like pythons and crocodiles and so forth.

Did you get up to sex as well, or was that a problem?

I think what teenagers never believe is that the start of forming relationships is incredibly painful and difficult for everyone. When you're young you desperately want to be accepted as an equal with adults.

What were the pythons all about? Was it a fascination with their shape?

Oh no, it was nothing that Freudian.

Pythons crawling up your trouser leg!

In our second year in school we caught some tadpoles and it built up on that. For five or six years afterwards I used to keep all these exotic things.

Now there's a move in London to ban the keeping of pets in schools. Do you think you were cruel to your pets in retrospect?

No. Because we were a group that really did specialise in reptiles and amphibians. We went to great lengths to look after them. Occasionally we'd get them to breed, which is an indication animals are quite happy in captivity.

They bred in Auschwitz as well.

Ah. I don't think so. I'm not so certain about that.

I think they did.

Because of the conditions, most of the women ceased to be fertile. No, I think the problem is not the person who *seriously* keeps animals and tries to keep them in captivity. I used to breed and send them to the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, so that you actually secured that species.

What species did you secure?

There were two or three, including a tiny little Congolese frog that bred upside down. I never came across any frog that bred upside down, and once you've actually worked this out, it's quite easy to breed. I sent them to the States 20 years ago. I should imagine they're stil going well.

(A rarely reported fact is that Livingstone was, from 1962–69, an 'animal technician' at the Chester Beatty Cancer Research labs where thousands of animals were, and are, routinely tortured for that elusive cancer 'cure'. Alas, I hadn't known this at the time we met but subsequently phoned his office several times and wrote asking whether he had any remorse about this period — even though he personally did not experiment on animals but looked after their habitat and feeding. I never received a reply; it is not too late to include one in another issue.

The general question of his persistent cooping up and 'sexing' of animals will be a skeleton rattled in future by animal rightists; it could also excite the appetite of psychoanalysts who might well detect a flavour of sexual repression in such activities.)

IF YOU were 18 today would you be breeding frogs, or throwing stones, or organising a political sect?

If I were 18 I wouldn't have the money to be doing any of that. I would have been much more involved in music. Music seems much more firmly established now as something young people get involved in.

Would you be playing an instrument?

I wouldn't have thought so. I have no real musical ability at all.

You'd be listening?

Yeah.

But you're a political individual. You'd be doing a lot more than that.

Yes. I would have got involved in politics much earlier. I've no doubt I would be stomping around with the Young Socialists or something.

A true Red Ken.

In the '50s and '60s there wasn't the same degree of political involvement by young people. Politics were perceived as boring and politics didn't impinge on young people's lives. There wasn't unemployment. Each year things got better in economic terms. Looking back on it I just assumed for the rest of my life things would go on getting better.

Can you really empathise with young people faced with the new reality?

Yeah.

Would you dismiss the idea of being violent in the streets as an option?

I can understand how that happens. It's quite obvious that in the areas of highest unemployment the Government is using the police to actually keep the lid on the boiling pot, and every now and then it's going to be blown off. The police cannot perform that role without antagonising youth. Youth aren't going to put up with that indefinitely.

What struck me about the Brixton riots was that it was young people fighting the police. It wasn't a black riot. Young unemployed blacks and young unemployed whites were fighting side by side against the police.

That's slightly romanticised, because there's a lot of racism about too. There's a helluva lot.

There's not very much racism in an area like Brixton where you've got a racially mixed population. There were a lot of instances in July 1981 of young blacks standing outside the houses of white neighbours to make sure those houses weren't damaged — because they were friends. Whereas if you go to an exclusively white suburb they are living in fear of what Thatcher calls *this alien tide.*

You just talked about the police trying to cap the boiling pot. We've got the Police and Criminal Evidence Bill coming up. How do you see that?

There's two ways we can go: either a genuinely radical socialist party will be elected — the Labour Party — at an election this decade; then there'll be a degree of change beyond anything we saw even with the 1945 government. Or you'll continue to have a succession of right wing governments who, unable to deliver in terms of curing unemployment, will more and more use the apparatus of repression.

The Criminal Evidence Bill is part of that. I'd have thought if Thatcher gets re-elected you'll most likely get legislation which would allow the Government to detain people who are political activists, opposing their policies. There have been occasions when right wing governments have tried that in the past — notably during the last war.

And you could easily see — what with the climate of opinion that right wingers on the NEC (Labour's National Executive Committee) have created in regard to this great Trotskyist conspiracy, how it would then be very easy for Thatcher to say there are elements in society undermining civilisation as we know it. We need camps to put them in.

I think the Criminal Evidence Bill is one step forward in that direction. I think if Thatcher gets re-elected we will see the most massive erosion of civil liberties with the strong possibility of dissenting elements and youth being detained in camps.

BUT WE'VE also seen, quote, "socialist" governments throughout the world clamping down on youth and all kinds of dissident opinion. Where you get a situation where the state is the major employer — and Labour is talking about yet more nationalisation — that leaves people very vulnerable to manipulation, particularly in times of recession.

If you look at what's happened in Poland or Czechoslovakia over the years, although they've had a transfer of wealth from independent capitalists to the state, they've not had the political revolution that goes with it. It's this that gives people the power over their own lives and the chance to control that wealth and take decisions instead of a growing bureaucracy.

The left in the party has woken up to that. Given our own failures here in Britain with nationalisation after the war the left in the party are arguing for major decentralisation; power being devolved down to local communities, and more involvement by people where they work and what happens in their local community.

The key point is — does the electorate trust the Labour Party to do these things; to make sure these public corporations are *democratic*, if you like, to make sure the much vaunted unilateralist posture is going to work because they've been let down before? Why should people trust Labour?

I think the problem is we are halfway through the struggle for the soul of the Labour Party and there's no way that struggle is going to be completed this side of the next election. But I think it will be completed very rapidly after the next election whether we've won or lost. I think the left will gradually take over the whole of the Party.

Are you prepared to lose the next election?

No. If we lose that election then although, in a sense, it'll be easier for the left to take control of the Labour Party, what will be happening in the economy and to the welfare state will be so devastating that it could easily demoralise large sections of the working class and large sections of young people. Their response would be, possibly, a violent one. That would allow the Government to introduce their new restrictions on individual freedom and you could find you'll gradually drift into a position where the prospect of ever winning a radical government slips back as Thatcher takes more and more power.

But if we win the next election there'll be such an influx of left wingers into the Party. There'll be such pressure from the trade unions on that Government to deliver in terms of jobs and rebuilding the welfare state, as well as a much greater accountability of MPs to their parties, that we have the chance to turn that government into a genuinely radical one.

But I don't know if you're aware of this — you must be — a lot of people are saying, poor old Labour Party, clanking old bugger. It's all finished. A lot of people say this.

Yes. What we've had, I think, is the realisation by the British establishment that the Labour Party is changing, that the Party cannot be relied upon if it gets into government to do what the Wilson and Callaghan governments did in the '60s and '70s, which is do a U-turn and rat on the people who put them in office. It may actually stand there and fight.

So what you've had is the creation of the SDP, deliberately, to drain off enough support from the Labour Party so that Thatcher gets back. A lot of European and American money has gone into the SDP to actually ensure that does happen.

What American money?

A whole range of odd groups, usually traceable back to the CIA, that funnel money into things like the North Atlantic Friendship Organisation; a whole range of strange organisations set up in which MPs and trade unionists get invited on to committees and travel round the world. They get paid considerable sums of money to write rather scrappy articles and so on. A lot of money will find its way to any organisation prepared to destroy the Labour Party. And the whole of the press has been geared over the last three years to saying the Labour Party's finished, you've got to switch to the SDP.

You mean people of normal intelligence are able to be swung by the press into believing Labour's finished without other clear evidence of Labour's decline?

It's more than the press. Everything's been thrown at the Labour Party in the most incredible campaign. Now that can damage us, but it can't destroy us because people have class loyalty to the Labour Party.

THE *CLASS* BASIS — now for a lot of *NME* readers, phrases like *class struggle* and *working class,* whatever that means with so much unemployment, they just don't wear anymore. They've heard it from their grandfathers and grandmothers and they're fed up with it. And although you're the second Most Wonderful Human I'd suspect it's more to do with you than the terrific appeal of the Labour Party.

Well, I am fairly typical of the generation of young people now working their way through the Labour Party and, I agree, most young people don't see things in terms of class because that's identified with a pattern of living that's 20 or 30 years old.

But it still remains the fact that no political party exists for long without a base, and that base is either with those who work and produce wealth as well as with the poor and exploited, or it is with those who control and own society and wealth.

Yes, that's been the way of identifying people. The Greens in Germany, in fact throughout Western Europe, are now saying you're either pro-life, anti-exterminist industry or you're for propping up the old order — reinflation, deflation, slump, boom, catastrophe. Are you saying the only way we can progress is through class struggle, whipping up the proletariat?

No, no! The Greens in Germany have gone into their particular new party because the Social Democrats were so bad. They were just the other side of the Christian Democratic coin. Here in Britain

Continues page 43

"I'd have thought if Thatcher gets re-elected you'll most likely get legislation which would allow the Government to detain people who are political activists, opposing their policies . . . It would then be very easy for Thatcher to say there are elements in society undermining civilisation as we know it. We need camps to put them in."

SOUND STALKERS

MANIAC CAB DRIVER CHRIS BOHN TAKES YOU ON A RIDE TO THE TERMINAL ZONE WITH THE NEW ZEALAND/ CHINESE ALLIANCE CALLED SPK PICS PETER ANDERSON

WHERE TO, Mister? Say, don't you know that's a No Go area? What do I mean, No Go?

Well, Mister, ha ha, you'll hear soon enough. Like as not you'll hear it before you see anything. Listen out for the drumming and you'll know you're getting close. Not just any ordinary drumming, mind, more the raw noise of metal beating metal. Then there's these really odd chants, high pitched Chinese voices and low sub-vocal moans, and — here's the *worst* — squeals the sort of which must've been squeezed from electronic gizmos.

The funny thing is it gets to you after a while, against your better judgement, like. Specially when the sun comes up and then the noise seems really appropriate to the environment; if you get my drift.

It keeps drawing me in, though some cabs refuse point blank to go No Go. The others have taken to calling me *Stalker,* after that Russian picture, ha ha. What does No Go look like? You'll know soon enough, it's spreading fast.

Ok, ok, keep cool I wasn't trying to upset you.

Well, No Go goes something like this: it's full of crumbling buildings, broken down churches, factory ruins, vine seeping out of window sockets. Kinda eery. Unemployed people still haunt these places, shuffling between the ruins of their home and workplace. Just out of habit I guess. Someone forgot to tell them we've gone post industrial. Ha ha ha. Anyway that's my theory. Yeah, yeah, all we cabbies got a theory about something, but mine sticks better than most.

You can tell by the graffiti you'll see, which'll tell you some of the ghosts are trying to make sense of it all: Einsturzende Neubauten — that's Goiman for Collapsing New Buildings, what'll they think of next? — Test Dept, Throbbing Gristle, Foetus and — get this one! — Legendary Pink Dots! Seems the dispossessed down this way are dissatisfied.

Just recently I picked up this faded sign I hadn't seen before, but going by its age it must've been round some time. *SPK,* it read, and right next to it *"Beating the violent and primitive heart of a controlled post industrial society!."* Caught my eye, that!

So I felt kind of honoured when I took a pair back No Go the other night and they turned out to be this self same SPK. Odd looking they were, too. He was tall, coated in black and talked with an Australian accent. "New Zealand," he corrected.

New Zealand? Say, we don't get many of your kind down this way. What's your name, fella?

"Graeme, and this is Sinan, she's from China."

China? Red China? Hey, how'd you meet? In Sydney, Australia? Well, tell me Graeme, what does this SPK stand for?

NOW THIS is where it gets a little complicated. Nothing, he said, but it sure concides with plenty, like Systems Planning Korporation, the US chemical weapons development division. It's also the signature of a Japanese war poster propaganda artist. You better close your ears for this one — *Surgical Penis Klinik.* Another's *Se-Ppukku,* Japanese for ritual suicide. He seemed kinds taken with that one; cheerful! There's also Sozialistische Patienten Kollective.

"Our first single was a homage and a parody of them," this guy Graeme says. "They were a group of patients in Heidelberg who made the decision to break out of the situation in which they found themselves. They chose the terrorist route, rather than the aesthetic route and they proceeded to organise a working circle for bomb making for Baeder Meinhof; they had these slogans *Bomb for mental health! Kill for inner peace!*

"They were rather hyper hippy, I think, ha ha. Extraordinary. They were always a bit mixed up really, and they eventually blew themselves out because they had a short concentration span. We were just commemorating that attempt to get themselves out of the shit they found themselves in."

Aren't you guys getting yourselves in a bit heavy, I suggested to Graeme, concerned — he seemed like a nice guy — all this talking about taboo stuff, mental health, terrorism! Turns out, though, that he's no dilettantish dabbler, as he's talking from experience — he was a psychiatric nurse in Sydney and formed SPK back in '78 with a schizophrenic patient who was interested in punk. Remember that?

"We tried to start up a musical expression of both the positive and negative sides of our predicaments. That is, he was a prisoner and I was a jailer and there was no way round it. I had to stop him running away, give him drugs to dampen the positive expression of the energy he retained...

"Being in that environment, what with its false sense of calmness and reasonableness, was like being in a microcosm of social control.

"I mean, society sees these areas — mental aberation, non-normality as deviant, and we're trying to say it's not. Where society tries to normalise the thing, we try to use the energy back against society in a positive way..."

LOST? WELL, let me try and explain: whichever society you're in decides what is normal and what is likely to disrupt the social order. So In America it's the drunks and in Russia it's the dissident. In both cases they'll be locked away and/or dealt with, lobotomised. The lucky ones will be treated leniently as eccentrics, made stars out of.

"Star deviants I call them," kids Graeme. "We're always careful not to sensationalise criminal insane figures like Manson, Jim Jones or whatever, because that's exactly what the system does, it produces star deviants, and says, Look at them, we're right (to lock them away).

"It's an error to fetishise, sensationalise these people. What is important is that Mr Smith, or whoever, is in a mental hospital. We're trying to express they're not a deviant phenomenon. But it's not just people in mental hospitals, it's all the strange so-called marginal people in this society who are kept out of creative spheres.

"All the time this media society forces us and our like into limited areas, the margins, where you can't carry on. Then you feel depressed and want to give up and that's exactly how it works with mental patients and groups like us. We can be destroyed so quickly."

Now, Graeme he went on quite a bit, expounding on a *new dark age,* in which light is shut out by an *information overload:* that is, we're being bombarded with so much information it's impossible to make sense of it. At the same time we're being desensitised by it. The end effect is the same as in a more rigidly controlled and restricted society; we're being kept in the dark.

And Graeme, he's smart enough to know anything SPK feeds in only adds to the information overload.

"Which is why we say our strategy is catastrophic. It doesn't work to try and overthrow any system. Society will eventually have to come to terms with all these signs all round it. We're just trying to speed up the process. That's all you can do; try and insert yourself and your ideas into society and try and take it to the limit, try and explode it, and hopefully something better will come out of it. We claim that our strategy is both catastrophic and symbolic, insofar as we're not prepared to go out and commit violence, be a terrorist or whatever. But you can in some way operate as aesthetic terrorists, use the violent signs of the system in the symbolic sense, use the violent signs of the system back against it..."

WELL, MISTER, that's quite a mouthful for a short taxi ride. And Graeme, being a relatively sober-minded individual, was concerned that I might've missed the point, so he wrote me a letter, clarifying things, which said:

"Our music is a new kind of expressionism. It is taking things at hand — elements and materials from work and leisure — and converting them into an object for your own use. Drills, grinders, motors, bones, burnt out vehicles etc. With them we express internal and external conflict between a clean, well ordered society and the brutal reality of the efficiency of its repression to seduce us and normalise us. We are the expression of the energy needed to break out of this claustrophobia."

You might consider that outburst to be a touch hysterical, Mister, but listen to this tape he gave me of a 12" they're bringing out, called 'Dekompositions'. Absorbing, exhilarating, even.

Now you've heard it, you still wanna go No Go? It ain't no disco! Great! Hop in!

('Dekompositions' will be available shortly on Side Effects records via Rough Trade, as will the LP 'Leichenschrei; hitherto only available on import. There's also a good live tape 'Last Attempt At Paradise' available from Fresh Sounds, P.O. Box 36, Laurence, Kansas 66044, USA.)

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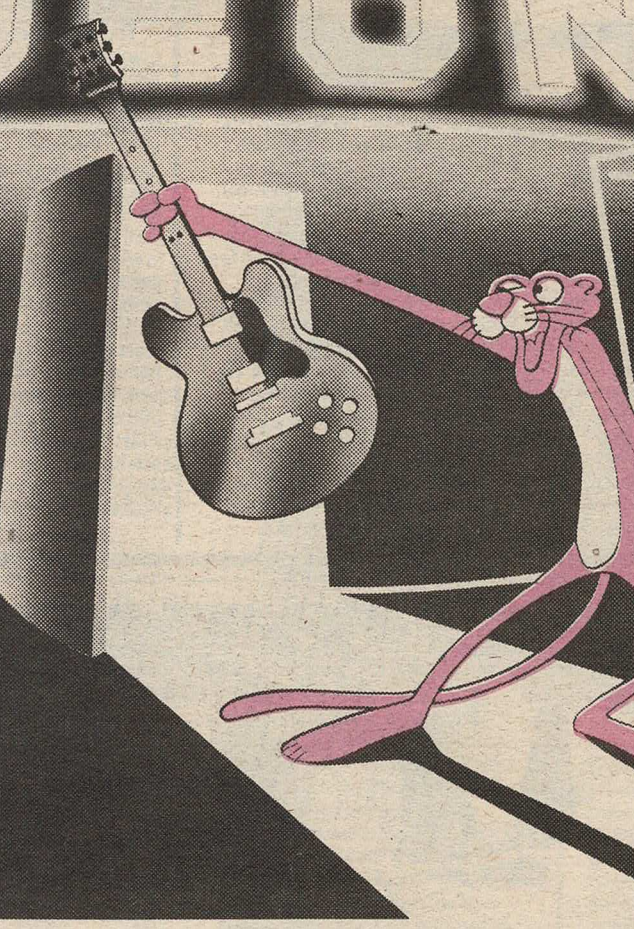

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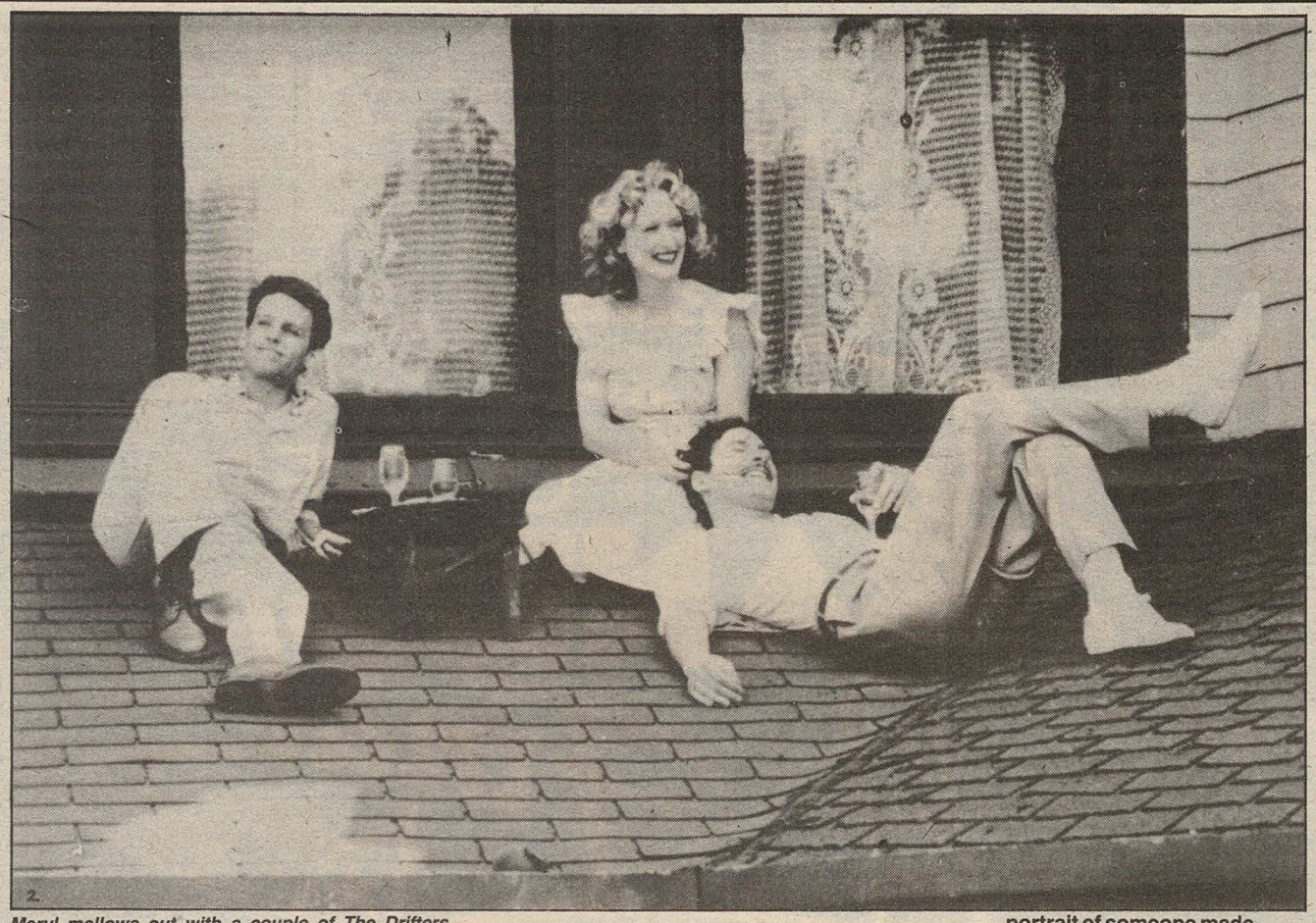

Meryl mellows out with a couple of The Drifters

THE STREEP TEASE

Sophie's Choice

DIRECTOR: Alan J. Pakula
STARRING: Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, Peter MacNichol (UIP)

THE CHOICE Sophie had to make isn't revealed to us until the final stages of an extremely long (2½ hours), teasingly delusive film. This doesn't, alas, mean that this is a work of either taut suspense or deceptive power. All the strength is on the surface. Alan Pakula has made another glossily mounted actors' drama. It is a jeweller's showcase of technique.

It could, in any case, hardly be any different considering how closely it sticks to its source — William Styron's novel of the same name, an unwieldy slice of updated Gothic that daubs the stain of holocaust all over the environment of a summertime Brooklyn, 1947. Whole chunks of the portentous narration appear to have been lifted directly from Styron's text, a brimstone verbosity rather at odds with the softer gaze of Pakula's carefully mannered vision. And there, at its elevated heart of trash, is the vulnerable ice maiden herself, Meryl Streep.

Streep's performance as the chastened, lying Sophie typifies both the strengths and weaknesses of the picture. It is superbly polished. Just as she took up a near-perfect accentless English for *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, so here she laces her American with a Polish catarrh that never once sounds comically thick. Her character is an Auschwitz refugee, mother and Catholic, picked up in a state of collapse in a New York library by the madly flamboyant Nathan; and it is this eccentric couple that the boy from Virginia nicknamed Stingo meets when he moves to a pink Brooklyn boarding-house for a stab at the Great American Novel.

This improbably destructive triangle is the substructure for a portrayal of scruple and remorse that's not so much simple-minded as blinkered. The film chooses options with hard shells and soft centres.

The explicit erotic undertow of Styron is translated as a harvest of kisses between Nathan and Sophie while Stingo's bulbous virgin eyes look moistly on.

As long as the film is, the characters remain underdeveloped. The masochistic flame between Nathan's Jewish hatred of Sophie's link with the pogroms and the girl's despairing and mysterious guilt flickers indecisively: tied to Stingo's voyeurisitic interpretation, the relationship never picks up the symbolic connotations it seems to aim at. And as soon as the separate revelations about the lovers filter out, a stifling mordancy overtakes everything.

Until then Pakula has peddled a nostalgic's old Brooklyn competently enough. But the lengthy flashback sequences to Sophie's term in Auschwitz cut a glaring rift in the narrative which the direction cannot properly accommodate. The film ducks out of shovelling real squalor into a 'pretty' story, perhaps justifiably, yet the stonily serious tone of the confessional recollections — filmed in a wash of grey mud — demands that we see this as the qualifying weight to a pulp romance.

Because Streep plays Sophie in a chilly and distant manner, as if distracted in the middle of New York sunshine by the smoke of the Auschwitz ovens, she casts her character in a relief that works against Pakula's grain: it is a surprisingly unsentimental portrait of someone made brittle by cruelty. Kevin Kline dashes crazily within Nathan's schizophrenic confines and Peter MacNichol pouts dolefully as the luckless Stingo, a dumb kid with nose pressed against the candy store window. The lugubrious trio are bled of their vitality until tragedy overtakes them.

Somehow Pakula contrives to dull all the pointed aspects of this overburdened drama. Catholic guilt, Semitic fury, jealousy and revenge and madness — all hang as limply as sodden rags on a clothes-prop. As hard as his three principals work, the director chooses only to frame them in a gauzy embrace of sentimentality — and no story that hinges on the memory of a concentration camp can ever afford to do that. Like Styron's book, the film wobbles uneasily between high camp and a vulgar art; except Pakula is exhausted before long. His film dies before us, long prior to the denouement and the choice.

Richard Cook

WHEN YOUNG LOVERS BECOME OLD FARCE

Best Friends

DIRECTOR: Norman Jewison
STARRING: Burt Reynolds, Goldie Hawn, Jessica Tandy, Barnard Hughes, Audra Lindley, Keenan Wynn, Ron Silver (Warner Bros)

ANYONE IMPRESSED by the fast-flying quips and affectionate interplay in Barry Levinson's directorial debut *Diner* will notice the same qualities in much of the script he co-wrote with Valerie Curtin for *Best Friends*.

The coating of many of the bouncing barbs with honey seems an inevitable concession to the potentially massive drawing-power of Reynolds and Hawn together, but, to be fair, although the tendency to push affection and sentiment to sugary extremes is undeniable, there's also a lot of chemical charisma between them on a spikier level, especially when some of the spunky subsidiary characters are involved.

Loosely based on the relationship betweeen Levinson and Curtin themselves, who exchanged vows shortly before embarking on the script for *Best Friends*, Reynolds and Hawn play a successful screenwriting team, Richard and Paula, who share everything from creative inspiration to domestic bliss. Spurred on by impending middle-age, a latent conventionality seeps into Richard's previous free spirit, and he urges Paula to agree to marriage. Apprehensive at first, she reluctantly gives in when Richard reassures her that nothing can sour a perfect

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The Girl With The Red Hair

DIRECTOR: Ben Verbong
STARRING: Renee Soutendijk, Peter Tuinman (Blue Dolphin)

BEN VERBONG'S film has an episodic power about it which finally makes good a patchy piece of cinema. It is a difficult idea to start from — an exploration of a shy girl's awakening resistance to repression of various kinds — made more problematic by its refusal to allow the presence of war to rule all the passions of the plot. A red-haired girl, the squeezing of triggers, the rainy night streets of Haarlem...it might be *The Glass Key* or *The Woman In The Window*, except this is occupied Holland and the gangsters are Nazis.

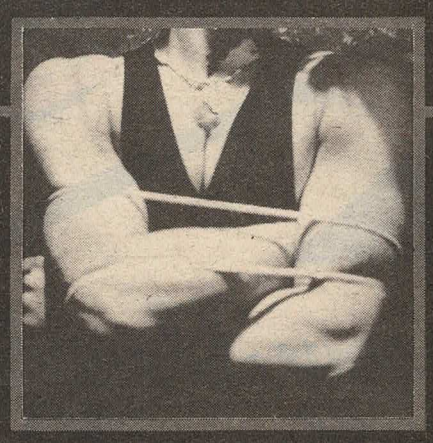
The story of Hannie Schaft is drawn from fact, heroism that the war picture has habitually made anecdotal. Renee Soutendijk's fine performance sees her as a studious pretty girl drawn into a resistance hit squad aiming to liquidate collaborators; the film communes with her appalled fear of violence and gradual toughening into an assassin. By the end she has steeled herself against the shock of sudden death: although the director has deliberately underplayed the presence of war, with German uniforms infrequently glimpsed in the Haarlem streets, the way Hannie is numbed of tenderness mirrors the insidious disease of emotional apathy it carries.

The strongest sequences involve death, deglamourised of excitement: a corpse on wet cobblestones like some awful useless bulk. Rather like *Angel* it mixes the terrible weight of execution with the instantaneous closedown of dying and convinces of the cancerous effect on the emotions.

Verbong films in a very precise style, frequently washing the colours out to a drabness of grey and brown; against this still sketchwork Hannie's red hair flames. The film quickens beside her until the inevitable tragic outcome. It is a little too long, a little uncertain, but it displays a promising imagination and a feel for subject that makes the young Verbong a name to watch.

Richard Cook

Renee Soutendijk as The Girl With The Red Hair



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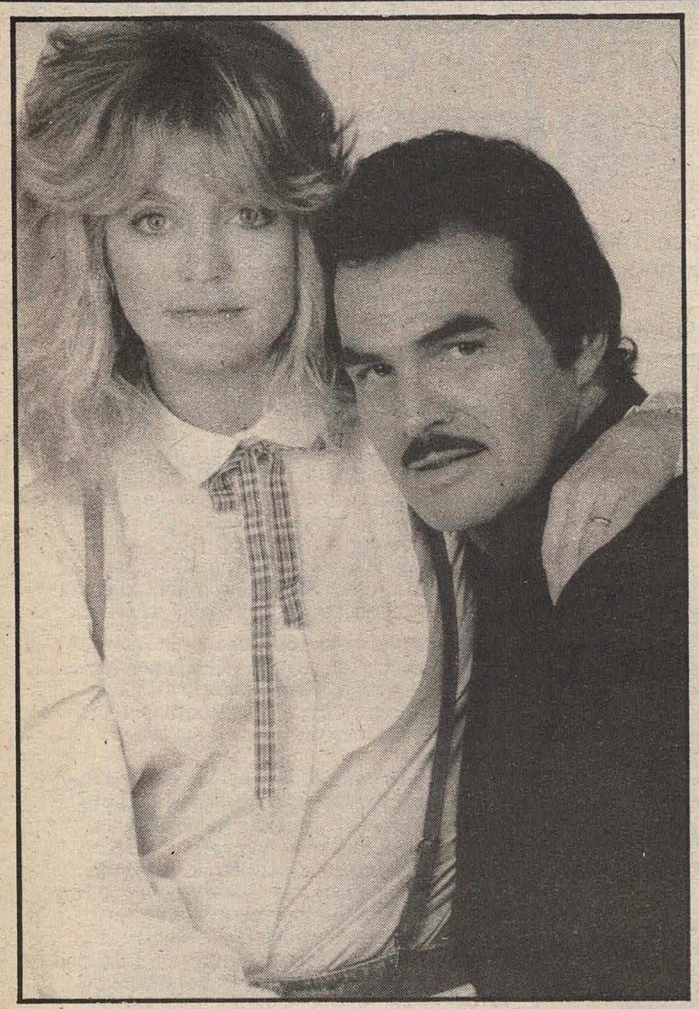

Little Cutie and Big Brutie

relationship, and after a speedy service, they shoot off to meet their in-laws.

The introduction of Richard and Paula's relatives provides a welcome boost to the proceedings, shifting the focus from the vaguely bland couple to a series of amiable eccentrics, who, though mercilessly exaggerated, conjure up enough recognition to be embarrassing and funny at the same time. Paula's genteel parents, descending with more speed than grace into the throes of senility, drive the newly-weds to peaks of frustration and despair with their clucking concern and post-menopausal hang-ups, while Richard's garrulous family drown the couple in a torrent of clicking instamatics and noisy festivity that forces them to resort to petty sulking and pill-popping.

A ribbon of farce runs right through the film from the cameos of the neurotic in-laws to the sympathetic camera-work that captures as much angst in a drooping beehive as a screaming row. It's this lop-sided touch of humour that perks up the more anaemic sides like the thin plot, and tints sagging morales and frayed nerves a rosy enough hue to stay the right side of bickering soap opera. Even the inevitably slushy ending reaches home relatively intact, saved by a last absurd fling by Ron Silver as an unflinchingly heartless Hollywood producer. Not a great film, but very enjoyable as far as pulp goes.

Leyla Sanai

ON THE BOX

What The Papers Say. Making sense of nonsense. **(C4)**

FRIDAY APRIL 8

My Favourite Wife (Directed by Garson Kanin 1940). Marital mix-up movie in which Cary Grant finds he's accidentally commited bigamy. **(ITV)**
Toni Basil: Tape 2. Second "spectacular" from La Basil, less pop-based than the first (endlessly shown) show. The inimitable Spaz Attack, for instance, conducts his own version of Beethoven's Fifth. **(BBC2)**
OGWT Concert Special. Tom Petty and A Flock Of Seagulls live in Germany. **(BBC2)**
Who's Minding The Store? (Frank Tashlin 1963). Jerry Lewis stars as a gormless oaf let loose in a department store. Tashlin, as usual, keeps a tighter rein on the mayhem than Lewis would in later years, and the result is one of the more enjoyable melanges of '60s slapstick and sight gags. **(BBC1)**
I Never Sang For My Father (Gilbert Cates 1970). Dour family melodrama in which Gene Hackman finds himself faced with the task of caring for his overbearing elderly father. Fun and games all the way. **(BBC1)**
For Me And My Gal (Busby Berkeley 1942). Desperately lively Berkeley musical featuring Judy Garland and Gene Kelly (in his debut) as members of a WW1 vaudeville troupe trying to better themselves. **(C4)**
Switch. Great music (or so I'm told), shame about the presenters. **(C4)**
Facelift. Bizarre-sounding musical starring Martin Shaw as a 21st century magician in a land divided between the elite and the unemployed, who're allotted numbers rather than names. Highly original, eh? The kind of half-witted allegory only a member of the theatrical profession would consider adequate. **(C4)**
Dr Jekyll And Mr Hyde (Victor Fleming 1941). Fleming goes for psychological rather than physical horror in his version of the Stevenson book, throwing in a few Freudian dream-sequences for good measure. And what a cast: Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman, Lana Turner, Barton McLane...need we say more? **(C4)**

THURSDAY APRIL 7

Foghorn Leghorn. A beatnik rooster tries to con his way into Foghorn's yard. Sounds like one of the highlights of the week. **(ITV)**
P'Tang, Yang, Kipperbang. Repeat showing for the Jack Rosenthal film first shown on Channel 4, a beautiful, bittersweet tale of first love in the '50s. Clumsy 14-year-old *schlemiel* Alan has two desires: to score a ton for England in the Ashes, and to kiss his classmate Ann; the only trouble is, he's painfully shy and a bit of a weed. How will he manage it? Utterly delightful. **(ITV)**
Cheers. As part of a season in which "ITV showcases Channel 4", the first episode of the new US sitcom is repeated. Still not as good as *Barney Miller* or *Taxi*, but getting sharper with each episode. **(ITV)**
A Personal History Of The Australian Surf. Another repeat from C4, an autobiographical essay in which director Michael Blakemore mixes drama and documentary to illustrate the pains and pleasures of growing up down under in the '40s. **(ITV)**
Get Smart. Max tries to deliver half-a-million dollars to CONTROL agents behind the Iron Curtain. Worth seeing for Agent 99, the character on which Diane Keaton's based her entire career. **(C4)**

SATURDAY APRIL 9

Greatest Hits. Includes Steve Strange talking about the fashions of 1981. It was a very bad year, remember? **(ITV)**
Rhapsody In Blue (Irving Rapper 1945). Overlong biopic of George Gershwin which attempts to squeeze in damn near all his tunes, climaxing with a complete version of the title tune. Listen with the picture turned off. **(C4)**
The Uninvited (Lewis Allen 1944). Rare showing of the classic haunted-house flick starring Ray Milland. **(C4)**
American Bandstand's 30th Anniversary Special. Dick Clark (whose greatest moment was to be depicted as Hitler on the cover of The Residents' 'Third Reich'N'Roll') hosts nearly three hours of pop muzak from the likes of Connie Francis, Barry Manilow, Frankie Laine and Rod Stewart (finally keeping the company he deserves). **(C4)**
Pop Quiz. A new series. The teams are Kevin Rowland, David Grant and Stella Belle Star versus B.A. Robertson, Bill Nelson and Steve Somebodyorother from Kajajajagoogoo. **(BBC1)**
Macbeth (Roman Polanski 1971). Early splatter movie from Polanski, notorious for blood'n'gore and Lady Macbeth's nude dream sequence. Tynan helped with the script (hubris, or what?), Third Ear Band did the music, man. **(BBC2)**
The Paper Chase (James Bridges 1973). Timothy Bottoms stars as a law student who falls in love with the daughter of his meanest professor (John Houseman, who got an Oscar for his performance). Supposed to be a comedy. **(BBC1)**
Having A Wonderful Time (Alfred Santell 1938). First part of a Ginger Rogers double bill; in this one she goes on holiday in the Catskills and finds true love, as well as Lucille Ball and Red Skelton. **(BBC2)** Followed by:
Bachelor Mother (Garson Kanin 1939). Ginger finds an abandoned baby and gets mistaken for the mother by David Niven. Enjoyable, workmanlike comedy of errors. **(BBC2)**

SUNDAY APRIL 10

Battle Beneath The Earth (Montgomery Tully 1967). Astonishing true story of Chinese plan to invade USA by burrowing through the earth. *(Are you sure about this one? — Ed.)* An interesting idea, but undermined somewhat by the Chinese. **(ITV)**

P'tang Yang Kipperbang *tonight (Thursday) on ITV.*

World War III (David Greene 1982). Made-for-TV two-parter in which the Russians invade USA only to find the Chinese got there first by superior mining skills. Set in 1987, by which time Rock Hudson has replaced Ronald Reagan as President. The original director, Boris Sagal, was

Continues page 41

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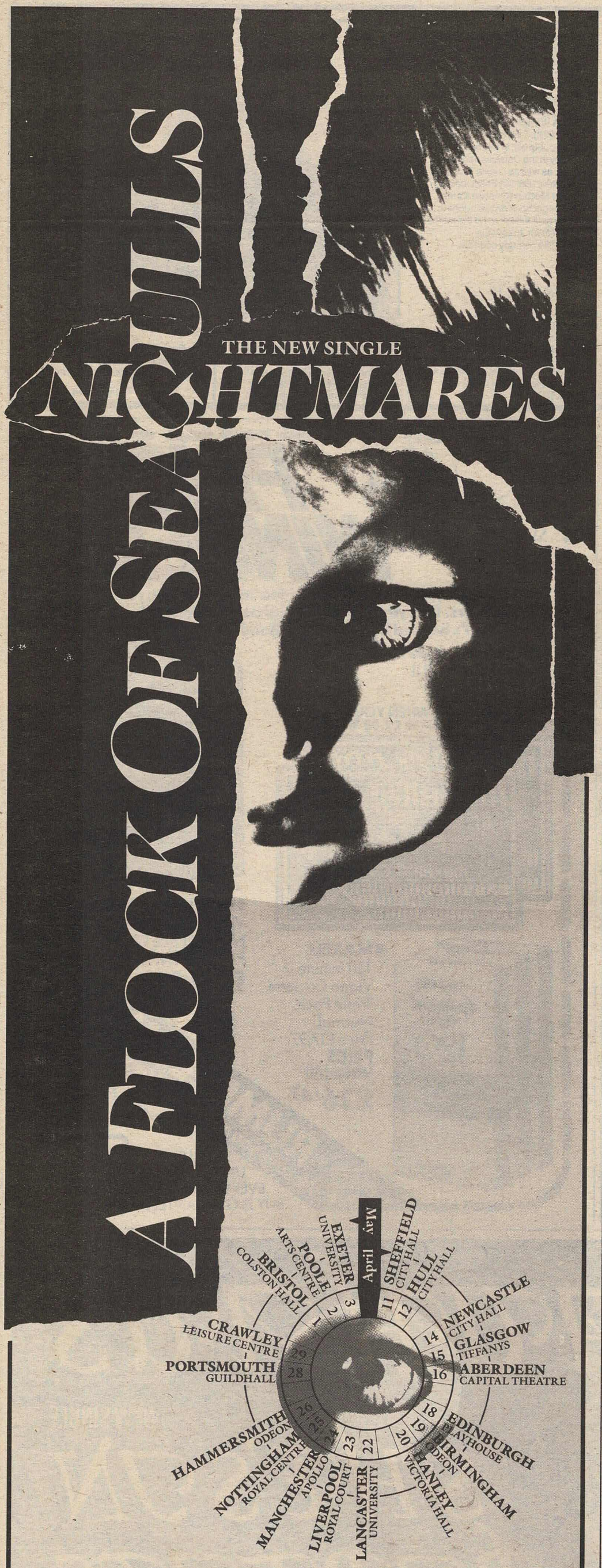


ALL SORT OF ...

DO YOU believe in romance ?
"Yeah — what's a romance mean? All sort of soppy — being soppy is quite nice. It's nice having someone tell you they feel good. That's romance. Walking in the park, under the moon, stuff like that."

Joan Armatrading isn't much of a one for interviews. She has a touch of the old bane about performers, *it's all in the music* — well, of course it isn't. There is always something more.

THE BEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN

What do you think your position in pop music is?
I've no idea. I don't know. I know that the albums work and people seem to like the songs I write. But I don't know what I *mean* to people. I can only see from my side, not from where other people see, which is what really matters.

The audience is probably mid-teens upwards. It used to be 20s upwards but it's got younger. Because the music's easier to listen to, you don't have to *think* so much about what's being said. You don't listen and wonder what you're listening to. I liked all the complicated stuff but now I just want to do...

Did you ever want to be somebody's hero?
Oh yeah! It would be nice if someone listened to me and said, God, she's the best thing I've ever seen and heard. And that I'd really like, not to *be* like her, but to do some of the things she does. Some fans write to me every week and say basically we think you're great. I like it but... if it gets to the point where you start to feel how you conduct your life... I don't do anything that's going to hurt anybody anyway, I've got too much to worry about.

I have been worrying lately about being in a rut. I tour, and I make a record. And then I do it again. You get to all these different countries and do all this stuff and it's great and it should be different... but I do it every year. At the same time, I think it's time to come up with something different for myself.

The music is different on this record, a lot rockier. People can dance round to it. They can *sing* 'The Key'.

CALM YOU DOWN A BIT

'THE KEY' doesn't show Armatrading in any very different light. It files down the affiliations and moods of her other records into a neater rock grammar but it is no more pungent and bloodied than any of the half-dozen LPs that have enshrined her lonely star in the vast grey firmament of middleweight rock.

Her attitude wears the sweat of the rock worker. She likes heavy metal; perhaps she would play with Thin Lizzy given the chance. I watch her rehearse her solid professional group in playing 'Back To The Night'. Her voice still sounds imperturbably rich, a melted mezzo-crush timbre rare in pop music. She scrubs at the electric guitar with an enterprising vim.

Somehow, Armatrading has always turned out less than you imagined her to be. She has entirely, commendably, ignored the surface gee-whizz reaction of black-woman-guitarist-poet-singer singularity and written a canon of isolate love songs; and they have turned out little more than a revision of old songwriter bones of contention, dusty pecking at pride and hurt and false kisses.

It is a curiously black and white world, the world of someone who carries the crosses of other people's heartaches, the prime function of our elder brood of rock diarists. We love our babies today, tomorrow we don't.

'The Key' pares all that away to a meagre minimum. It battens down the stop and start emoting of simple romance-talk over the sharpest pop tunes Armatrading can muster, and it plays smartly enough in that light. But it leaves a chill on its departure. When Armatrading says she is concerned at the rut she may be in, the success of 'The Key' must nudge uncomfortably at her back.

Are you afraid to take chances ?
What else could I do? I could work with somebody else. Doing totally different music, something really aggressive. Or singing without any accompaniment. Or going into acting, which I couldn't do.

I wondered if you had set out to make 'The Key' an attempt at personalising cliches — key to your heart, foolish pride, the game of love...
When you talk, that's how people talk. You don't think of them as cliches then. If I had a penny for every time somebody'd asked me if this around my neck was the key to my heart. I'd have a lot of money. I did this press conference when I explained all this and one reporter came in late and said, oh, is that the key to your heart? When you get this for ten years... It's my front door key.

Do you think you should write about things like war and politics?
No, I don't. I should be writing about things I'm capable of. I'm not Bob Marley, who could write good protest songs. You should leave that to people who know what they're doing and live in the pressures they're writing about. I don't have too much bother about being black or being a woman musician.

I always prefer the hard-edged things although I think most people like the ballads better. I'd rather listen to 'Me Myself I'. I don't want to do an album that doesn't have a soft soppy number on it though...

I don't see that this 'balance' that people like yourself try for is necessarily a good thing. An LP with a balance of 'rockers' and 'ballads'. Why should it have to be like that?
No... I seem to always like to have something calm at the end of each record side. You're probably right... but I like to hear a change of pace. The same at concerts. You must have something to calm you down a bit.

Have you ever felt like a figurehead, either as being black or being a woman?
How can I... What do I know about it? It's the same thing, what other people think of me they must decide. I know I can't be a hero to myself. It's open to me but...

Feminist principles...all feminists are basically

RICHARD COOK GOES KNOCKING AT THE BACKDOOR WITH A BAGFUL OF KEY QUESTIONS JOAN ARMATRADING ANSWERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTON CORBJIN

FRONTDOOR

WOMAN

saying is that women should have the same opportunities as men. Well, I'm *doing* that. All you've got to do is point and say, do what Joan Armatrading does! What else can I do? Even if I went to a lecture and said, look girls, this is what you've got to do. All Margaret Thatcher has to say is what her job is.

But feminism isn't just about equality. There is a specific stressing of 'femininity'.
What's the point? It's much better to just be a woman and succeed.

It's much better just to get on with it. It's probably not as bad now as it used to be but a lot of feminists used to sort of spout their mouths off. They didn't actually *do* anything, they just yabbered on about it. If they want to be bricklayers they should just go out and do it.

You know, sometimes you hear people talking about how good they are on an instrument or how well they can write or paint... and when you see it, it's nothing. Because they've spent so much time learning to talk about what they do they've forgotten to learn the thing they've said they can do. I get fed up with people like that. I'm saying you don't have to sit about and wish for things. Making the effort is good.

YOU LOSE THAT MUSIC

DID YOU enjoy being on *Top Of The Pops* again?
It was good, I liked it. I like how the others look. I would'nt want all my things to be *Top Of The Pops*.

Why not? Is it something pejorative?
No, no, it's...a song like 'Like Fire'. I couldn't see that being a single and being on *Top Of The Pops*. I'd have to take bits out and change it and then I've lost it. You lose that music. If that's what you've got to do I don't want everything to be *Top Of The Pops*. I only know how to write songs, not singles.

Do you surround yourself with the noise of a rock group as a safety barrier?
Not really. I...the individual musicians are themselves and they play in their style. But all this noise that they're making is what *I've* worked out. What they're playing is what I've *asked* them to play, so I don't feel as if I'm hiding. I'm so involved with everything that you hear. I have to take notice of things that the audience won't notice — otherwise they'll notice them.

I try to be true to myself in my writing. I don't know that I always succeed. I wrote one song for this record that was the sort you know people will hear and like, a ballad... and in the end I really thought it was horrible. When I came to sing it I really hated it. I could easily have put it on the album and people would've liked it but then I would have had to sing it and go, oh God...

The words are stupid — *"Our love will last forever"* — oh, I don't want to remember it. I try not to write things because I know people will like them. I couldn't write 'Love And Affection II'.

(Around Joan's washes of romance there now encroaches pop music that teases at the forbidden in a way that makes her letters seem prim. The sweat and sex of Soft Cell and Sylvian's varnished mortuary of the heart render a perspective far more penetrating than her own. 'Loving You Hating Me' has a frankness she could never touch; 'Nightporter' is a reflection on loneliness more telling than any she has composed.)

I don't necessarily want to dig into that. Lots of people like romance, even young kids — when they can't say what they mean, walking along and saying nothing and gazing into each others' eyes...it's still soppy in the end. When you see skinheads walking down the Kings Road with their hair and boots and donkey jackets — the girls are so soppy with their blokes. It's all *ohhhhhh*.

I'm still mostly an observer but I have to put myself in some songs. Everybody falls into their style of writing.

Do you still think of yourself as a young woman?
I *am* young. Yes, I do think of myself like that. I'm only 32. Obviously I'm not 16. I haven't quite got that feeling. How old do I feel? 18, maybe. Shouldn't I feel young?

It can be a painful thing.
I don't think so. I feel good.

I still feel the need to prove things to myself. There's lots of things I feel I need to do. Like playing the guitar better...I don't know if that matters. I don't get bored very easily, not any more. It's easy to be bored sitting around doing nothing.

I haven't got any more wisdom, really.

You might learn from your mistakes but you just go on making different ones.

What makes you laugh?
Rubbish. Silly things. Cartoons. Les Dawson.

Are you a remarkable person?
No, I wish I was. What do you have to do to be remarkable? David Bowie probably is because a lot of people copy him — him and Bryan Ferry.

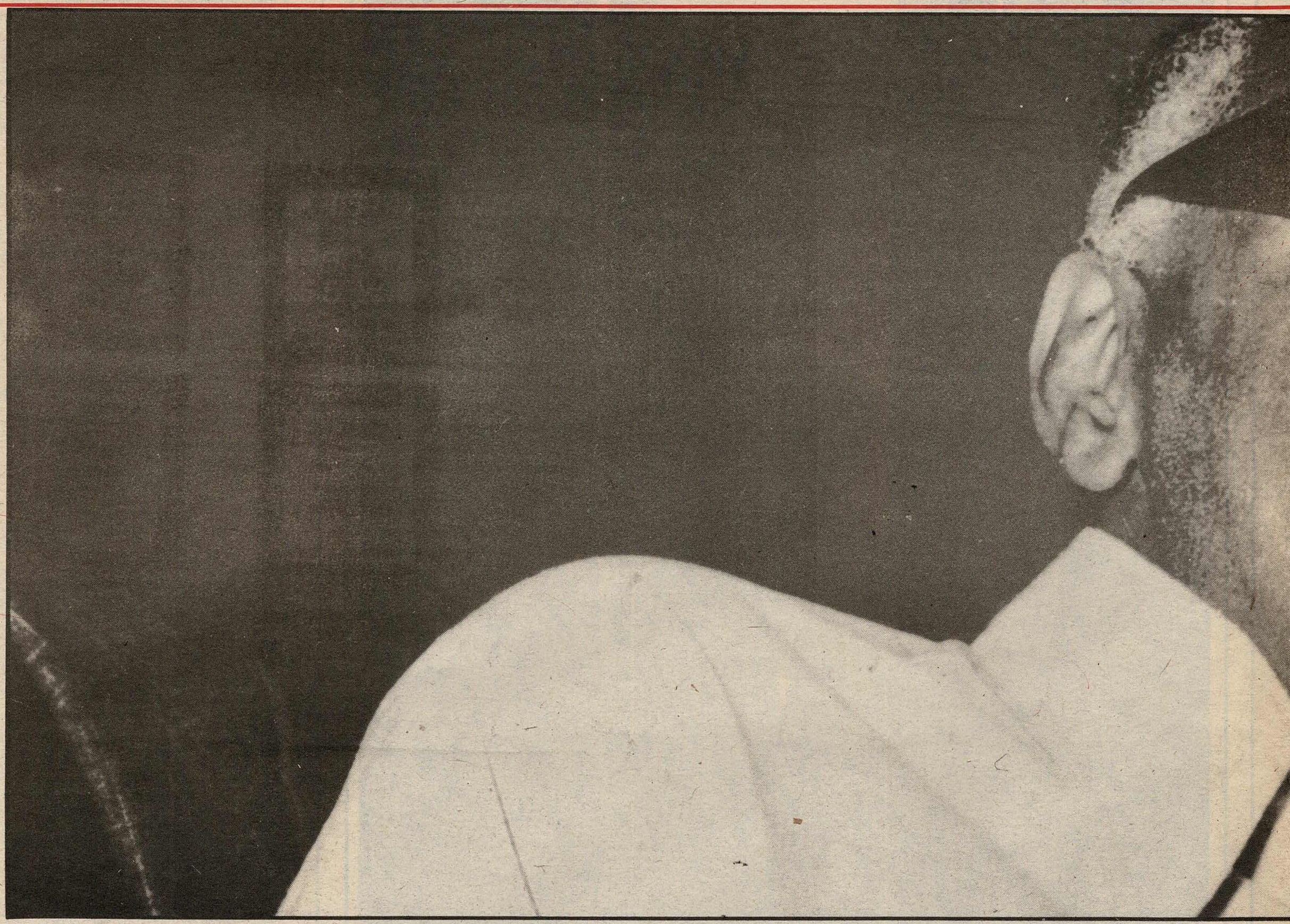
I don't know if anyone wants to be me.

I WALK her back to her rehearsal. She has a jaunty stride, the step of a successful person. But the thinking won't let her be.

"I've been doing this for ten years now and I still can't answer a question like, what am I doing? What?"

Time to drop the pilot, I don't say.

RAY CH



IN CASE you've forgotten the miracle of Ray Charles' music, track down a copy of a tune he did called 'No Use Cryin' ' and see if it doesn't reduce you to tears.

Or, if you're under the mistaken impression that he did his best work years ago (this is a popular misconception), listen to 'The Jealous Kind' off his 1978 album 'True To Life'.

God help me, what a song! The rich, raw beauty of the man's voice, the intensity of feeling, the humour in the phrasing. I mean, what else is there!? The absurd agony and grace of life itself encapsulated in three minutes of music!

Really, it's not necessary to detail his incredible discography of classics, but, a brief bio is in order.

Born September 23, 1930 into a dirt poor family in Albany, Georgia, Charles was raised in Florida by his mother and never really knew his absentee father. When five Charles saw his younger brother drown, then, a few months later, his vision began to fade. Two years later he was blind.

Orphaned at 15, Charles quit school and began to earn a living as a musician. The rest of Charles' life has been well documented — the womanising, the years of heroin addiction — which he kicked in 1965 — and most importantly, the beautiful music.

After three months of tenacious pestering, Charles' manager kindly set up an interview with the man. I was scheduled to meet him in his Los Angeles office at RPM International, the empire/base of operations owned and run by Charles — and he runs it *very* efficiently. I was to spend an hour with him — and that, to the minute, is what I got.

There are many conflicting stories about Charles and he's rumoured to be a difficult man to work for. Said to be an obsessive perfectionist, he's been known to fine and fire musicians for the slightest infraction of his rules. But the man's a pro — why shouldn't he demand the best from his supporting players?

Having read numerous profiles before our meeting, I was expecting to find an isolated, rather lonely man. Although Charles has a formidably commanding presence, he struck me as extraordinarily warm and unpretentious. He seems to have a healthy streak of stubborness, and I imagine he can be quite cantakerous when he feels it's necessary, but he answered my questions with great generosity and enthusiasm.

He was very funny, frequently errupted into loud, guffawing laughter, and went out of his way to put me at ease. A thoroughly charming gentleman.

DO YOU feel that you continue to take risks in your music, and is that something that's important to you?

I wouldn't call them risks although I guess some people would. Taking a risk can mean moving away from what you've been successful with. When I started out my career I was into soul music, rhythm and blues, whatever you want to call it — they got a jillion names for it. Then after a while I decided I wanted to do something sentimental with strings, and a lot of people told me I shouldn't do that because people knew me for my rhythmic tunes — 'Hallelujah I Love Her So', 'I Got a Woman' — bluesy things.

When I decided to do my first country album people told me that was a risk too. But I love music and want to do anything I can feel, and it's hard to think of something that moves me as a risk.

Does the legend that's grown around you and your music weigh heavily on you? Do you worry about living up to it?

Oh no, darlin'. I'm just thankful. I wish I could find a better way to express my feelings because this sounds so bland, but I'm honoured, grateful and very humble about that.

But live up to it? No, because I think 'the legend', as it's called, is just a way for people to say that they really enjoy what I do. It's like people saying I'm a genius — I know I'm no genius! I don't fool myself about that, and though I appreciate people complimenting what I do, I don't feel like I have to go out and try to be a genius. That's insane!

So I'm just overwhelmed and thankful for all the kind things that are said about me. I don't know no other way to put it, babe.

You once said that "the top of the heap can also be a rut". What's the biggest disadvantage of success?

I wouldn't call it a disadvantage, but when one is a public figure you're not always able to live your life with ease, and you have to be a little more guarded. When you go out you're likely to get mobbed. People don't mean to hurt you — they just love you, and you love them — but you got to have time to eat. You must! A lot of times I'd like to go here or there, but if I don't feel I can withstand the pressure I just won't go, and an ordinary person doesn't have to think about such things.

They say Libras are balanced people, and being a Libra I have to be fair about this thing and say that when people admire you and your work, they'll do things for you that they normally wouldn't do. So that's the pay-off.

What things do you do to keep yourself excited about music?

Music itself is exciting and if you're really into it, it can never be dull because there's always something new to learn. There is no musician who knows it all, and I hope and pray that I'm still learning.

How important are hit singles and chart success to you?

They are important but I'm not gonna' wind up on a psychiatrist's couch if I don't have a hit tomorrow. I feel I have established my career because I been in show business 37 years, and you don't stay in show business that long, honey, unless you doin' something right. And don't let nobody tell you different!

Obviously anybody would like a hit record because it can bring in new people who might not have known about you otherwise. There are always new people to reach. Children are growing up and new people are coming into the market everyday, and if you have a hit record those people might get into you.

So, a hit record is fine, but it doesn't have the kind of meaning it had for me in the beginning of my career. At that point, my whole career depended — or at least I thought it did — on me getting something out there and making myself known. Well, I don't have to get known anymore. I'm already known, so now it's a matter of getting known a little more.

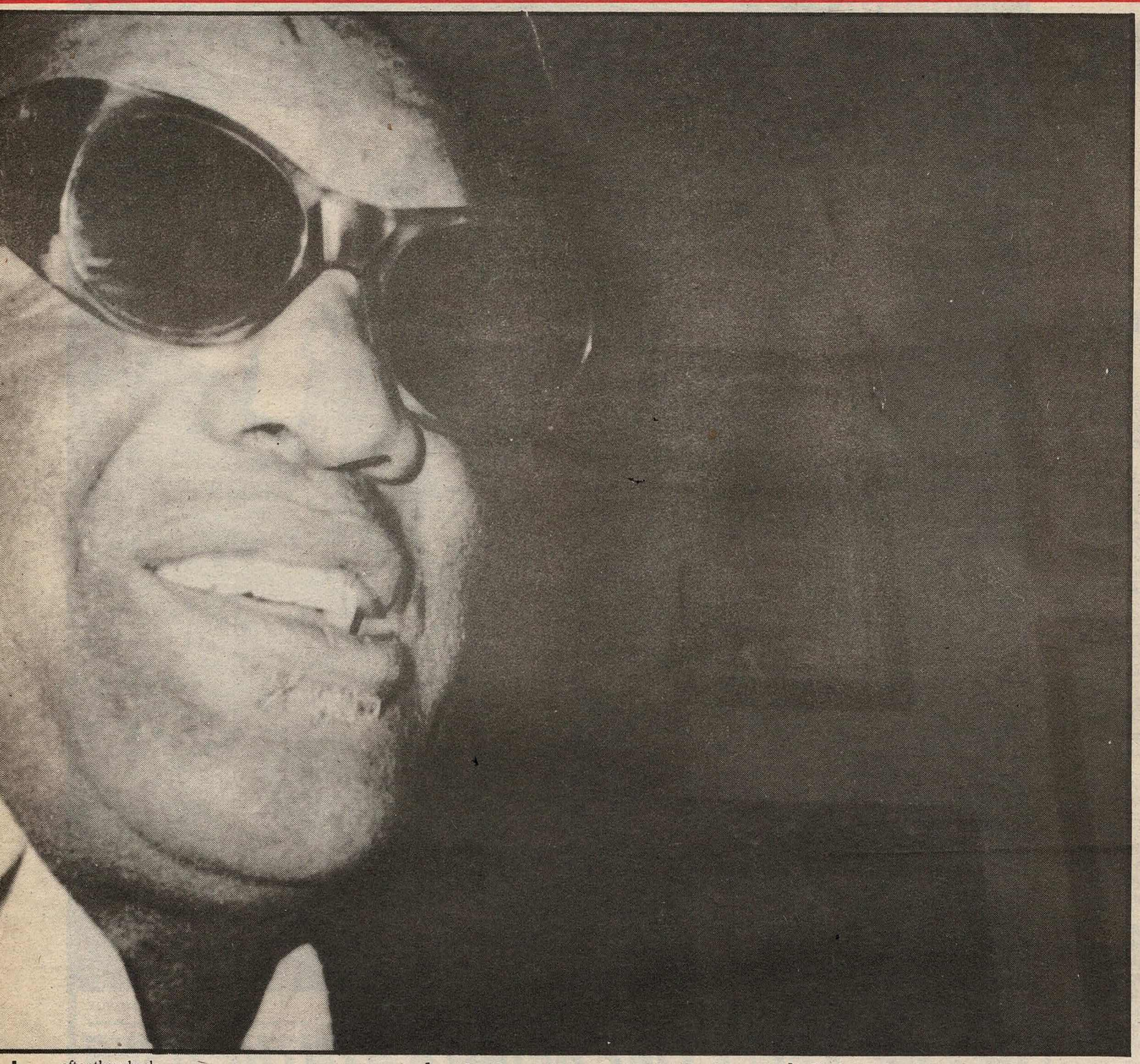
Does the public always know best, or do they sometimes neglect good music and buy trash instead?

What makes music great, and different from other forms of art, is that you don't have to be an expert to appreciate it. Anybody can sing. They may not be able to sing well, but if you can talk, you can hum a little tune. So you don't have to be an expert, all you gotta know is whether you like something. Therefore, what's trash music? Beauty is in the eye of the beholder and what may be trash music to you because you're the expert, may be beautiful to me.

There was somebody years ago put out a record and all they did was speed up the tape, then they had a rhythm section come in and they mastered it to that. They called it The Chipmunks and all it was a tape gimmick. Sold millions! We gonna call that trash music? People loved it! And when people like something, they got a right to it, and I can't say they're wrong. But, I will say this: good is good, babe. Sibelius, Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, Tchaikovsky — these people still around 200 years

THEY C

ARLES



INTERVIEW
KRISTINE McKENNA

PHOTOGRAPHY
STEVE SAMIOF

They called him 'The Genius' — a Georgia-born, blind at seven, black kid who, after spending his dues years attempting to ape Nat Cole, eventually fused gospel, R&B and jazz to create some of the greatest black music of the '50s.

An impassioned vocalist, he thrusted R&B anthems like 'Hallelujah, I Love Her So', 'Night Time Is The Right Time' and 'What'd I Say' into the charts, his call-and-response routine with his vocal backing group The Raelets providing his live shows with all the fervour of a Harlem gospel meeting. A Charlie Parker-influenced alto player and a pianist of distinctive character, he jammed and recorded with jazz greats and led a stomping big band. But just when everybody thought they had him tagged, he switched to the unlikely field of country music, making his groundbreaking 'Modern Sounds In Country And Western' albums, along with such singles as 'I Can't Stop Loving You'; this nod in the direction of Nashville making him the biggest selling black artist in America during the early '60s.

His health deteriorated in later years, his decline physically and musically being aided by a heroin addiction that led to him spending time in jail. Since then, both his records and stage appearances have been patchy affairs, full of highs and an equal number of lows — though always salvaged by the still undeniable quality of Charles' emery-honed vocals.

Now in his 50s, Ray Charles is once more attempting to revive his career, recently releasing an album through CBS which many are predicting will see him regain some of his former status.

after they dead.

Do you keep up on musical trends?

I know what's happening, but if you're asking if I try to do everything that I hear, the answer is no, because everything don't fit me. A 60-year-old man can't wear what a 19-year-old boy can wear.

IN YOUR autobiography *Brother Ray*, you comment, "I'm not sure there's been much progress in music, even with all the new instruments and university courses. Fame's gotten cheap. Kids play their little rock'n'roll beat and scream and find themselves a hip manager. They can read three chords and figure out how to get to the recording studio, but what I want to know is can they keep time and sing in tune." Was the music business tougher when you were starting out?

When I was coming up it was different, but you can't blame nothin' on the kids today. It's just the way things are. When I was coming up there were a lot of little bitty clubs and lots of musicians who could really play.

The competition was very heavy and in order to get into the few bands that were working you really had to be good. And if you were in a band you tried like hell not to get sick 'cause if you were sick more than a day or so somebody else had your job. And you had jam sessions where a guy could get his butt kicked. You know, you think you can play saxophone? Come on in here man! You think you can play piano? Sit down here! That's the way it was.

Now it's more like how loud can you play whatever it is. I know that sounds horrible like I'm pickin' on the youth, but I'm really not. I'm just saying that the approach now is to try and come up with a hit record, and when I was comin' up the approach was to try and be a good musician. And there was always somebody around who'd tell you straight out if you were good or not. There was some cold-blooded cats! Hey man, don't you know how to sing in tune? But that was good for you!

Is an artist apt to do his best work when he's hungry?

That can be a double-edged sword. Sometimes if you're too hungry you're not able to produce nothin'. It's a thin line and desperation don't always lend itself to inspiration. When you're hungry is usually when you're starting out, but I know a whole lot of people who got all the money they want and they still produce good work.

I don't buy the theory that you got to be struggling, but being hungry does sort of spur you on to work. You ain't apt to be so lax and say well, I'll do it tomorrow. You say I better do it today or I won't eat!

WHAT DO you consider to be your greatest strength as an artist?

I'd guess it might be my sincerity. I think people believe in my music because I believe in it. I sing what I'm really feeling and I don't pretend onstage. If something ain't right, it shows on me and I can be disturbed onstage. Some performers can go on and do what they do and put everything else out of their mind for the moment, but I cannot do that. That's one of my defects, but it's also an asset, because what people see in me is what really is.

Are there any styles of music that you feel are beyond your capabilities as a vocalist?

The only music that's beyond me is music that I don't believe I can put myself into. Obviously I'm not an opera singer. I respect and appreciate opera but yes, it is beyond me — but only because I'm not into it.

Are there styles of music that interest you that you've yet to explore?

No, I've done all the things I've really wanted to do. I even did *Porgy and Bess* with Cleo Laine, I've been very fortunate in that I've worked with record companies that understood me and gave me the opportunity to do what I was interested in, and allowed me to produce myself.

What do you look for in a song?

Good lyrics. If I was an actor I'd look for a good script and it's exactly the same being a singer. You look for lyrics that go some place and that people can relate to. I try to find songs that are everyday people, and that people will somehow be able to feel *me* in.

You once commented, "I am not a writer", and yet you've written some very good, very popular songs.

When I was writing I did it only out of necessity. A good writer can sit down and churn out two or three songs in a day, and I've seen people sit down and just write a song on a napkin. I could never do that and when I wrote I might tear up eight sheets of paper trying to get something right. It might take me three or four days and I could only do it at my own pace.

ALL HIM MR MIRACLE

CONTINUES PAGE 40

LPs

THE ATTITUDE OF UPTITUDE

RIP RIG & PANIC

Attitude (*Virgin*)

It's pushing two years since Rip Rig and Panic first told us to "go go go" because "this was it", and promised us a musical hybrid that would escape easy cataegorisation and unleash the diverse influences of a neglected jazz heritage to sweep away the logjams of rock convention.

A lot of people are probably still baffled exactly what *it* is they're meant to go to or with, for despite some lavish critical praise for their works — and an equal amount of disdain — the group have remained an infuriatingly erratic quantity both on stage and on vinyl.

Although 'Attitude' may not strike quite the decisive blow they have always sought to plant on the collective brainpan, it's certainly the closest they have come to delivering what's always been threatened; at once a more complete, more defined, more thoughtful and more satisfying affair than either of its predecessors.

For one thing it shuns the slightly fussy four side 45 cum 33 rpm format of 'God' and 'I Am Cold' and their determinedly offbeat track titles — which always obscured as much as they intrigued and explained — in favour of a more conventionally structured set of 12 songs/tunes on two sides of 33 rpm wax.

There's a welcome discipline to the musical structure as well, so that if some of the freewheeling spontaneity of the earlier albums has been lost — both being basically live-in-the-studio sessions — there's an accessibility to the contents of 'Attitude' that's only been intermittently present before.

Much of the fresh appeal derives from a greater emphasis on songs, and if nothing else 'Attitude' confirms the lyrical invention and melodic potential of Rip Rig's songwriting (no individual credits are given, though one suspects the words derive mostly from Gareth Sager). The opener, 'Keep The Sharks From Your Heart' provides the blueprint for much of what's to come; a steaming horn riff driving things along and underpinning Neneh Cherry's soulful, chant like style, while the rhythm section thunders and Mark Springer's piano embellishes and amplifies the action.

It's much the same formula the group have employed on successive singles, and like them, one fears that few of the cuts here will work well in isolation, being neither rhythmically compulsive enough to provide good dancefloor material or tuneful enough to reap the pastures of popdom. In the context of an album, though, there's a powerful cumulative undertow to the likes of 'Do The Tightrope', 'Beat The Beast' (the last single and as indifferently received as its forerunners), and 'Push Your Tiny Body As High As Desire Can Take You'.

More impressive than any of the uptempo cuts is 'Sunken Love', a stand out track here and one of the most affecting numbers that the Rip Riggers have yet conjured forth. Slow and slinky, Neneh Cherry sings it with a deftness and commitment that shows up the efforts of most of the current would-be chanteuses for the clumsy travesties they are. (Taking one's inspiration from the pre-rock'n'roll torch songstresses is all very well, turning the idiom into a soft centred rock pastiche as Mari Wilson is wont to do is quite another.) 'Sunken Love' is in fact an *anti*-torch song, not exalting heartache but promising release from its painful grip: *"Don't worry, don't fear, drowned loves will reappear/Surfacing in their vessel, destiny/'Cos everything is reborn."*

The instrumental side of things is likewise pleasingly well considered, and even a heads down blow-your-lungs-out sax rant like 'Rip Open, Oh How Long Thy Wounds Take To Heal' is taken with more thought than much of 'God' or 'Cold', while Mark Springer's piano on 'The Birth Pangs Of Spring' and the solo 'Viva X Dreams' are easily among the man's finest moments to date.

Springer's ever inventive piano, recalling influences that range from Dollar Band to Cecil Taylor, is in fact one of 'Attitude's' principle delights and amply confirm his place as one of the most talented young players in the country, whatever musical language you talk.

By far the most exasperating thing about 'Attitude' is the production, which seems intent on jamming together the instrumentation and vocals until none of the component parts can breathe. One yearns for a little of the space that the group's acknowledged influences bring to their work; the sparsity of Don Cherry or Dollar Brand, the room that's found for the horns to speak on any work by the saxophone giants of jazz, or the sheer vocal dominance of any current funk hit. Instead, Sager and engineer/producer Adam Kidron continue to swamp the proceedings in a dense mix of sound that obscures where it should highlight.

For all that it's a taut, highly charged set, whose sense of sustained imminence is in part due to the humorous, clever bridging effects between tracks; in the past one could imagine these 30 snippets acquiring an undeserved status as tracks themselves, here they're left as refresher courses along the way.

Imperfect certainly, but then most attitudes do leave something to be desired. It's hard finally to quarrel with the contention that's given voice here: *"There's something really going going on."* Go with it.

Neil Spencer

Gareth Sager steps on it, Andrea Oliver jumps to it. *Pic: Jean Marc Birraux*

GET UP, I FEEL LIKE BEING A SYNTHESISER

GABI DELGADO

Mistress *(Virgin)*

"I'D LIKE TO talk to all the young ladies in the house tonight. I'd like to tell you why us men love hot pants, most of all I'd like to tell you why I love hot pants too. I want you to know why, the one reason, the main reason why I love hot pants because it simplifies one thing, it comes to one point and there's only one answer why I love hot pants. I love hot pants simply for one reason — what you see is what you get. Hit me!" James Brown, 'Live At The Apollo Vol 3'.

Aha, sex in music — a brief return. It's nothing new, nothing mysterious or secretive... it *should* be an open celebration, a straight route through to the pleasure centre. The music of James Brown with its sharp edges, dynamic intensity, ecstatic cries and shrieks, its rejoicing in the pure release of physical exuberance — was some of the finest and most natural sex music ever recorded.

In recent years several acts have traded under an often spurious 'sex' banner, Adam Ant's 'Sexmusic For Ant People' being the most obvious and the silliest — sex may mean a lot of things but it never meant a manifesto. Marvin Gaye's return was a lavish revitalisation of scope and form that stretched itself over the entire index of desire and put the music back on the good foot. Grace Jones walked like a woman and looked like a man but gradually she fooled around too much with gender and inanimate objects until she became a transparent by-product of art house whims.

Then there was D.A.F., our leather clad teutonic male duo who gave to electro pop what The Ramones gave to punk rock — a kick in the nuts and a bad hangover. D.A.F. made such a small inconsequential sound — all huffing and puffing and grunting around a perfunctory beat and a very limited musical motion. D.A.F. equals S.E.X. said their champions, but it was a long way from the spirit and exhortation of Marvin or JB; it was sex between the lines — the sweat and the stains, not the good bits, not the parts worth celebrating, worth making a noise about.

Gabi Delgado is evidently the half of D.A.F. that fancied himself as a real sex pot. Every song on this short (30 minutes in all) solo debut album deals with sex in some shape or form; be it 'Young Lions' — with its wild'n'free lyric (like Gary Kemp for soft core S&M fans), the banal 'Sex Goddess', or the iridescent, coiling title track (which includes another coy S&M reference).

Having amassed a wide range of musicians to service his Spanish musical heritage, it seems that Gabi is trying to flesh out the D.A.F. sex dance in a more colourful, more exotic framework.

Now, like Kid Creole says, music belongs to the people and it's not the preserve of any one clan or culture, so there's no reason why, given a graceful touch and the gift of sweet inspiration, Delgado shouldn't make the music speak for him. Except the songs and concerns are anchored in the very basic constraints that were the focal point of D.A.F.'s work. It becomes *a real pain* hearing flamenco rhythms or calypso melodies — musics that in their indigenous environment provide an outpouring of spontaneity and joy — being used as *mere decoration* for the same old monotonous sleazy electro backbeat.

A dull greyness hangs over 'Mistress'. Whatever splashes of colours there are do not alter the grinding repetition or Delgado's irksome heavy breathing obscene phone call like vocals.

Glimpses of possibilities that could and should be more fully explored on future outings are on the title track — which moves with the stealth of a lion, shedding several layers of glistening musical skin on the way — and it has very little to do with you-know-what.

Ultimately 'Mistress' lacks the sheer frenzy and fascination, the wracked up het-up potency and liberation that marks the best sex music. This 'Mistress' doesn't give me the satisfaction or pleasure it should, think I'll try another one. (Cue mild laughter and much flicking of old wet D.A.F. promo T-shirts.)

From the top then: *"Get up, get on up?/Get up-a, get on up-a?/Like a love machine./Just stay on the scene like a, like a sex machine..."*

Gavin Martin

THERE'S A FUNNY SMELL AROUND HERE

THE MOB

Let The Tribe Increase *(All The Madmen)*

Ascension Day special. ***Illustration: Susan Shaw***

THE MOB offer a primal creativity built from three chords and brooding, psychedelic rhythms, played devoid of pretence for anyone willing to listen, for free in countless parks, schools and playpits.

In their lyrical imagery they create and describe a world vivid yet vague, a world peopled by tribes facing nightmarish horrors of oppression, clutching no weapons save their own courageous love.

The Mob represent the ragged and reluctant heroes laughing in the face of the apocalypse, and now there's long playing evidence!

On their own All The Madmen label they draw from past experience to combine many disparate elements. A reworking of their cult classic 'Witch Hunt' rubs shoulders with improvised frivolity. Other old favourites merge into simple refrains like the two chord ending to side one, a sound that grips you in its chill.

This Yeovil based trio upped sticks a couple of years back to bring their brand of furious folk into the harsh light of the big city.

Disillusionment soon came after the release of their 'No Doves Fly Here' single on Crass Records last year. A fragile plea for emotional sanity in post-holocaust terms, it was a refreshingly atypical gem from the then newly founded Crass stable. Crass's short-lived illusion of open-house policy was soon swamped under a tide of one-dimensional, one-chord, one-slogan, one-reality bands sounding ever more forced than forceful.

Realising the simplistic beauty in a rhythm that *doesn't* tediously hammer, that 'relentless' doesn't *always* have to mean fast, The Mob scavenged in the ruins to show that emotionally caring *was* a political act, deeper than any empty ranting, marrying it to a stance of passive resistance that bursts through magnificently in their music:

"No Time for Hate if they come in the morning,
No time young mother for mourning,
No time for turning or running away,
Or for crying young babies in the morning."

— 'Cry Of The Morning'

Vocal exhortations come from Mark Mob, not so much singing as pleading, stumbling, celebrating glimmers of love and hope, mirrored in the intensity seeping through the musically ragged edges of the melody.

A choppy guitar offers a weaving and driving rhythm, bringing the songs to climactic, crescendo finishes. Visions flicker, threatening to break through at any given moment.

Here are evocative images unafraid of fragility and optimism, the freedom of a madness which places more value on concerned awareness than on whys and wherefores of political theory, a freedom beyond the various vociferous causes belaboured elsewhere in the anarcho-punk carnival.

Lines evoking the bloody despair of, *"our life our world, mapped out in scars, carved on wrists and backs of arms"* ('Our Life Our World') balance out the beauty of lines like *"clutching flowers thrown in the breeze, they are quite meaningless yet they mean so much to me"* ('Another Day Another Death'). Cynical derision is easily aimed but just as easily brushed aside — simply by the passion that snaps the 'positive', 'anarcho' punk limitations beneath which The Mob could be imprisoned.

"The wild and tortured dream, the straw that broke the camels back"

— 'Another Day Another Death'

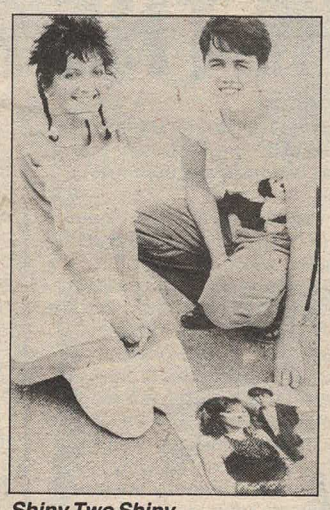
Somewhere the Mob are laughing, perhaps you can too.

Tony D

ONE SHINY ONE

SHINY TWO SHINY

Halfway Across The Rainbow *(Red Flame)*



Shiny Two Shiny

SHINY TWO SHINY are a young Liverpool duo; Flo Sullivan (vocals, synths) and Robin Surtees (guitars, bass), both of whom used to be part of the irritatingly pompous A Formal Sigh, so it came as a pleasant surprise to find them turning out a promising debut.

The eight tracks on this mini LP catch them at an intriguing formative period. Some ideas work, many don't, but there's always something different happening which makes for challenging listening.

The sound is very much in the sensitive mould of the influential Young Marble Giants, but whereas their work always seemed rather restricted and ultimately empty, this record is colourful, sometimes sombre, sometimes gay, but never dull. Mood and atmosphere shift dramatically, the instrumental tinkerings providing a superb foil for Flo's soothing vocal nuances.

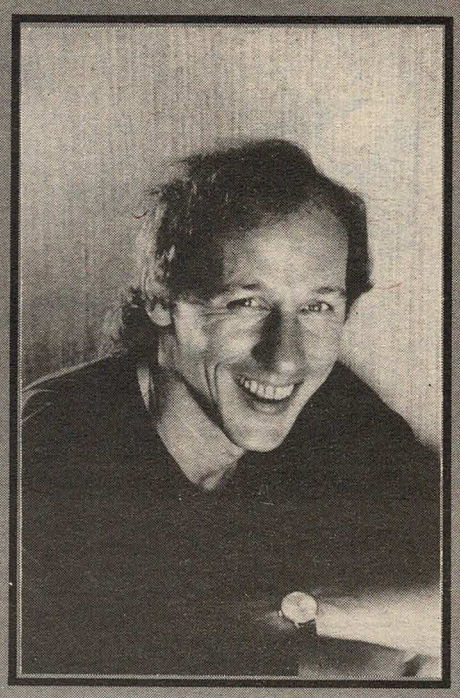
Side one is the more straightforward, containing four conventional pop songs, including a wonderfully fresh version of the Astrid Gilberto classic 'The Boy From Ipanema' (recently covered by Antena, to whom the duo bear some little resemblance), though the deliciously sensuous opener 'Waiting For Us' shows their own songwriting ability at its best: cool, very sophisticated, but always something more than the easy listening crooning which has been so plentiful of late. The second side is more experimental, less satisfying, but a creditable failure nonetheless.

Kev Mc

MARK KNOPFLER

LOCAL HERO

The Magnificent Music from the film Directed by Bill Forsyth Produced by David Puttnam



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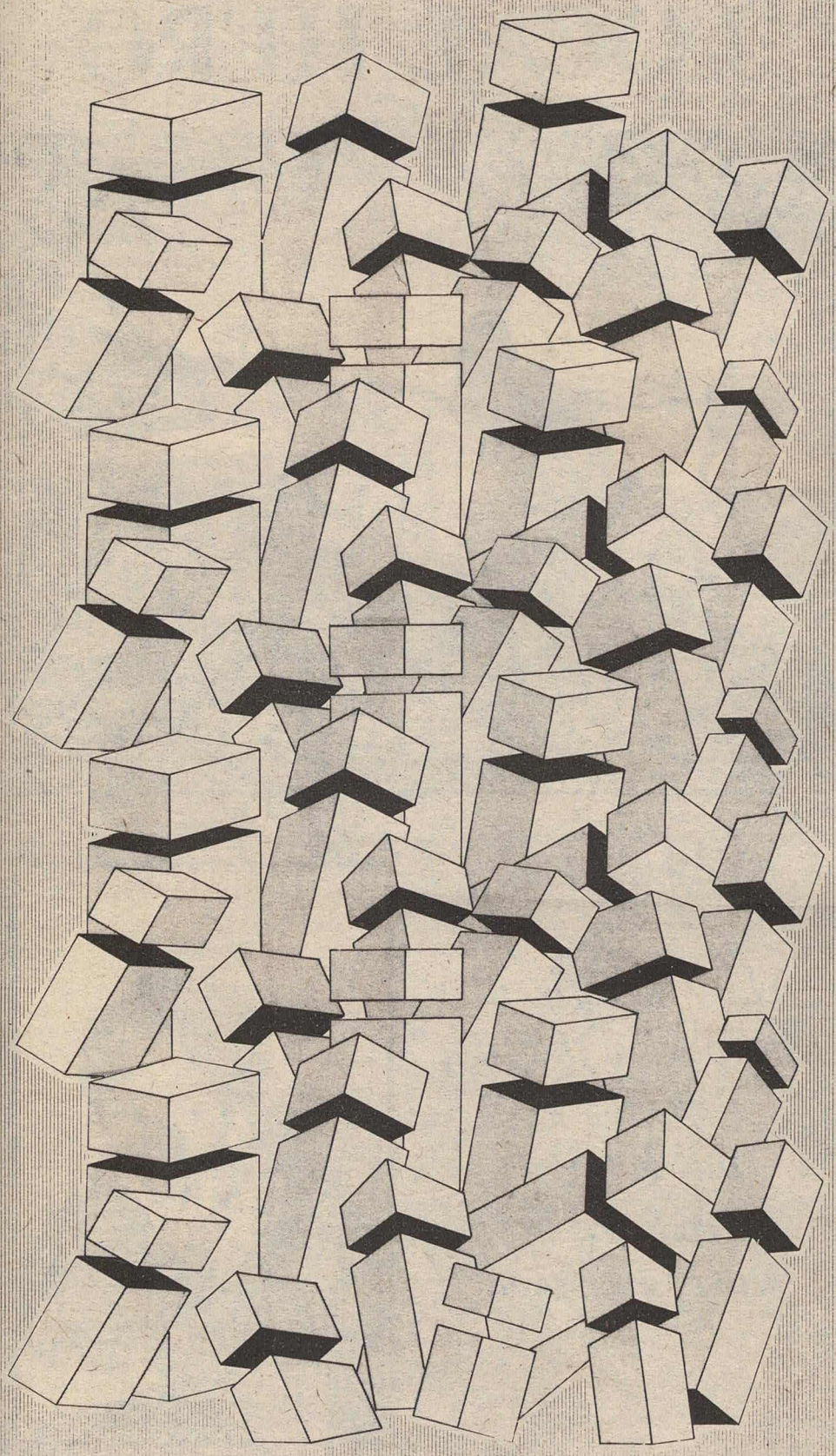

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THIS TIME THEY TOLD THE TRUTH

***BARNEY HOSKYNS** charts the re-emergence of soul power in US black music.*

JOHNNIE TAYLOR

Just Ain't Good Enough *(Beverly Glen Import)*

ZZ HILL

The Rhythm And The Blues *(Malaco (Import)*

TYRONE DAVIS

Tyrone Davis *(Highrise Import)*

SONNY CHARLES

The Sun Still Shines *(Highrise Import)*

TONY TROUTMAN

Your Man Is Home Tonight *(T. Main Import)*

IN TRACING the decline and fall of "soul" music, as often as not the prime culprit is held to be "disco". But disco itself is not inherently soulless, It admits of as many hybrids and mutations as the secularized gospel basis of the classic soul ballad. Nor need the metronomic regularity of a dance beat preclude the display of emotion: witness the classic deep soul crossover, Candi Staton's 'Young Hearts Run Free'.

Jackie Moore's 'This Time Baby' is as passionate and sensuous as Mitty Collier's 'I Had A Talk With My Man', The Gap Band's 'Burn Rubbers' as frenzied and Dionysiac as anything by Wilson Pickett. Gearing emotional release towards dance isn't the problem: scores of disco records showed that dance was becoming a passion in itself. The fault lies not with the form but with the material.

Because particularly the male gay attitude to dance holds the female voice as a glacial symbol of glamour, because "woman" has always held a central, focal position in disco's fantasy, it is harder for the great female singers to break away — to break back into pure soul — than it is for the men. It is fortunate that voices as great as Aretha Franklin's (Jump To It') and Gwen McCrae's (Keep The Fire Burning') are still finding superior material and production, and not being wasted. Will they go back to soul? Consider one who tried: Betty Lavette's 'Standing In The Middle Of Falling In Love', a classic slice of Sam Dees, last year sank without a trace.

For men it is easier to leave the dance fixation behind. With the recession the male voice can once again become the cry of he who stands alone. Here are five great black male voices which have broken free of corporate shackles and are pointing us away from the disco aftermath of Quincy Jones and Lionel Richie.

Perhaps the case is best exemplified by **Johnnie Taylor,** a classic Southern belter best remembered for a string of Stax hits ('Who's Making Love', 'Somebody's Been Sleeping In My Bed') in the late '60s/early '70s. When Stax went bust in '75, Taylor signed to Columbia and in '76 had a No. 1 smash with 'Disco Lady'. After this brief moment in the crude glare of the crossover spotlight, the corporation simply lost interest, failing either to develop or to promote him. After all, they had Earth, Wind And Fire, The Jacksons . . .

Much the same happened to Bobby Womack, whom Taylor follows onto the roster of Otis Smith's Beverly Glen label. And just as the second side of 'The Poet' was the most rewarding music Womack's made in ages, so at least a third of 'Just Ain't Good Enough' is as powerful and energetic as such Taylor classics as 'I've Been Born Again' or 'I Had A Fight With Love'. With a handful of crack sidemen and a series of superb arrangements by Gene Page, the album gives Taylor at least two of his greatest moments: the title track and the single, 'What About My Love'.

The song 'Just Ain't Good Enough' is a tour de force. The throbbing R&B funk propulsion of sidemen Gadson and East is balanced perfectly against a spread of strings and horns. What Otis Smith and Patrick Moten have done is simply to give a punchy modern edge to an old, bluesy soul format. It's a big wide, thumping sound through which Taylor's tough, sharp little voice repeatedly stretches and bursts. 'Just Ain't Good Enough' is a classic soul saga with soap connotations.

'What About My Love' is gloriously slow, thick, and plaintive, 'I Need A Freak' is a beefy slab of funk (forget 'Disco Lady', this is lust at first hearing) and while 'Reaganomics' may not be the 'Ball Of

Tetras in the bush. *Pic: Joe Stevens*

LIFE IN THE ROIR

THE RAINCOATS

The Kitchen Tapes *(ROIR)*

THE BUSH TETRAS

Wild Things! *(ROIR)*

JOHNNY THUNDERS

The New Johnny Thunders — Too Much Junkie Business *(ROIR)*

THE LATEST trio of ROIR cassettes expands the label's category of historical documentation — a division which offers some excuse for the fact that Reachout tapes often coast on their rarity value rather than their audio quality. Still, it's no surprise that Prez Neil Cooper can claim that 35% of his sales originate overseas, when he had the foresight to offer UK fans a taste of the Big Apple cults they kept hearing about but couldn't see.

The best buy this time though is British: The Raincoats' 'Kitchen Tapes', which is in effect their third LP and contains a solid two third's of new work. Recorded live at New York's artsy Kitchen on December 12, its a long loop of stuff which manages to pluck out its own space and style through sheer insinuation — breathing life into modest aims and rescuing often sappy lyrics (cf 'Only Loved At Night' and 'Puberty Song') with a delicate interplay of violin, voices, girl-group whoo-whoos, war whoops and canopies of arch background conversation punctuated by the inventive percussion of Richard Dudanski and Derek Godard.

I have a personal aversion to girltalk and an abiding fear of what supposedly 'feminist' recording artists tend to actually *sound like,* but this selection (often real pioneer songs in a folkish mode, as often the application of jazz principle to the freedoms of a female vocal timbre) seems to reach a post-narcissistic sentimentality all its own. And it's frequently ('No Side To Fall Into', 'Mouth Of Story') surprisingly full-blooded.

As late as last June, the likes of the Gun Club were playing support to Manhattan's Bush Tetras, but 'Wild Things!' comprises the latter's first full-length album. All cuts recorded live in '82, it lacks 'Snakes Crawl' and 'Taste Like The Tropics', but includes almost everything else they're famous for, even muddy versions of 'Cold Turkey' and 'Wild Thing'. Since

'60s legend back and proud in the '80s: Johnnie Taylor

Confusion' of the '80s, it's an astute and coolly contemptuous expostulation. Welcome back into the groove, Johnnie Taylor.

ZZ Hill is one of the old school. He never broke as any kind of superbad dude or hit with a major, he just kept on hollering. His three Malaco albums, particularly 'Down Home', have sold vast quantities, considering a complete absence of airplay in major cities like New York. After a career spanning back over such triumphs as 'Don't Make Me Pay For His Mistakes' (Hill), 'Self Preservation' (Mankind), a great version of Lee Dorsey's 'Greatest Love' (Kent), the Swamp Dogg-produced album 'The Brand New ZZ Hill' (Mojo) and the immaculate 'This Time They Told The Truth' (Columbia), Hill is finally reaping the rewards of perseverence.

'The Rhythm And The Blues' is less successful than 'Down Home' because its balance of soul and blues is more uneven. Hill is at his best when treating of guilt and remorse — he's too cuddly, too gruff to be a rake. Nor does he convince with the paternal assurance that 'You're Gonna Be A Woman'.

In this respect, the best cuts here are 'Outside Thang' and 'What Am I Gonna Tell Her', the latter an excellent mid-tempo ballad with a guilt-stricken, horn-blasted chorus. Only these match up to 'Down Home''s 'Cheating In The Next Room'. On the harder, crustier R&B bases of Denise LaSalle's 'Someone Else Is Steppin' In' or Bobby Patterson's 'Open House At My House' (covered in years past with greater finesse by both Little Johnny Taylor — no relation — and McKinley Mitchell) Hill's voice, like a black Joe Cocker, isn't interesting enough to inject any personal style. Willie Dixon's chestnut 'Wang Dang Doodle' is the sole success in this area — here Hill sounds like Wilson Pickett mutating into Captain Beefheart. Comparing 'The Rhtyhm And The Blues' with, say, the calm agony of Bobby Bland on 'This Time I'm Gone For Good' makes me think Hill needs some cushioning, eg the strings and electric piano Bert DeCoteaux used for 'This Time They Told The Truth'. It's a voice that needs something to melt into.

Tyrone Davis has a subtler sense of timing and a more humorous turn of phrase. His track record includes some of the most sublime South Side soul of all time — 'Can I Change My Mind', 'Turn Back The Hands Of Time', 'Don't Let It Be Too Late', 'In The Mood' are just a few. 'Tyrone Davis' is his first album for the Highrise label, another enterprising independent currently putting the majors to shame. It's not any kind of testament, but it is worth nearly every penny of its import price for the beautiful 'Overdue', practically a remake of 'In The Mood' but so what. 'Overdue' is Davis at his riveting, breathless best, gliding through James Mack's magical vocal arrangements, holding everything in the balance of a pause. 'Overdue' is an urban sound, but not gummed up with superfluous synthesisers, not weighed down by stupid moog basses.

Also pleasant, if not so essential, are the single 'Are You Serious'; 'Let Me Be The One', which shows Davis's magnetic control at a slightly faster pace; and 'A Little Bit Of Loving', which despite being a rewrite of Dr. Hook's 'When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman', has a strong, attractive chorus. The second side is generally more pedestrian than the first, besides a few minor exertions on the closing 'Fool In Me'.

Another of Highrise's signings is the less seasoned **Sonny Charles,** of the delightful 'Put It In A Magazine'. Like 'Are You Serious', this has done well in the States while receiving almost no airplay in supposedly alert cities such as New York. Charles' album, 'The Sun Still Shines', employs his elastic, doo-woppy kind of voice less imaginatively than the single might have led one to expect, but it's still fresher than the majority of dance-croon pap released today. If you're tired of the stale synthetic sound of black pop, you might like a great deal of this album: the taut mid-tempo funk of 'Treasure Of Your Pleasure', the rapturous Gaye-ish heights his voice reaches on 'Weekend Father Song', the whimsical take on Lloyd Price's 'Just Because' in 'Per-Son-Nal-Ly', the slinky and sexy 'Whet Your Whistle', or even the respectful rendition of Willie Nelson's 'Always On My Mind'.

The real surprise package is a release from a tiny Atlanta label called T. Main — by its boss, **Tony Troutman.** The album is 'Your Man Is Home Tonight' and it's rough, funky, sensuous. The opening cut, 'Love is Here', is faultless: flowing and seamless without being slick, it pairs a gritty electric bass with one discreetly synthesised, both carrying an undulating wave of guitars and keyboards, with a superb chorus punctuating Troutman's vocal.

A truly great song sets the tone for an album which sways effortlessly between dance gesticulation and erotic serenade. Troutman's vocals are deep and throaty, less growling than ZZ Hill's, combining the rasp of an Otis Clay with the resonance of a James Carr (sounds like he should record a version of 'Pouring Water On A Drowning Man'). 'Can't Hold Back My Feelings' and 'So Glad You're Mine', which close the first side, are lush glowingly pretty ballads.

Side two is weaker. 'Give It Up' is a more regimented romp which fails to cut the rug, owing to a rather clumsy onbeat human claptrack. 'Special Lady' is a bit sappy, 'Do It Right' a bit bland. However, the closing 'What Our Love Needs' is Troutman's perfect pitch, giving his voice maximum space to fly in, and by the end he's really letting it all out, over a distant, diffident chorus and an implacable guitar strumming on without a care in the world.

These are the soul survivors: let them in your life.

Barney Hoskyns

late '79, the Tetras have continued to epitomise the amphetamine-powered sidewalk bounce-and-trounce of the Lower East Side. Their special assets are drummer Dee Pop and twisted kicks-type guitarist Pat Place, an original Contortion.

Other Tetras Laura Kennedy and Cynthia Sley moved to NYC from Cleveland, where they were at art school — which shows in the band's obsession for career over relationships songs like 'Too Many Creeps', 'Rituals' or 'Can't Be Funky'. Kennedy once described the band to *NME* as a "rhythm and paranoia" outfit; I hear less Congo and Cramps in this, though, than I do Manhattan club cool elevated to a plane that easily competes with weary ears, watery beer and frozen feet. It's good value, too, unless you want to hunt up all those old Fetish and Stiff releases.

And welcome to the new Johnny Thunders — same as the old one, despite five previously unheard tracks recently recorded by Jimmy Miller (producer of 'Beggaars Banquet') at Chelsea Sound. Thunders still *can* play when he musters his chemicals — 'Get Off The Phone' sounds as blisteringly great as it did back When at the Rainbow. He's still slurring away, and still wants to be one of the Rolling Stones, too (don't guess which one too fast, though, unless you've suffered through his imitations of Jagger on 'Sad Vacation' — *"for my man Sid"* — or the self-pitying 'So Alone').

What Johnny *has* become, like all junkies, is a guy you can't believe about anything. Sure there's a few bursts of great guitar playing here (some courtesy of Walter Lure or Wayne Kramer), but there's also about half a tape full of Johhny mouthing off — *"Instead of Lou bringin' up the black girls to go ooooo I got the bleached blondes comin' up"*, etc — which nobody needs. Even this guy's misogyny's for sale cheap; give the whole mess a miss.

Cynthia Rose

ART PEPPER AND GEORGE CABLES

Goin' Home *(Galaxy)*

PEPPER'S LAST testament is a duo session with his favourite pianist, cut a month before the altoman's death last June. It is no summary of Art, no concluding stamp on a life's work; by a rather sad irony it was designed as a new departure, his first duo record and an initial try at re-examining the resources of the clarinet.

No surprise either that the best moments in the record have an old fashioned lyric sense about them, an image of romance imbued by a traditional regard for melody. I was never entirely convinced by the consciously 'modern' tackle in Pepper's locker — the strained vocalised notes and aggressive blurts of indiscretion — because the older cool presence wrestled so much stronger. Without the bite of a rhythm section he turns to harmony like a prodigal.

The material is familiar for Pepper. 'Samba Mom Mom' was a favourite original and has an easy intimacy about it; the Ellington jam session warhorse 'In A Mellotone' is thoughtfully rebored for clarinet to make the little melodic tag that anchors the tune sound refreshed. Art's clarinet is a woody, pouting extension of his alto, sidestepping the lugubrious timbre of the classic exponents. It gives 'Lover Man' an elegance distant from the raddled dignity the tune normally displays.

Only a jerky 'Isn't She Lovely' — a poor tune, although Rollins' patronage seems to ensure it jazz standard status — doesn't deliver. Cables is retiring but alert enough to give his partner the necessary feeds: his grave recomposition of 'Goin' Home' is one of the best moments, and the other is 'Don't Let The Sun Catch You Cryin'', a last embrace of the ballad by one of the great masters of the form. So long, Art.

Richard Cook

'BILLIES OF THE VALLEY

VARIOUS

Art Fein Presents L.A.Rockabilly *(Rhino Records Import)*

FRANK ZAPPA

Rare Meat: Early Productions Of Frank Zappa *(Rhino Records Import)*

AMERICAN BANDS seem to have been getting it wrong for so long that it comes as a pleasant surprise when you find evidence that, in some corners of the home of the brave, the rock 'n' roll heart is still pulsing away like a finely tuned British Rail cheese sandwich. The press release accompanying this collection of contemporary Los Angeles sounds, informs us that rockabilly is the dominant musical force in the city, which, if true, can be no bad thing.

It would be somethin' else if white American music found its soul again through rock 'n' roll and, given the fact of The Stray Cats sudden enormity, now may be the time. Ironically, while the major labels rush to sign inflatable, plastic quiffabillys, real NEW ROCK 'N' ROLL stars Blue Angel languish unnoticed in New York, label-less and maybe disbanded for all we know. *C'est la vie, n'est café?*

To their credit, Rhino and Art Fein have assembled this fine LA showcase and though, with just one track each for the fourteen groups represented, one can only make the briefest connections with, and conclusions about, the various artists, it's a heady and enjoyable effort well worth the spinning.

The Quiffabilly Factor — *Illustration by Ian Wright*

To play favourites, I'll single out Dave Alvin And The Red Devils brilliant, jumping reworking of a Cajun standard 'Lafayette', James Intveld And The Rockin' Shadows' 'My Heart Is Achin' For You' for its combination of great vocal, nice instrumental work and purist hairstyle, Spyder Mittelman and American Patrol for a fabulous runthrough of 'She's Got It' and Los Lobos for their frantic Tex-Mex licks.

These are personal faves of the moment and I could as easily have named a brace of similarly tough tracks by other names.

The Zappa mini-album, meanwhile, seems a singularly pointless release. Only six tracks long the album comprises a side made bearable by some tasty F.Zee guitar work and the vocals of Ray Collins (Baby Ray And The Ferns) and a second side featuring two schlock horror boreathons burbled by one Bob Guy, and a throwaway 'Cradle Rock'.

The sleeve note runs "From cutting his teeth on records such as these, Frank was able to utilise his command of the studio that made the early Mothers recordings the most daring of their period". So who needs recordings of people cutting their teeth?

Ray Lee Lowry

DOME

Will You Speak This Word (*Uniton*)

THIS IS the sort of LP that leaves me scratching my head and wondering if I've missed the point. 'Will You Speak This Word' is Graham Lewis and Bruce Gilbert's fourth album under the Dome brand-name, and follows on the heels of a collaboration with Daniel Miller; trading as Duet Emmo they have released a 12-inch single 'Or So It Seems' (teasingly enigmatic title) on Mute, a skeletal, bleakly romantic loop. Obviously somebody up there likes them. Why don't I?

It's not that they're offensive or incompetent. Perhaps I'd prefer them if they were. But as it is, the Domeheads seem to be pursuing an oblique strategy of tasteful, cerebral (avant) guardedness. Such an approach is very *English* in its mild whimsicality. But the leader in that field, Brian Eno, has an instinctive grasp of *musicality* that Gilbert and Lewis lack.

'To Walk, To Run', for instance, simply consists of an endlessly repeated, percussive synth pattern. Without even the addictive tranquillity of a mantra, it's plain dull — a doodle, as is the rest of the album.

Disembodied, distorted voices intone such profundities as "*To speak and let my words come round*" over and over again whilst Terence Leach's sax weaves its spidery, sacrilegious path alongside. Or else our heroes will demonstrate the range and versatility of their synthesisers by faithfully mimicking the clanking, tappetting and steam-letting of factory machinery.

Yazoo's Vince Clarke plays on this LP, though you wouldn't have guessed. His presence, and the recollection of how intermittently brilliant Gilbert and Lewis' group Wire used to be, makes me regret that a lot of talent is being misdirected in Dome, where the intellectual content is illusory and the soundscape drab.

Mat Snow

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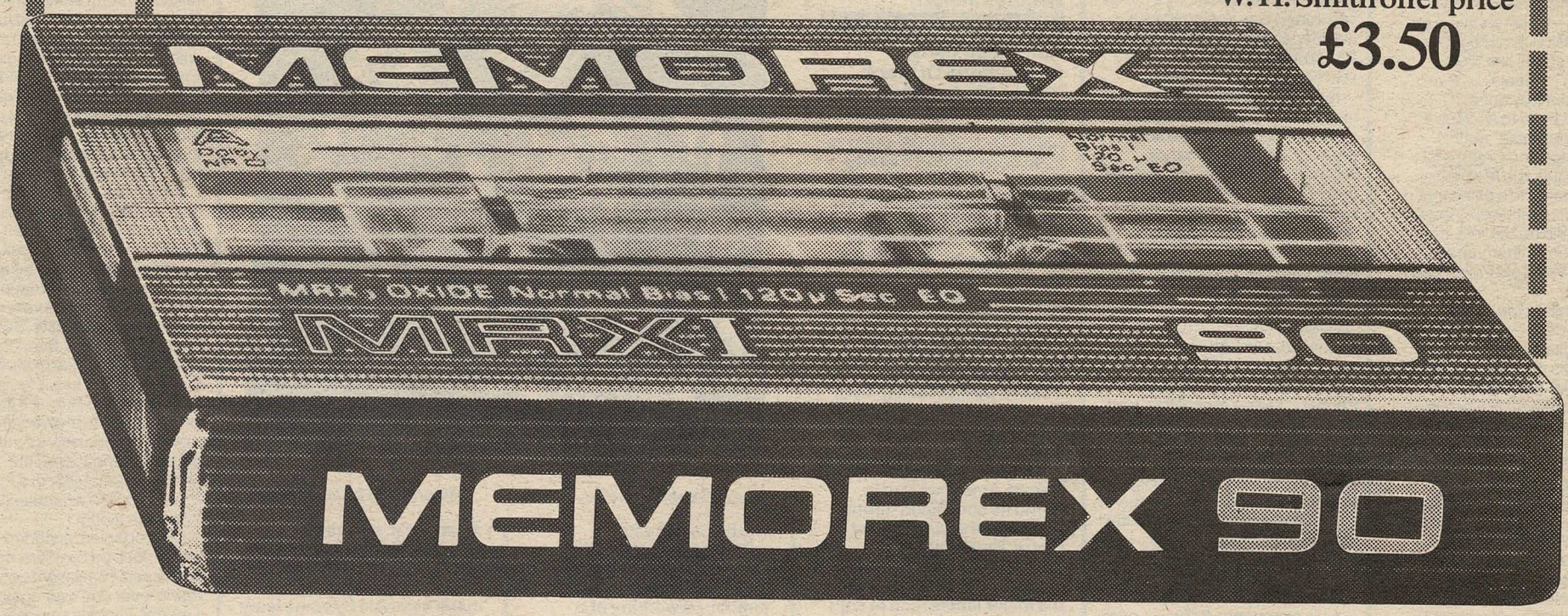
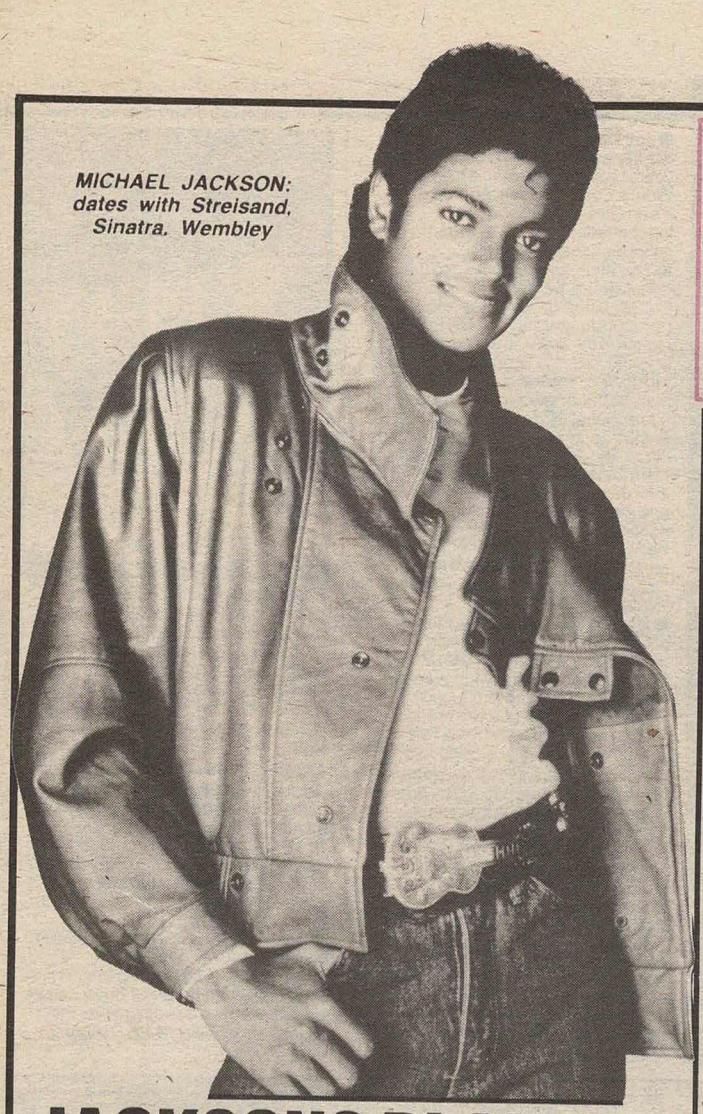


WHSMITH

Access VISA

Prices correct at time of going to press. Subject to availability.
Offer whilst stocks last.



MICHAEL JACKSON: dates with Streisand, Sinatra, Wembley

JACKSONS PLAN A SEPTEMBER SONG

THE JACKSONS, who had originally intended to visit Britain during the early part of this year, now look set to arrive in September. They're expected to play a string of concerts in London, most probably at the Wembley Arena, and it's understood that provisional dates have already been pencilled in — but it's not yet known if they will also venture into the provinces.

One reason for the delay is they want to tie in their UK visit with release of a new album, and are in the studio right now laying tracks, in readiness for late summer release. Another factor was the heavy commitments of Michael Jackson who, after his involvement with Paul McCartney and *ET*, is now working with Queen's Freddy Mercury — alternating sessions with his brothers.

Pirates re-form for birthday gig

MARQUEE INTENT!

LONDON's Marquee Club has announced further attractions for its 25th anniversary celebrations, including a special re-formation of The Pirates, who are joined by various special guests on April 18. Ronnie Lane and Ian Stewart will be among guest musicians when Brian Kinght's Blues By Six — one of the early resident Marquee bands — play there on April 24, with the UK Subs set for the following night.

International acts next month include Finland's Hanoi Rocks (May 2), Canadian singer Lee Aaron making her Marquee debut (4), Japanese rockers Bow Wow who were one of the hits of last year's Reading Festival (9) and new Australian band The Divinyls (26 and 27). As reported, re-formed Welsh outfit Man are set for May 13 and 14.

Other new bookings include Twelfth Night (April 13), Here & Now (19) and Solstice (22).

Along the Stardust trail

ALVIN STARDUST begins a major UK tour later this month, taking in 18 leading provincial venues — and surprisingly, apart from club engagements and a couple of university tours, it will be his first full UK schedule for almost seven years.

He plays Grays Civic Hall (April 20), Maidenhead Skindles (26), Cardiff St. David's Hall (27), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (29), Northampton Derngate Centre (May 1), Wakefield Pussycat (2), Lincoln Theatre Royal (3), Preston Clouds (4), Manchester Belle Vue Ballroom (5), Workington Carnegie Theatre (6), Barrow Civic Hall (7), Glasgow Pavilion (8), Inverness Eden Court (9), Morecambe Ashton Hall (10), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (11), Bridgnorth Leisure Centre (12), Sheffield City Hall (13) and Leamington Spa Centre (14).

Gymslips are showing

THE GYMSLIPS begin a new series of dates, tied in with the April 22 release of their debut album 'Rocking With The Reenees' on the independent Abstract Records label — initial copies of which come with a free three-track EP.

London gigs include West Hampstead Moonlight Club (this Saturday), Islington Hope & Anchor (April 12), Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (15) and a Greenham Common benefit at London University (23). Out-of-town dates are being finalised for the second half of April and early May, and the first confirmed is Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (April 22).

The girls have now increased their personnel with the addition of fourth member Kathy Barnes as full-time keyboards player.

NEWS

SPRINGSTEEN APOSTLE BRINGS HIS DISCIPLES

LITTLE STEVEN & The Disciples Of Soul return to the UK at the end of this month for an eight-date tour — and that will be some compensation for Bruce Springsteen's continued absence, because Little Steven is probably better known as Springsteen sideman Miami Steve Van Zandt. As part of a major European tour, they play Norwich East Anglia University (April 29), Dunstable Queensway Hall (30), London Hammersmith Palais (May 2), Birmingham Odeon (3), Manchester Hacienda Club (4), Newcastle Dingwalls (6), Glasgow Strathclyde University (7) and Edinburgh Nite Club (8).

Van Zandt will be fronting a ten-piece band and, prior to the outing, they appear on BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on April 28. The visit is preceded by the April 18 release of their new single 'Lyin' In A Bed Of Fire', taken from the Little Steven debut album 'Men Without Women'.

Tickets are priced £3 (Norwich); £3.75 (Dunstable and Edinburgh); £4 and £3 (Manchester); £2.50 (Glasgow); and £3.50 (the other three veunes) — but Glasgow is a closed gig for students only. They are available now from box-offices, and from certain additional outlets, as follows:

NORWICH — all prinicpal record stores in the city; DUNSTABLE — F.L.Moores (Dunstable, Leighton Buzzard and Stevenage), Record City (Luton), Classic Rock (Harpenden), Record Room (St. Albans), B&A Records (Bletchley) and EGE (Watford); HAMMERSMITH — Keith Prowse, London Theatre Bookings, Premier and Albemarle; and EDINBURGH — The Warehouse. BIRMINGHAM tickets are also available by postal application to the box-office, with SAE.

HANOI PREPARES SPRING INVASION

HANOI ROCKS, the top Scandinavian outfit who are currently putting the finishing touches to their third album, play a one-off at London Victoria The Venue tomorrow (Friday) supported by Urban Dogs — tickets priced £3 are available now from the box-office and usual outlets. This is a foretaste of a full-scale 25-date UK tour by the band, details of which will be announced in a week or two.

BARBARA LANDS LONDON SEASON

BARBARA DICKSON is returning to the West End stage for the first time since her appearance in the hit Willy Russell show *John, Paul, George, Ringo and Bert*. She is to star in a new Russell musical *Blood Brothers*, which opens at London's Lyric Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue on Monday, April 11, with previews from tonight (Thursday).

BIG COUNTRY BIG TREK

BIG COUNTRY, who've just made their chart debut with the Mercury single 'Fields Of Fire', set out this week on their first headlining UK tour. They include a major London showcase in the schedule, which comprises Manchester Hacienda Club (tonight, Thursday), Hornsea Floral Hall (Friday), Redcar Coatham Bowl (Sunday), Edinburgh Dance Factory (April 11), Dundee Dance Factory (12), Nottingham Rock City (14), Liverpool Warehouse (15), Sheffield Dingwalls (16), London Strand Lyceum (17), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (18), Portsmouth Polytechnic (20), Bradford Caesars (21), Sunderland Polytechnic (22) and Glasgow Strathclyde University (23).

KING TRIGGER REINCARNATED

KING TRIGGER may have died last autumn, but they've now been reincarnated as Babaluma. That's the name of a new group comprising the nucleus of King Trigger — Stuart Kennedy, Martin Clapson and Ian Cleverley — plus new vocalist Latif Gardez and drummer Chris Musto. And to keep it in the family, they've re-signed to Chrysalis Records, from whom a single can be expected shortly. They can be seen in live action in London when they support Tears For Fears at the Lyceum Ballroom this Sunday (10) and Hammersmith Palais on April 18. And they're headlining their own gig at Hastings Rumours Club this Saturday (9).

BALDRY BACK ON THE ROAD

LONG JOHN BALDRY — who, as reported last week, appears at London Marquee on May 5 as part of the club's 25th anniversary celebrations — will also be playing six other dates during his first UK gig series for six years. They are Swindon Solitaire (May 4), Bristol Dingwalls (6), Hull Dingwalls (7), Nottingham Brown's Wine Bar (8), Birmingham's Golden Eagle (9) and Southampton Concorde Club (11), with six-piece band The London Apaches supporting on all tour dates. Further dates are being negotiated, and Baldry will be backed by a band of all-star musicians, with several big names expected to appear with him at the Marquee.

STOP PRESS: SAXON TOP LEEDS EVENT

SAXON, back in the charts with their new album 'Power And The Glory', are to headline a special one-off event at Leeds Queens Hall on Saturday, May 28 (2-10.30pm). A special guest act and various support bands will be announced later. Tickets are £6 (advance) and £7 (on the doors), available at the box-office and various outlets around the country — details next week. Coaches are also being organised from key centres.

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
BIG COUNTRY
THE ALARM
YIPYIP COYOTE
LYCEUM STRAND. WC2
BABALUMA
SUNDAY 17th APRIL at 7·30
TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 836 2184; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282;
ROCK ON RECORDS; ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD., OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
THE GUN CLUB
THE SISTERS OF MERCY
JOOLZ
new model army
SEX BEAT
LYCEUM STRAND. WC2
SUNDAY 24th APRIL at 7.30
TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 836 2184; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282;
ROCK ON RECORDS; ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD., OR £3.50 ON NIGHT

SIX-TRACK * 45 rpm
THE MERTON PARKAS
THE SINGLES
THE MERTON PARKAS 12" SINGLE Beggars Banquet BEG 93 E £2.49 SRP

SIX-TRACK * 45 rpm
NUMAN
TUBEWAY ARMY
1978
12" SINGLE Beggars Banquet BEG 92 E £2.49 SRP

record NEWS

Nelson launches a broadside

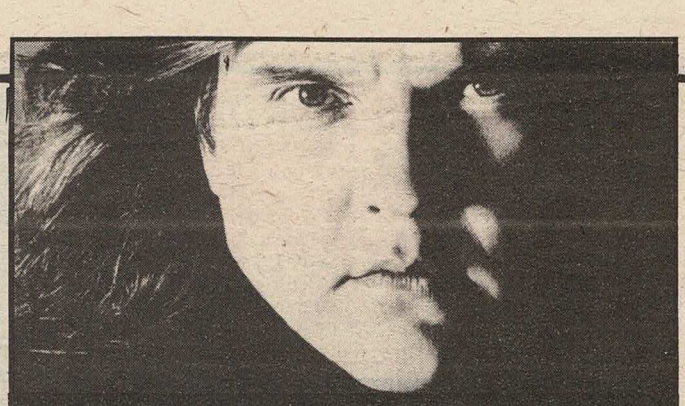
BILL NELSON's Cocteau Records release their first three 12-inch singles this week, the first featuring his former band **Red Noise** — it contains 'Furniture Music' and 'Revolt Into Style', plus live versions of 'Out Of Touch' and 'Stay Young'. Going further back to his earlier involvement, there's a four-tracker from **Be-Bop Deluxe** comprising 'Panic In The World', 'Electrical Language', 'Maid In Heaven' and 'Jean Cocteau'. Finally, there's a remix of the first single ever recorded by **A Flock Of Seagulls** titled 'It's Not Me Talking' — it's coupled with an instrumental version of the A-side, plus 'Factory Music'. All three are produced by Nelson.

● Polydor release the self-named debut album by **Man Parrish** this weekend, and it includes their current single 'Hip Hop Be Bop (Don't Stop)' which is enjoying considerable success in the States. Out on the same date and label is the compilation album 'The Perfect Beat' featuring tracks by **Afrika Bambaataa, The Soul Sonic Force, Planet Patrol** and **Jonzun Crew** — and the cassette version has the bonus of a special scratch mix.

● From this week, all HMV shops in the UK are offering cassettes at knock-down prices. Over 30,000 tapes are on offer at prices which range from £2.79 to £3.79, including names like **David Bowie, Dexys, Status Quo** and **Visage.** And anyone purchasing one of these cassettes will be given a free exclusive compilation cassette. The offer lasts for three weeks only.

● Irish folk band **Planxty,** who began a British tour last weekend, have their new album 'Words And Music' issued by WEA on April 22. It comprises eight tracks, including Bob Dylan's 'I Pity The Poor Immigrant'.

● Seven-piece East London band The **Park,** who already have a strong following on the club circuit, release their first single on C&D Records (through Phonogram) this weekend. It's called 'Kicking Stones', and the B-side features two live tracks recorded last year at London's Bridge House, 'Living In A White House' and 'When I'm With You'.



MEAT LOAF AT MIDNIGHT

MEAT LOAF has his third album issued by Epic on April 29, following his history-making debut LP 'Bat Out Of Hell' and its successor 'Dead Ringer'. This new one is called 'Midnight At The Lost And Found', and it marks a change of producer with Tom Dowd replacing Jim Steinman, resulting in a new sound. The sleeve portrait (above) is by renowned photographer Skrebneski.

EDDY GRANT releases the follow-up to his recent No. 2 hit on April 15 — it's a Bajan remix of 'War Party' from the album 'Killer On The Rampage', coupled with 'Say I Love You'. There's also a 12-inch format containing an extended A-side, the African version of the B-side and a bonus track called 'Wipe Mon Fee'. It's on Ice Records through RCA.

TOM PETTY & The Heartbreakers' new single is their stage favourite 'Change Of Heart', taken from the 'Long After Dark' album, and coupled with 'Heartbreakers Beach Party' — it's issued by MCA this weekend. And BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* tomorrow (Friday) screens part of a concert they played in Germany shortly before Christmas.

DAVID THOMAS, former front man of the late Peter Ubu, releases his second solo album 'Winter Comes Home' on Recommended Records this week. He's accompanied by Lindsay Cooper and Chris Cutler.

SPANDAU BALLET, who've just started a series of UK concerts, release a new single on April 15 — the title track from their current album 'True', coupled with a remixed and edited version of 'Lifeline', and it's also available as a 12-inch. The single is "absolutely incredibly wonderful", say Chrysalis — but then, they would, wouldn't they?

● **Joy Dey,** a North London girl who used to work with Annie Lennox a few years back, has her single 'Gipsy Woman' out this week. Appropriately, it's on Gipsy Records, a new independent label run by former Virgin sales manager Anne Kelly.

● **The Wall** have re-packaged their debut album 'Personal Troubles & Public Issues' on Fresh Records (through Jungle and The Cartel), and reissue it this week at the budget price of £3.99, after it's been unavailable for 18 months. The band are now writing material for a new single on their current label, No Future Records.

● After being beset by many problems during the past year, **The Business** have finally got around to releasing their debut album 'Suburban Rebels', and they'll shortly be setting out on a nationwide tour. The LP is on Secret Records, as is the single 'Somebody In My Drain' by **Dinah Rod & The Drains,** self-styled purveyors of the "Willesden Sound"!

● **Design For Living** have their six-track mini-album 'Shouting Slowly' issued this week on their own Music For Living label, with distribution by Stage One. It was co-produced by Dave Formula (ex-Magazine and Visage keyboards man) and Tom Fawcett, the group's singer and writer.

● Holland's leading new music band **Nasmak** have been signed by Aura Records, who release their album 'Duel' this month — it's their third LP, but the first to appear in the UK. The four-piece group will be undertaking a short British tour in May.

● **Socrates** are the top rock group in Greece, and they've just signed a worldwide deal with Virgin. They are currently filling the support spot on the UFO farewell tour, and several of these gigs are being recorded for future use — one track will probably feature on the flip side of their first signle, to be released after the tour.

TONI BASIL has her new single 'Street Beat', her first for two years, released next week by Radialchoice. This coincides happily with BBC-2's screening of her second half-hour show *Toni Basil-Tape 2* tomorrow (Friday). Her second album is due out in May.

● **Johnny Lee,** who appeared in the Country Music Festival at Wembley last weekend, has a new single issued by Asylum titled 'Lookin' For Love' — which was featured on the soundtrack album 'Urban Cowboy'. The record bag features an entry form for a competition to win an expenses paid trip to Texas.

● **Rose Laurens** is a French vocalist who pops up this week with her single 'Africa (The Voodoo Master)'. It's already reached No.1 in her native France, earning a platinum disc there. Release is by Flarenasch Records, through WEA.

IRON MAIDEN'S new EMI single 'Flight Of Icarus', their first for almost a year, was penned by Adrian Smith and Bruce Dickinson. It marks the latter's songwriting debut with the band, as well as the first vinyl appearance of the band's new drummer Nicko McBrain. The B-side is a studio version of the Ronnie Montrose classic 'I've Got The Fire', one of their stage specialities. Their new album follows later in the spring to coincide with their UK tour.

THE BELLE STARS follow their smash hit 'Sign Of The Times' with a new single issued by Stiff this weekend, titled 'Sweet Memory'. It was penned by the girls, and has been a fixture in their stage set for some time. It comes in seven-inch form, either conventional or picture disc.

DAVID GRANT releases his first solo single since the demise of Linx — titled 'Stop And Go', it was produced by Steve Levine of Culture Club fame, and has the instrumental version on the B-side. The seven-inch format comes in a special poster bag, while the 12-inch master mix contains a poster in the sleeve.

THE BEATLES' third single 'From Me To You' is being issued by EMI as a picture disc on April 11, exactly 20 years after its original release. It will also be made available for the first time in a picture sleeve. It was the group's first No. 1 hit, and it has never been deleted in conventional black vinyl form.

FAT LARRY'S BAND follow their pre-Christmas hit 'Zoom' with a new single released by Virgin on April 15 — it's version of the 1962 Marvin Gaye classic 'Stubborn Kind Of Fellow', coupled with another newly recorded track 'Changes'. It comes in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter featuring an extended version of the A-side.

ZZ TOP release their first album since 1981 through WEA on April 15, an 11-track self-penned set titled 'Eliminator', which is said to reflect their passion for drag racing.

AL JARREAU releases a new album on Warners this weekend, simply titled 'Jarreau'. The nine tracks feature him backed by a number of top session men, including members of Toto and Chicago. A single from the LP, titled 'Mornin', will follow shortly.

JIM CAPALDI's new self-penned single 'That's Love', for WEA International release on April 15, was produced by his former Traffic colleague Steve Winwood — and it's a track from his upcoming album 'Fierce Heart'. The B-side of the single is 'Runaway'.

I. ROY this week releases his first album in two years on the Intense label. Titled 'Outer Limits', it features eight songs composed and produced by I. Roy, embellished by rhythms laid down by various star Jamaican musicians. There's also a special double-play cassette version, with the bonus of instrumental versions of all the songs. I. Roy is currently planning a spring UK tour

THE FIXX, newly returned from a lengthy tour of North America where their album 'Shuttered Room' has been figuring strongly in the charts, release their first single since last June on April 15 — it is 'Saved By Zero' coupled with 'Overboard', and it's on MCA. The band are about to start a world tour with A Flock Of Seagulls.

BILLY FURY has a new single released by Polydor on April 15, 'Let Me Go Lover' / 'Our Words', timed to coincide with the special tribute concert at Hayes Beck Theatre this Sunday. It's taken from his current album 'The One And Only', produced by Stuart Colman.

JUNIOR is currently finishing work on his new album for May release, and there are rumours of some British dates in the not-too-distant future. As already reported, his new single 'Communication Breakdown' is issued through Phonogram on April 15. Our picture shows James Brown presenting Junior with the *Billboard* Award for Best R&B Newcomer of 1982.

PROMOTION FROM LEAGUE

THE HUMAN LEAGUE release their first single of 1983 on April 15 — in fact, their first new material since their pre-Christmas hit 'Mirror Man'. It's called 'Fascination', and the seven-inch format is coupled with the instrumental 'Total Panic', while the 12-incher's B-side is 'Fascination Dub'. The latter also features an extended version of the A-side. The band are currently in the studio working on new material. Virgin is the label, of course.

● **Richard Bone** releases his debut album 'Brave Tales' this week on Survival Records (through Pinnacle). It features — and we quote — "12 complete brave tales amidst a backdrop of full-colour humour and hope". A picture disc version will follow shortly.

● CSA Records (distributed by PRT) have reissued the 12-inch single 'How Could I Let You Get Away' by **Sugar Minott,** a reggae cover version of a song previously recorded by The Detroit Spinners and Dennis Brown. Another 12-inch reissue is 'You Baby' by **Linval Thompson,** a song originally recorded by John Holt.

● Recommended Records are releasing three albums from Japan, all in their original sleeves — 'H' by **Hajime Tachibana** and self-named sets by **Katra Turana** and **Guernica** — and the label plans to issue more underground Japanese music in the coming months.

● Kabuki Records is a London-based label, working through Rough Trade, dedicated to the exposure of Irish artists. Out this week is the double A-side single 'Capital Letters' / 'April Fool' by Belfast band **Ruefrex,** formed in 1977 and now revitalised after a period in the wilderness.

● Red Rhino Records have launched the Paragon label, with the intention of releasing "music of quality". First issue is the album 'Libreville' by Manchester band **Biting Tongues,** who've recently been performing with Richard Strange's Cabaret Futura.

● Latest release on the Solotone label is a four-track cassette single by Kingston band **The Trudy,** titled 'Air-Commodore' It's distributed by Rough Trade, and is also available by mail order at £1.25 (including p&p) from Solotone, 2 The Glebe, Worcester Park, Surrey. The band are currently lining up a mini-tour to promote it.

SOUTH AFRICAN HARMONY

JULUKA are hugely successful in their native South Africa, where they play vast outdoor concerts to multi-racial audiences, and have won several gold discs. They now have a single titled 'Umbaqanga Music' issued here by Safari Records in both 7" and 12" formats, also as a seven-inch picture disc. Their album 'Scatterlings Of Africa' will follow later in the year, and it's possible that they will be touring Britain at that time.

● **L.G.T.,** the top Hungarian band who've just completed a UK tour with 10CC, have a new single released by EMI on April 11 — titled 'I Want To Be There', it's taken from their current album 'Too Long'.

● American funk band **Dynasty** release a new 12-inch single on Solar Records on April 15, titled 'Does That Ring A Bell' and taken from their current album 'Right Back At Cha!' The B-side features 'Love In The Fast Lane' and 'Give Your Love To Me', though the latter track doesn't appear on the seven-inch which comes out a week later.

● 'No Looking Back' is the new album from British-born **Gerald McMahon,** who now lives in California. He wrote, arranged and co-produced all ten tracks. It's on Full Moon Records, through Warners.

● Norfolk band **Airbridge** have formed their own label, with a view to providing an outlet for up-and-coming Anglian bands. First release on April 22 will be their own single. 'Words And Pictures' / 'Zero Minus One'. While distribution is being finalised, it's available at £1.30 (including p&p) from Rattees Records, Rattees Corner, Funden Hall, Norwich NR16 1EQ.

● Phonogram this month launch a mid-price album range called The Priceless Collection, featuring major releases from their back catalogues, and selling at under £3. The first supplement comprises four LPs by **10CC** and two each by **Van Morrison, Donna Summer, Black Sabbath, Thin Lizzy, Rod Stewart** and **Status Quo,** plus one by **Barry White.** Further releases will follow on a monthly basis, scheduled to tie in with artists' tours where possible.

● **Uproar,** whose latest single 'Die For Me' made the indies chart, have their debut album 'And The Lord Said Let There Be Uproar' issued on April 22 by Beat-The-System (a branch of Blackpool label Lightbeat Records). On the same date and label, three new EPs are 'No Views' by **External Menace,** 'Sad Society' by **Chaotic Youth** and the debut EP from **Post Mortem** featuring their girl singer Lorraine Carter. On the Lightbeat label, **IN2XS** have released their new 12-inch single 'Mamma Don't Dance', costing only 99p.

● Magnum Force have signed top Canadian hard rockers **Task Force** for the UK and European markets. First release will be a six-track mid-price mini-album designed to introduce the band over here, and it will appear on the company's subsidiary Thunderbolt label.

TOUR NEWS CONTINUED

DOLLY MIXTURE and Benjamin Zephaniah (April 21) and The Nightingales and Kevin Hewick (22) play benefits at London Fulham Greyhound in aid of World Weekend for Laboratory Animals — admission is £2, and Captain Sensible is expected to host both evenings. The Greyhound's benefit series last month, in aid of muscular dystrophy, raised £1342.

WEAPON OF PEACE have added another five dates to their extensive UK tour reported two weeks ago, which supports their new album 'Rainbow Rhythm' on Safari Records — at Bristol Dingwalls (April 27), London City University (28), London Mile End Queen Mary College (29), Portsmouth Polytechnic (30) and Loughborough University (May 27). Negotiations are under way for the band to play a big London open-air concert in June.

BRIAN BRAIN, the band fronted by PiL drummer Martin Atkins, have undergone a line-up change with the departure of Pete Jones. He had been with the band since its formation 2½ years ago, and has now been replaced by Margot Olavarria, one of the founder members of The Go-Go's. They're now rehearsing a new live set, and will be touring in the summer to promote their new single 'Funkyzoo'. Both Atkins and Jones continue to work with PiL.

PENDRAGON headline their first-ever Scottish tour with dates at Edinburgh Nite Club (April 21), Grangemouth New Imperial (22), Leven Golf Club and Wishaw Heathery Bar (both on 23), Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel (24) and Broxburn Astor Club (25), with one or two more still to be set. They then return south to play Cardiff University (April 30), Gloucester Barge Semington (May 4) and Worcester Waterside Club (5).

MEN AT WORK's two shows at London Lyceum Ballroom have been brought forward by 24 hours. They are now on May 24 and 25 (not 25-26 as originally announced).

TEARS FOR FEARS are to open the latest branch of Subway Records — the seventh in the chain — in Birmingham's New Street at 1pm this Saturday (16). Malcolm McLaren & The Buffalo Girls are making a personal appearance the following Saturday (16), and PAs by Steve Hackett and Modern Romance are in the pipeline.

THE READING Free Rock Festival is being held this year on Sunday, May 29, at the Reading Festival site. The organisers are looking for groups interested in perfomring at the event, and invite tapes to be sent to Nick Duckett, c/o Pop Records, 172 Kings Road, Reading.

DAVID GRANT & SKETCH have denied that they are to appear, either individually or as Linx, at London's Crystal Palace Bowl over August Bank Holiday Weekend. The promoter had last week named them as part of the bill for the Black Music Festival beng staged there at that time.

THE DAMNED and bassist Paul Gray have parted company, though there's no news yet about his replacement. Gray is currently on tour with UFO, which won't pay the rent for long, because they split up after the tour finishes at London Hammersmith Odeon next week.

DR. JOHN has added an extra last-minute gig to his upcoming UK tour. It's at London Putney Half Moon next Tuesday (12), and it now becomes the opening night of his schedule.

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE, the nine-piece London band who've just released their second single 'The Mighty Hands Of Love' on Innervision (through Epic), are to play a Sunday night residency at London Ronnie Scott's Club — on April 17 and 24, May 1 and 8. Advance tickets are £3, available from tomorrow (Friday). The band's debut album will be issued in July.

THE NASHVILLE TEENS remain one of the hardest working bands on the circuit, and are currently engaged in their 21st anniversary tour. They appear in the Billy Fury Memorial Concert at Hayes Beck Theatre this Sunday (10), and other dates set are High Wycombe Club House (tonight, Thursday), Croughton Club House (Saturday), London Brentford Red Lion (April 12), Finningley Rose & Acorn (13), Eastbourne Kings Club (15), London Kensington Adlib (16), Wokingham Angie's (17), Guildford Civic Hall (20), Cotishall No. 1 Club (21), Sandwich Pfizers Club (23), Deal Welfare Club (24), High Wycombe Nags Head (28), Shepperton The Goat (May 1), Braintree Consolidated Club (6), Kingston Dolphin (10), London E.C.2 The Old Brewery (19), Cambridge Isle of Ely College (21), Wokingham Angie's (22), Kingston The Grove (25), Gloucester College of Further Education (27), Oxford St. John's College (June 3) and Blackpool Yellow Submarine (11).

RALPH McTELL heads the bill at this year's Nottingham Folk Festival to be staged at the Bingham Leisure Centre on Friday evening, June 24, and all day Saturday (25). Among other confirmed acts are the Hank Wangford Band, Pete Bellamy, Roaring Jelly, Blowzabella and Kevin Seisay. Fringe attractions will include craft displays and workshops. A two-day ticket will cost £10, which is reduced to £7.50 if booked before May 1.

nationwide GIG GUIDE

Seagulls taking flight

JEEZ, how the blazes are we going to cope with so many highlights this week, with nearly 600 gigs leaving such a small space for comment? We're going to be brief, that's how! And we allot pride of place to A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS, who interrupt their remarkable US success (chart hits, sell-out tour and Grammy Award) for another string of British dates, opening in Aylesbury on Friday . . . And there's a welcome return to the circuit for ERIC CLAPTON with possibly the best band he's yet mustered, and he starts earning money for his cigarettes in Edinburgh on Friday and Saturday.

FORREST will be rocking the British boat from Sunday in Nottingham, while BAND AKA dispense joy from Saturday in Braintree, both recent chart entrants making their UK debuts. DR. JOHN starts a short tour with the Chris Barber Band in London on Tuesday, and singer-writer DEAN FRIEDMAN is also doing the rounds.

MANFRED MANN'S Earth Band make a rare London appearance at the Dominion on Wednesday, the first of two shows there, and ALEXEI SAYLE begins a spasmodic series of dates in Reading on Sunday. Also on the road are Fast Eddie Clarke's new band FASTWAY and INCANTATION, while NEW ORDER begin a Scottish mini-tour on Monday. Two outstanding Sunday shows are the BILLY FURY Memorial Concert in Hayes, and the Sizewell-B Campaign benefit at London Apollo with (among a host of others) MADNESS and UB40. Then there's . . . whoops, sorry, we're out of space.

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

thursday 7th

Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **Rent-a-Dep**
Basildon Raquels: **Boy's Own**
Birkenhead The Royal Castle: **Hybrid**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Duma Express: **Psikix**
Birmingham Odeon: **Spandau Ballet**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Climax Blues Band**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Expresso Bongo/Chapter One**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Exploited/Major Accident/The Blood/All Over The Carpet**
Bridgend Recreation Centre: **Linda Cassady/Dave Bryan & Moonshine**
Brighton New Regent: **Abrasive Wheels/Street Aliens**
Brighton The Centre: **James Last Orchestra**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Durutti Column**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Harfoot Brothers**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Chorley The Outbuilding: **Le LuLu's**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Dean Friedman**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Laslo & The Leopards**
Derby Chamaille's Wine Bar: **Duo Nov**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Loudon Wainwright III**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Edinburgh Dance Factory: **The Higsons**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **On The Level**
Glasgow Kelvin Hall: **Don Williams**
Grimsby Folk Club: **John & Phil Cunningham**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Centurion**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Stray/Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Hartlepool Nursery Inn: **The Amazing Outer Limits**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Inn: **School Report**
High Wycombe Club House: **The Nashville Teens**
Hull City Hall: **Fastway/Rock Goddess**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Undertones**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **The Albion Band**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **The Lost Pandas/The Chorus**
Leeds Warehouse: **Sisters Of Mercy**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Cry Cry Cry/Locarno Honeymoon**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton The Ace: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/The Newtown Neurotics/Captain J.J. Waller**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Chris Farlowe/Gonzalez**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Climb/Zurich II**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis/Brian Dee Trio (until Saturday)**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Chris Difford & Glenn Tilbrook's musical *Labelled With Love* (until Sunday)**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **I.Q.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Juvessance**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Shea/Kissed Air**
London Fulham King's Head: **John Otway**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Claire Dowie**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Danse Society/X-Mal Deutschland/Ipso Facto**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Milkshakes**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Red Richards & Dill Jones (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **Magnum**
London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: **Sonny King & The Sons Of Swing**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sketch**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Skrewdriver**
London Putney Half Moon: **Here & Now**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London S.E.5 Longfield Hall (3pm): **Jazira**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Box/Frank Chickens**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Arena: **Joan Armatrading**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mataya & His Band**
London Willesden The Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Swimming To France/Facing West**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Morrissey Mullen**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Big Country**
Manchester The Gallery: **Orange Juice**
Milborne Port Tapps Nightclub: **Chapter Twenty Nine/The Scarlet Downs**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Natural Roots**
Newcastle (Wallsend) Buddle Arts Centre: **East Side Torpedoes**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Twisted Sister**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Chrome Molly**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Sunfly**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Planxty**
Reading Target Club: **Terraplane**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Special 20**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Winter Quarters**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Bucks Fizz**
Southampton The Crown: **Unicorn**
Stevenage Gordon Craig Theatre: **Tom Robinson**
Stockport Smugglers: **Dead Man's Shadow**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Jackie Lynton Band**
Whitley Bay Royal Banqueting Hall: **Suspicions Confirmed/Deviation**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**
Yeovil The Somerset Inn: **Dave Walters**

friday 8th

Aylesbury Friars: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Barrow Ambrose Hotel: **The Instructions/P.B.E.**
Belfast Kings Hall: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Birmingham Carlton Ballroom: **Climax Blues Band**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **As One/Shady Deals**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Undertones**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Bucks Fizz**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Icons Of Filth/Corruption**
Bristol Colston Hall: **UFO**
Bristol Dingwalls: **The Cobras**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Elkie Brooks**
Cambridge Fisher Hall: **Black Heart with Valerie Stewart/Hondo**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Clannad**
Chelmsford Heroes: **Dead Man's Shadow**
Chipping Sodbury Common: **Red Ice Cosmic Blues Experience**
Colne Francs: **The Go-Betweens**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Travelling Riverside Blues Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **From Eden**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Twisted Sister**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Eric Clapton Band**
Feltham Football Club: **The Exploited**
Glasgow Hard Rock Cafe: **Chasar**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Higsons**
Glasgow Pavilion: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **The No. 2 Band**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Loudon Wainwright III**
Halifax Civic Theatre: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Hanley The Vine: **Tower Struck Down**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle**
Hatfield The Forum: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Hereford The Bull: **Soldier**
Hitchin The Regal: **The Enid**
Hornsea Floral Hall: **Big Country**
Hull Dingwalls: **Durutti Column**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Let's Eat**
Lincoln Theatre Royal: **Incantation**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Planxty**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Don Williams**
Liverpool Lincoln's Inn: **Kennedy In Elgar/Mark Reaney**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Black**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Brentford Red Lion: **G.B. Blues Co. with Root Jackson**
London Brixton The Ace: **Dennis Bovell**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Mobiles/Zoo Q**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Camden Irish Centre: **Carol Grimes & Friends/Highlife International**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham Landor Hotel: **Sonny King & The Sons Of Swing**
London Farringdon The Metropolitan: **Tymon Dogg/Chamberpot**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mud**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gas/Ghost**
London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Adasstra Phase**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Framed/Still Life**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Marquee Club: **Rock Goddess**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Just Lee/Kentucky County**
London N.W.2 Hoys Grunt: **John Mizarolli**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Stan Tracey Quartet/Siger Small Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Pete Allen Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Five-A-Side**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London S.W.8 Patmore Youth Centre (2.30pm): **Pauline Melville**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Futile Hurling/Twelve Cubic Feet/The Very Busy Man**
London Tower Bridge Rd. The Copper: **The Drabstyles/The West City Five**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hanoi Rocks**
London Wembley Arena: **The Kids from Fame**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Wild About Harry/The False Dots/Something Foreign**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The Hollywood Killers**
Macclesfield Lemon Kelly's: **Highway 61**
Macclesfield Park Tavern: **Ex-Directory**
Maidenhead The Bell: **The Reactors**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Oshama**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Dean Friedman**
Manchester The Gallery: **Victor Drago/James**
Morecambe Carleton Inn: **Linda Cassady/Dave Bryan & Moonshine**
Nether Compton Hall: **Scarlet Downs**
Newport Pagnall The Cannon: **Temporary Forever**
Norwich Premises: **Tom Robinson**
Oxford Appol Theatre: **Tears For Fears**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Jackie Lynton Band**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Peterborough Farcitt Club: **Tamarisk**
Preston Guildhall: **James Last Orchestra**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Danse Society/Final Episode**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Dave Brubeck**
Rugby Railway Club: **The D.T.'s**
Scarborough Taboo Club: **Major Accident/The Blood**
Sheffield Dingwall: **Fastway**
Sunderland Mecca: **Hellanbach**
Wolverly Lock Stock & Barrel: **John & Phil Cunningham**

saturday 9th

Banbury Football Club: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Basingstoke Breakaway Club: **Larry Miller Band**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Go-Betweens/Symbols & Alchemists**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Joan Armatrading**
Birmingham Odeon: **Tears For Fears**
Birmingham The Mermaid: **Xpertz/Mystic Revelation**
Birmingham Wythal Park Hall: **Linda Cassady/Dave Bryan & Moonshine**
Brackmell Bridge House: **Expresso Bongo/The Ballistics**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Pat Ryan**
Braintree Essex Barn: **Band AKA**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **Scarlet Downs**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Elkie Brooks**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Dead Man's Shadow**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Cirencester Phoenix Centre: **Red Hot Mango Chutney Band**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Spandau Ballet**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Mira Movement/1200 Packed Tightly**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Croydon The Star: **Tony McPhee Band**
Cumnock Dumfries Arms: **Chasar**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Eric Clapton**
Gateshead Collingwood Arms: **Total Chaos/The End**
Gateshead The Ravenshill: **Camp Fabulous/Damian**
Grimsby Central Hall: **Fastway/Rock Goddess**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Boys Will Be Boys**
Hanley The Vine: **Skating For Cover**
Harrogate The Centre: **Don Williams**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **The Undertones**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **John Otway**
Huddersfield Merlin's Nest: **Fault**
Hull Dingwalls: **Discovolisk**
Lancaster Param's Club: **Le Lulu's**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Loudon Wainwright III**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **The Dubliners**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Climax Blues Band**
Liverpool Warehouse: **King**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Seducer**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dave Kelly Band/Wipeout**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doctor K's Blues Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London East Ham Burnell Arms: **Sonny King & The Sons of Swing**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Screaming Lobsters/Agent Orange**
London Fulham King's Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Sunglasses After Dark**
London Hammersmith Odeon: ***Battle Of The Bands* Final with Umo Vogue/Kick Partners/Moscow/Sugar Ray Five/Dutch/Blase**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Court: **Stu Hamer Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Tommy Burton's Sporting House Quartet**
London Putney Half Moon: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Cambridge City Jazzband**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Alan Elsdon Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Borderline**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Belinda Blanchard/Brian Bailey/John Rowe/The Czechs**
London Wembley Arena: **The Kids From Fame**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Gymslips/The Academic Hamiltons**
Luton Library Theatre: **Tom Robinson**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Jump**
Manchester The Galley: **Yessir**
Middlesbrough Cavern Club: **Major Accident/The Blood**
Newcastle Buddle Arts Centre: **Dean Friedman**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Durutti Column**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Airbridge**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Cilla Black**
Oxford Croughton Club House: **The Nashville Teens**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tony McPhee Band**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Jam Ja**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Retford Porthouse: **Jimmy James & The Vagabonds**
Sheffield City Hall: **James Last Orchestra**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Silent Running**
Staines Town Hall: **The Enid**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **UFO**
Trowbridge Cascades: **Tokyo Olympics**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Cilla & Artie Trezise**
Wisham Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

sunday 10th

Blackpool Opera House: **James Last Orchestra**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Incantation**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cannington The Malt Shovel: **Dave Walters**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Spandau Ballet**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The London Apaches (lunchtime)/Short Stories (evening)**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Cornerboys**
Farnham The Maltings (noon-11pm): **Michael Chapman & Rick Kemp/Martin Simpson/Roaring Jelly/English Country Blues Band/John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris etc.**
Glasgow Pavilion: **Loudon Wainwright III**
Haynes Beck Theatre: **Billy Fury Memorial Concert with Marty Wilde/Joe Brown/Lyn Paul/Alvin Stardust/Rocky Sharpe & The Replays/Dave Berry/Mike Read/Tony Prince/Brian Poole/Craig Douglas/Helen Shapiro/etc.**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kirkcaldy Folk Club: **John Cunningham**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Leicester (Shearsby) Bath Hotel: **The D.T.'s**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Twisted Sister**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Swamp Creatures**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Deptford The Duke: **Sonny King & The Sons Of Swing**
London Finchley Torrington: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers/TNT**
London Fulham King's Head: **Little Sister**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Rae James Quintet**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Brothers of Beat/Dancing In the Ruins**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Chaos/Disease/Manic Jabs**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
London Mile End Half Moon Theatre: **The Copy/Regular Music**
London N.W.2 Hogs Court: **Bernie Tyrell's Salisbury Stompers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **The 45's**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Brass Impact Big Band (lunchtime)/Will Hastie Quintet (evening)**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Combo Passe**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Red Richards**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Tears For Fears**
London Statford Green Man (lunchtime): **Radio Radio/Crime Of Passion/Tax Dodge**
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **Tom Robinson**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Benefit Concert for Sizewell-B Campaign with Madness/UB40/Darts/ Lynsey De Paul/Michael Palin & Terry Jones/Rik Mayall/Difford & Tilbrook etc.**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **High Zierra/Bo Bo**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Widow**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Cambridge City Jazzband**
Luton Pink Elephant: **Band AKA**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Don Williams**
Manchester The Gallery: **Major Accident/The Xposez/The Blood**
Newcastle City Hall: **Eric Clapton Band**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Sutton Leisure Centre: **Forrest**
Plymouth Theatre Royal: **Bucks Fizz**
Poole Arts Centre: **UFO**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Wassailers**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Alexei Sayle**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Big Country**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **The Howdy Boys**
Southend (Leigh) Grand Hotel: **The Shakers/Garage Beat**
Stafford Borough Hall: **Climax Blues Band**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Chris Farlowe/Gonzalez**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Dead Man's Shadow**
Tadcaster The Forge Inn: **Winter Quarters**
Thatcham Silks: **Tony McPhee Band/Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**

monday 11th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Basildon Roundacre Club: **English Rogues**
Bath Pavilion: **Tears For Fears**
Birmingham Night Out: **The Stylistics (for a week)**
Bournemouth The Academy: **Band AKA**

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MORE GIG GUIDE

Bradford Manhattan Club: **The Go-Betweens/Volume II**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Tamarisk**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Chase The Fade**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Just Good Friends**
Edinburgh Coasters: **New Order**
Edinburh Dance Factory: **Big Country**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **James Last Orchestra**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Fastway/Rock Goddess**
Gateshead Dixielanders: **Junco Partners**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Twisted Sister**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The System**
London Barbican Centre: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Brixton The Ace: **Horace Andy**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Up For Grabs/Eko Eko/Table Talk**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **QE3**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Exceptions/Facing West**
London Fulham King's Head: **Count Letloose & Chasers**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Major Accident/The Blood**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Lemming Glass Co./Monomix**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Lou Levy & Wayne Marsh**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Weazle Band**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Bobby Wellins Quartet/Jim Mullen**
London Putney Half Moon: **Peter Rohan**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Frog Island Band**
London Shaftesbury Ave. Lyric Theatre: **Barbara Dickson in *Blood Brothers* (for a season)**
London Southgate Pink Elephant: **Forrest**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Limehouse**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Fracture/Ashen Grey**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Joan Armatrading**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Cheaters**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R & B All Stars**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos**
Plymouth Ronnie's: **The Works**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **The Press**
Preston Target Club: **Le Lulu's**
Sheffield City Hall: **A Flock of Seagulls**

DR. JOHN starts his night trips on Tuesday

Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **UFO**
Southampton Guildhall: **Incantation**
Southend Zero Six: **Dave Kelly Band**
Spennymoor Recreation Centre: **Jess Cox**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**

tuesday 12th

Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Lennie Best/Art Themen**
Brighton The Centre: **The Kids From Fame**
Brighton Dome: **UFO**
Bristol Barton Hill Youth Club (lunchtime): **Now We Are Six**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Band AKA**
Croydon Cartoon: **Dancing Corners**
Darlington Lucinda's: **Major Accident**
Derby Stitchers: **Fault**
Dundee Dance Factory: **Big Country**
Edinburgh Music Hall at the Assembly Rooms: **New Order**
Edinburgh Queen's Hall: **Loudon Wainwright III**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **James Last Orchestra**
Hull City Hall: **A Flock of Seagulls**
Ipswich Corn Exchange: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Gentleman In Paris**
Lancaster University: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Leeds Brannigans: **The Go-Betweens**
Leeds New Venture Club: **Le Lulu's**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Prince Hammer/Undivided Roots**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Eric Clapton Band**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Nashville Teens**
London Brixton The Ace: **Zzebbra**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Solstice**
London Camden The Palace: **Gene Loves Jezebel**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Alfie Notes & The Hot Shots**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bad Detective/Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Legendary Luton Kippers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **A Scanner Darkly/The Anonymous Sisters**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Kensington Rainbow Suite: **Sonny King & The Sons Of Swing/New Dynamite Band/The Strollers**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Lou Levy & Wayne Marsh**
London Leicester-Square Tribe Club: **Action Pact/Wet Paint Theatre Co.**
London Marquee Club: **Flag Of Convenience/Case**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Joe Concorde Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Subhumans/A-Head/Naked**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dr. John**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Don Weller/Dave Suttle Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Planxty**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **No Mercy/Ghost**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Flying Pickets**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Manchester (Ashton) Metro Theatre: **Twisted Sister**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Dave Saul Quartet**
Manchester The Gallery: **Tokyo Olympics**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Pressure**
Northampton Derngate Centre: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Nottingham Rock City: **Fastway/Rock Goddess**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Don Williams**
Peterborough Key Theatre: **Gordon Giltrap**
Pontypridd Treforest Estate Club: **Mad Dog**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **Wow!**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **A Mirror Crack'd**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Tears For Fears**
Southend Talk Of The South: **Forrest**
Swansea The Hafod Inn: **Dave Walters**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Enid**
Watford Verulam Arms: **The Blood Oranges**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**
Worthing Pavilion: **Dave Friedman**
York The Cross Keys: **Hearts In Rhythm**

wednesday 13th

Birkenhead Sir James Club: **The Enid**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **The Kids From Fame**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bradford Fagins: **The Page Boys/Justin Sullivan**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Leo Sayer**
Brighton The Centre: **Don Williams**
Corby Festival Hall: **Incantation**
Coventry Busters: **Dean Friedman**
Derby Blue Note: **Durutti Column**
Doncaster (Finningley) Rose & Acorn Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Dunstable The Wheatsheaf: **Gothique**
Glasgow Kelvin Hall: **James Last Orchestra**
Glossop The Trap Inn: **Jonny Brylcream**
Guildford The Royal Stoughton: **Creatures Of Darkness**
Hayes Beck Theatre: **Dr. John/Chris Barber Band**
Hull Dingwalls: **Prince Hammer/Undivided Roots**
Inverness Rose St. Hall: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The System/The Alternative/Andyt/Annie Anxiety**
Leamington Spa Hinton's: **Withdrawal/Third Circle/Brum Zoom**
Leeds Brannigans: **Abrasive Wheels/The Expelled**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Llantrisant The Cross Keys: **Dave Walters**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Popsicle**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Host of Toasters**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Carol Grimes Blues Night**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jess Cox & Friends/Caffrey**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Great Baboons of Gloom**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Boy's Own/Wahiv**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On the Park: **Keith Nichols & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Reactors**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Loose Talk**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Buzz Green Jump Jive Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Lou Levy & Wayne Marsh (until Saturday)**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Southern Comfort**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Manfred Mann's Earth Band**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Dave Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Ground Zero/Tiny Town**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Night Train**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Clock DVA**
Manchester The Gallery: **Gordon Giltrap**
Morley The Brunswick: **Fault**
Newcastle City Hall: **Joan Armatrading**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **East Side Torpedoes**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Mister Meaner**
Northampton Derngate Centre: **The Spinners**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Runcorn The Cherry Tree: **Hybrid**
Sheffield City Hall: **Marillion/Peter Hammill**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Pressure**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **UFO**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stirling University: **New Order**
Sunderland Zero 29 Club: **Tokyo Olympics**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms: **Forrest**
Woking Centre Halls: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**

BARBICAN CENTRE
HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS present
CLANNAD
IN CONCERT
THURSDAY 14th APRIL 8pm
TICKETS FROM £4.00 AVAILABLE FROM BARBICAN CENTRE BOX OFFICE (CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS 01 638 8891, RESERVATION ENQUIRIES; 01628 8795) AND USUAL AGENTS

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Departure Wed. 8th June, returning Fri. 10th June.
YOUR CONCERT PRICE INCLUDES:
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I wish to book ... place(s) for the ..... CONCERT on ..... 1983 with coach travel from .....
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THE NEW MOONLIGHT
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Tel: 01-624 7611
Wednesday 6th April £1.50 EXPOSURE + The Workshop
Thursday 7th April £1.50 DECOY AVENUE + Tyjun
Friday 8th April £1.50 WILD ABOUT HARRY + False Dots + Something Foreign
Saturday 9th April £1.75 THE GYMSLIPS + The Academic Hamiltons
Sunday 10th April £1.50 HIGH ZIERRA + Bobo
Monday 11th April £1.50 FRACTURE + Ashen Grey
Tuesday 12th April £1.50 NO MERCY + Ghost
Wednesday 13th April £1.50 ROUND ZERO + Tiny Town

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175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD. W.6
Thursday 7th April £1.50 SHEA + Kissed Air
Friday 8th April £1.50 THE GAS + Ghost
Saturday 9th April £2.00 THE SCREAMING LOBSTERS featuring Paul Fox + Agent Orange
Sunday 10th April THE DIRTY STRANGERS + T.N.T.
Monday 11th April £1.25 THE EXCEPTIONS + Facing West
Tuesday 12th April £1.25 BAD DETECTIVE + Facing West
Wednesday 13th April £1.50 JESS COX ex. Tygers Of Pan Tang & FRIENDS + Support Band Caffrey
We would like to thank all who supported the benefit gigs for MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY. Total Raised £1342

PLP present
LIVE·FROM·THE·U·S·A
TWISTED SISTER
PLUS infidel
LYCEUM BALLROOM
Tuesday 19th April 8pm
£3.50 box office, Wellington St., WC2, 01 836 3715 and usual agents

FAC 51
THE HAÇIENDA
Thursday 7th April
BIG COUNTRY
Wednesday 13th April
CLOCK D.V.A.
Thursday 14th April
DURRUTTI COLUMN
Wednesday 20th April
THE GUN CLUB
Thursday 21st April
KLAUSE SCHULZE
N.B. Monday-Thursday Admission Free to Members before 11.00p.m. This does not apply to nights Live acts appear.
Monday night is now funk night with HEWAN CLARKE and special guests.
11-13 WHITWORTH ST., WEST MANCHESTER
061-236 5051

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

SILVER JUBILEE marquee

1958 1983

90 WARDOUR ST W1 01-4376603

Thursday 7th April (Adm £2.00)
PAUL INDER BAND
Plus Support & D.J. Jerry Floyd

Friday 8th April (Adm £3.00)
ROCK GODDESS
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 9th April (Adm £2.50)
Farewell Appearance of
NO DICE
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 10th April (Adm £2.00)
WRATHCHILD
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Monday 11th April (Adm £2.00)
SCARLET PARTY
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 12th April (Adm £2.00)
FLAG OF CONVENIENCE
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 13th April (Adm £2.00)
TWELTH NIGHT
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 14th & Friday 15th April (Adm £2.00)
'TAKE ME BACK TO NEW ORLEANS' SHOW with
THE CHRIS BARBER BAND
Featuring from the USA
DR JOHN

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

ACE DELUXE

Tel 274 4663
100 yds — Brixton Tube
(Next to Town Hall)
Brixton Hill SW2

Wednesday 6th April	VIRGIN PRUNES + RITUAL + U.T.	£3.00
Thursday 7th April	PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES + THE NEWTOWN NEUROTICS + SERGEANT STONE	£2.50
Friday 8th April	RACE TODAY PRESENTS DENNIS BOVELL DUB BAND	£3.50
Saturday 9th April	THE IVORY COASTERS + URBAN SHAKEDOWN	£2.50*
Monday 11th April	HORACE ANDY, MATS MELAN + THE JAH SHAKA Sound System	£3.00
Thursday 14th April	PHONE FOR DETAILS	
	COMING SOON	
26th April	BO DIDDLEY + THE NIGHTINGALES	£4.00
28th April	THE ADICTS + Atila The Stockbroker + The Newtown Neurotics	£2.50
29th April	THE MONOCHROME SET + THE FRANK CHICKENS and Surpise guests	£3.00
30th April	CARMEL + LAUREL & HARDY	£3.00
5th May	THE CHI-LITES	£3.50

All Gigs marked * ½ price to Ace Cardholders.

Tickets on Sale Now — at Red Records + Premier Box Office London Theatre Bookings + Rough Trade + The Cage in the gear Market (Punk Gigs only) —Kings Road — ALL SHOWS DOORS 7.30 pm

FLICKS

Kent Road, Dartford, Kent

Thursday 14th April
SEXAGISMA

Thursday 21st April
KING

Admission £2.00 before 10.00 p.m.

Tel: DARTFORD 25520

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Wednesday 6th April £3.00
DURUTTI COLUMN
+ The Loved One

Monday 11th April £2.50
XMAL DEUTCHLAND
+ Gene Loves Jezabel

Thursday 7th April £2.50
THE BOX
+ The Biting Tongues

Tuesday 12th April £2.50
SWINGING LAURELS

Friday 8th April £3.00
HANOI ROCKS
+ Urban Dogs

Wednesday 13th April £2.50
WEAPON OF PEACE

Saturday 9th April £3.50
MORRISEY MULLEN

Thursday 14th April £2.50
THIN MEN
+ Baby Go Boom

COMING SOON

Friday 15th April £5.50
THE BAND AKA

Saturday 16th April £5.50
THE BAND AKA

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

OUTLAW PRESENTS

STEVE HACKETT

IN CONCERT

SAT 30th APRIL & SUN 1st MAY
7.30pm

Tickets £4.50 £4.00 FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

MCP presents

FRANK MARINO

and

MAHOGONY RUSH

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
FRI 29th APRIL, 8.00pm

Tickets £4.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081.
and usual agents.

KINGS HEAD

4 FULHAM HIGH ST: 736 1413

Wednesday 6th April £1.50
BASILS BALLS UP BAND
Thursday 7th April £2.00
JOHN OTWAY
Friday 8th April £1.50
THE 45's
Saturday 9th April £2.00
RED BEANS AND RICE
Sunday 10th April £1.50
LITTLE SISTER
Monday 11th April £1.00
THE CHASERS
Tuesday 12th April £1.00
THE LEGENDARY LUTON KIPPERS

The Rockgarden entertainment

Fiesty, micro-chip pop from:
the CLIMB
Thu Apr 7th:
"Lush orchestral manoeuvres... a feisty little pop group.

Superior modern dance and electro-pop music from:
the secret seven
FRI 8th
"...the future purveyors of pop finery... .a musical phenomenon...encapsulate the kaleidoscope of current pop virtues with a zestful exuberence..." NME

Memphis beat and bop from:
Roddy Radiation & the tearjerkers
SAT 9th
Ex-Specials' guitarist forsaking rock steady for quiffy beat music from the drive-in movie era. Great fun.

Sun 10th: SOLO SONS + VENDETTA

Mon 11th: THE JOURNEY THROUGH + KILLER KOALA

Tue 12th: EASTERN ALLIANCE + THE ILLUSIONZ

Boogie-woogie, skiffle and jive with:
the Chevalier brothers
WED 13th
Trio who rediscovered the tea-chest bass and set out to conquer the world with a whackily infectious blend of roots rock and rhythm.

Soul and dive-bar renaissance with:
the family RICO
THU 14th
Quintet who respect the classic forms of popular music - soul/R 'n' B/ hard bop - and revitalize rather than merely revive them. Kitsch, it ain't.

Venue opens 8pm till late except on Sun -days, then: 7.30pm till 12pm.

Licensed bar + cocktails + records and dancing. Minimum age: 18 years.

Restaurant opens 12am till late.

WE'RE ON THE CORNER of KING & JAMES STREETS. OLD COVENT GARDEN. W.C.2.
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HALF MOON PUTNEY PRESENTS

DOCTOR JOHN

AND HIS BAND

Tuesday 12th April 8.00pm
Tickets 788 2387

LE BEAT ROUTE

WEDS. Don't blink! or you'll miss 25p a drink! all night! £5 Boys £4 Girls

THURSDAY Ladies Night Free admission for girls Drinks 50p all night!

FRIDAY Friday night at Le Beat Route with Steve Dean Carlo

TUES. "NOTHING BUT A PARTY" Sounds of the swinging 60s £3

MON PARTY NIGHT

EVERY SAT. is NEW YEAR'S EVE! Drinks 50p with Free Bubbly at midnight! Plus live cabaret! Entrance £5.00

Open 9.00 p.m. to 3.30 a.m. Licensed until 3.00 a.m.

17 Greek St., London. W1. Tel: 437-5782 night

Right of admission reserved

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19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1. Phone 468287

Thursday 7th April SISTERS OF MERCY	Thursday 14th April CLOCK DVA
Wednesday 13th April THE DUB CLUB	Tuesday 19th April THE GUN CLUB

LATE BAR 9-2a.m Sunday Gigs doors open 7.30p.m-10.30p.m.

MCP presents

FASTWAY

Special Guests ROCK GODDESS

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
SATURDAY 23rd APRIL 7.30 P.M.
Tickets £4.00, £3.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081
Albemarle, Keith Prowse, Premier, LTB

TOO HOT TO HANDLE!

Benefit concert in aid of Sizewell 'B' Power Station public enquiry fund

TOM CONTI ● JULIE COVINGTON ● DARTS ● CHRIS DIFFORD & GLENN TILBROOK ● HEEBEEGEEBEES ● NEIL INNES ● PAUL JONES ● TERRY JONES ● RICK MAYALL & THE YOUNGS ONES ● DIANA QUICK ● HAZEL O'CONNOR ● MICHAEL PALIN ● Members of MADNESS ● UB40 ● PAMELA STEVENSON ●

Simon Callow ● Pete Capaldi ● Jeanette Charles ● Nicholas Clay ● Lynsey De Paul ● The Great Soprendo ● Dusty Hughes ● The Maddy Prior Band ● Magdalena ● Kenneth Robinson ● Ronnie Scott ● John Sessions ● Alison Steadman ● Christopher Timothy ● Jan Waters ● Philip York ● Bert Jansch ●

at **The APOLLO Theatre, VICTORIA**

on Sunday 10th April at 7.30 pm
Tickets from The Apollo Victoria
17 Wilton Road, SW1, Victoria Tube
Tel: 01-828 8665 or 01-834 6177/0253
All credit cards accepted
at £5, £7.50, £10, £15, £20, £25

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

ROCK CITY
Talbot Street, Nottingham
Tel: 0602 412544
Open 8pm—2am

Tuesday 12th April £3.00 Adv
FAST WAY
Thursday 14th April £2.50 Adv
BIG COUNTRY
Wednesday 11th May £4.00 Adv
MAZE
Featuring FRANKIE BEVERLY
Wednesday 25th May £2.50 Adv
HANOI ROCKS
Tuesday 31st May £3.00 Adv
MAGNUM
Wednesday 1st June £3.00 Adv
CHINA CRISIS

Must be over 18 years of age. Tickets from Rock City Box Office. Selectadisc Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords & Way Ahead Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Mirage, Leicester. The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from Rock City enclosing S.A.E.

U.B.U. ENTERTAINMENT
presents

Tuesday 19th April
JOHN MARTYN
+ Support
at Bradford University Communal Building
Tickets £2.75 advance
£3.25 door

Monday 25th April
STEVE HACKETT
+ Support
In the Communal Building
Tickets £3.50 advance
£4.00 door

Tickets for the above events are available from Bostocks Records, Bradford, Union shop on campus or by post.
Enquiries BRADFORD 734135.
Gigs open to the public.

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Derek Block presents
the belle stars
plus guests
SUNDAY 1st MAY 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE (01-748-2812)
KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS STAR GREEN & USUAL AGENTS

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS presents
little Steven and the DISCIPLES OF SOUL
MONDAY 2nd MAY 7.30pm
ADVANCE TICKETS £4.50
FROM BOX OFFICE 01-748-2812 & USUAL AGENTS

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

APRIL
7, 8, 9, 10 Leo Sayer
8, 9 Kids From Fame
9 Battle Of The Bands
12 Planxty
13, 14 Manfred Mann
14 U.F.O.
15 U.F.O.
15, 16 Gil Scott-Heron
16 Jerry Lee Lewis
17, 18 Marillion
17 Big Country
18 Tears For Fears
19 Twisted Sister
19, 20 OMD
23 Fastway
23, 24 Joni Mitchell
24 The Gun Club
26 Flock of Seagulls
27, 28 Miles Davies
29 Mahogany Rush
30, 31 Steve Hackett

MAY
1 Bo Diddley
1 Belle Stars
2, 3, 4 Santana
5 Spear Of Destiny
5, 6. Maze
9 Philip Jap
9 OMD
11 Thompson Twins
15 Sex Gang Children
11, 12, 13, 14, 15 Johnny Mathis
13, 14 Dionne Warwick
16-29 Liza Minelli
17, 18 and 20 Rush
21, 22 London Blues Festival
26, 27, 28 Iron Maiden
28 Aswad
29 Little River Band
30, 31 Kajagoogoo

JUNE
2, 3 Weather Report
4, 5 Motorhead

JULY
4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 Jasper Carrol
18 Echo & The Bunnymen

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PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME
SEND S.A.E. FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS

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Metro
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE MANCHESTER
061-330 1993

Tuesday 12th April £2.50 Adv
TWISTED SISTER
Wednesday 20th April £2.50 Adv
SPEAR OF DESTINY
Sunday 1st May £2.50 Adv
PAUL WELLER'S RESPOND PACKAGE
staring
TRACY VAUGHN TOULOUSE & THE QUESTIONS
Monday 30th May £3.00 Adv
MAGNUM
Tickets available from Box Office, Piccadilly Records & Paperchase Manchester B.F.

HAPPY REFUGEES
Monday 11th April
Putting the smile back on the face of music, like their favourites: The Modern Lovers, The Seeds & The Stooges
Admission £1.00 8.30p.m.
Pindar of Wakefield, Grays Inn Rd (near Kings Cross)

WORDS
Queensway Hall DUNSTABLE (0582) 603326
BARRY CLARKE

Thursday 7th April — 7.45pm
JoBOXERS
Friday 8th April — 7.45pm
TWISTED SISTER
Tickets from Box Office, F.L. Moores Dunstable, Record City Luton, Classical Rock Harpendon, Record Room St Albans, B & A Bletchley, EGE Watford 42493 or on Doors.

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 7th April £1.00
BARNEY'S 50'S DISCO
Friday 8th April £1.50
FRAMED
featuring Enid Williams from Girlschool
+ Still Life
Saturday 9th April £1.50
SUNGLASSES AFTER DARK
+ Support
Sunday 10th April £1.00
BROTHERS OF BEAT
+ Dancing In The Ruins
Monday 11th April £1.00
LEMMING GLASS CO.
+ Monomix
Tuesday 12th April £1.00
A SCANNER DARKLY
+ The Anonymous Sisters
Wednesday 13th April £1.00
BOYS OWN + Wahiv
Real Ale Served 7.30 - 11.00pm

WILF A. WALKER FOR BLACK PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS
GIL SCOTT-HERON
WITH AMNESIA EXPRESS
FRI/SAT 15/16 APRIL 7.30-MIDNIGHT
AT THE COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE
HIGH ST KEN
TICKETS £5.00 FROM /
ADVANCE BOX OFFICE (229 7483/602 3063/603 4535 Ex228)
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RYTHMN RECORDS, CAMDEN HIGH STREET
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EXTRA DATE!!!! THURSDAY APRIL 14TH
+ RUSH RELEASE EP "JOHANNESBURG"

THE CORPORATION
BOURNEMOUTH MIDNIGHT EXPRESS CLUB
Friday 8th April

Live Ads. in NME are read by more people than those in any other music weekly
SOURCE NRS JAN./JUNE 1982

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

LONDON
Camden Lock Chalk Farm Road London NW1 267 4967

WED 6
DAVID LINDLEY & EL RAYO-X
THUR 7
CHRIS FARLOWE
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
GONZALEZ
FRI 8
THE MOBILES
SUPPORTED BY
ZOO-Q
FRI 9
DAVE KELLY BAND
SUPPORTED BY
WIPEOUT
MON 11
UP FOR GRABS
WITH BARRY MASTERS
EKO EKO
TABLE TALK.
TUES 12
SOLSTICE
WED 13
THE HOST OF TOASTERS
REGGAE DISCO. GUEST TOASTERS.
THUR 14
FROM U.S.A.
SENSATIONAL DOO-WOP ACCAPELLO
FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL
WITH GUESTS ULTRAMARINES
FRI 15
LAVERNE BROWN
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS MATAYA
SAT 16
EAST SIDE TORPEDOES
SUPPORTED BY SALAMANDER

NEWCASTLE
Waterloo St. City Centre, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne
Tel. 0632 324156
FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER
WED 6
THE UNDERTONES
THUR 7
REGGAE NIGHT
NATURAL ROOTS
(EX MISTY IN ROOTS)
FRI 8
RADIO LOLLIPOP CHARITY SHOW
SAT 9
DURUTTI COLUMN
MON 11
ARTHUR 2 STROKE & THE CHART COMMANDOES
TUES 12
PUNK NIGHT OUT
PRESSURE
WED 13
THE NEWCASTLE RESIDENCY
EAST SIDE TORPEDOES
THUR 14
FROM JAMAICA,
PRINCE HAMMER
+UNDIVIDED ROOTS
FRI 15
SEE LOCAL ADS
SAT 16
HEAVY METAL NIGHT
STARFIGHTERS
RECENT SUPPORT ON ACIDC TOUR
TUES 19
SPEAR of DESTINY
FRI 22 **GUN CLUB**

BRISTOL
The Pithay, All Saints St. City Centre, Bristol.
Tel. 0272 294312
FORMERLY THE BIER KELLER
WED 6
DANSE SOCIETY
THUR 7
DURUTTI COLUMN
FRI 8
THE COBRAS
FEATURING GYPIE MAYO <DR FEELGOOD>
SAT 9
JUAN FOOTE 'N' THE GRAVE
MON 11
RADIO BRISTOL
6 O'CLOCK ROCK SHOW
PRESENTS
D.J. AL REID
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
CHASE THE FADE
TUES 12
FROM USA, HIGH IN THE CHARTS WITH 'JOY'
THE BAND A.K.A.
JAZZ, FUNK, SOUL, DISCO
WED 13
SEE LOCAL ADS
THUR 14
SUZI QUATRO
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LIVE!

...AND LEMONS

ORANGE JUICE
THE GO BETWEENS

London Lyceum

THERE COMES a time in every upwardly mobile popster's career when he / she is faced with the almost inevitable prospect of playing the London Lyceum. The Edwardian baroque of its decor is the only feature which mitigates against its cavernous acoustics, remote stage, understaffed bars and tendency to pack in twice as many people as fire regulations permit. If you're a band like Twisted Sister, large as life and even uglier, sheer gun-craziness will get you through. But if finesse is your forte, you're liable to get lost like a child in the crowd, your plaintive voice failing to register above the din. So how did our troubadours do tonight?

First off were Orange Juice's one-time Postcard label-mates, The Go Betweens. The introduction of Robert Vickers on bass has allowed Grant McLennan to add a second guitar to the line-up. They now have a much more ringing, detailed sound than before, and do full justice live to their vinyl masterpieces. Lindy Morrison's whiplash drumming powers the Australian quartet's attack as they briskly run through most of the brilliant new LP 'Before Hollywood' plus a couple of oldies. A growing audience response indicates that familiarity will breed content, and nobody deserves it more.

After the demise last year of the excellent Haircut 100 (stupidly maligned by the sheep in wolves clothing of the critical mafia), Orange Juice are natural successors. Behind the Haircuts' Young Conservatives on their hols image, there lurked an outfit sharing many of OJ's influences and aspirations. And Orange Juice have found the stability and polish at just the right time to fill the corner of the British heart that is forever blue-eyed soul-pop.

Two old Postcard singles, 'Lovesick' and 'Poor Old Soul', open the set, and find both band and sound-mixer trying to cope with the Lyceum's barn-like ambience. Only as the show progresses does it all come together in a joyful rush that carries all before it.

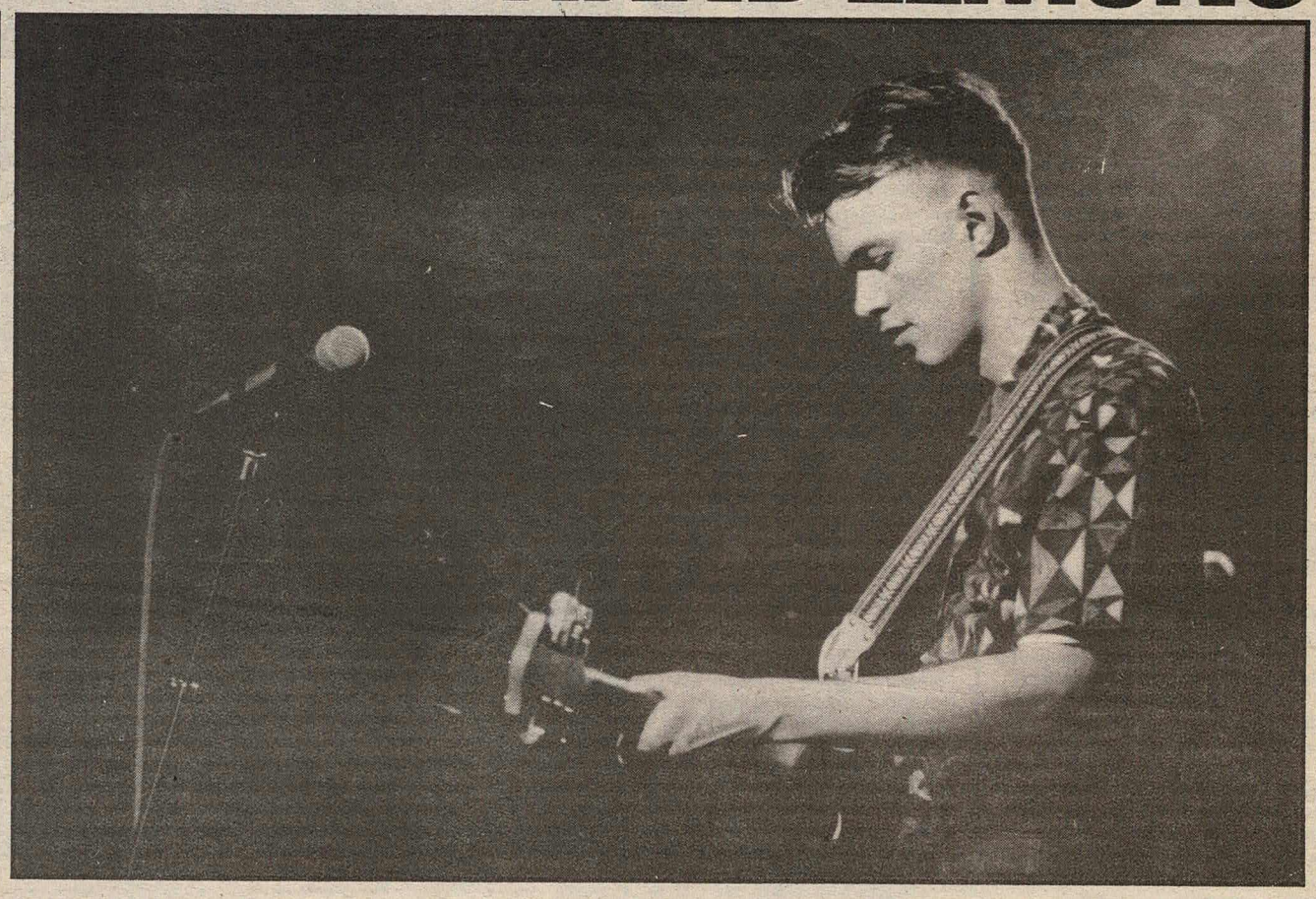
Edwyn's voice is slowly improving. Whilst it's no longer the glottal bleat of an aged Scottish bishop, he could still take a few tips from Elvis Costello. Zeke Manyika's intelligent, dynamic drumming combines with David McClymont's pumping bass lines to put iron in OJ's soul. Edwyn and Malcolm Ross draw on the fretboard treasury of Roger McGuinn, Lou Reed and even Marv Tarplin to produce a glorious chiming cascade, spiced with angularities and runs of stellar bliss, such as graced the beautiful lament 'In A Nutshell'.

And, just as in *TOTP*, guesting on the Big Hit Single was none other than London's greatest underground genius, Frank Want / Jim Thirwell / Foetus. Edwyn introduced him with his customary pixie charm:

"He's fucking useless, but he's such a nice guy we had to have him play."

'Rip It Up' possesses the most sublimely addictive chorus of the year, but Orange Juice opt for the scenic route rather than a comfy ride. Jim's bizarre sax is part of that strategy and it works. Never too quirky to capsize the emotive glory of their pop instincts, Orange Juice know how to mix the rough with the smooth. Greatness beckons.

Mat Snow



ORANGE JUICE

PIC: BLEDDYN BUTCHER

RENT PARTY

London Gossips

ON THE south-side of the current (some would say incipient) renaissance of interest in the 'roaring '40s'—torch/noir/swing—stand Rent Party, looking like an animated Serge Clerc cartoon and exhuming the ghost of Louis Jordan with loving exactitude. Single-mindedly attempting to regenerate the big, bad sound of the jumping-blues they have evolved a typically British interpretation of jive, laced with just enough irony to make singing about the Chattanooga express entertaining rather than studiously revivalist.

An unholy trinity of a horn section blows with the exuberant intensity which at times recalls The Bureau at their wild-is-the-wind best. The frontman, one Jackson Sloan, displays a remarkable feel for the staccato phrasing demanded by the jerking rhythms, jumping piano and honking-horns — a jazz shouter as opposed to a torch crooner.

The jump-jive ultimately becomes simply motional, since bodies in motion is the plain truth at the heart of all the hip verbals and the musical commotion.

Having been sent to Cha-Cha-Chatanooga and returned in the cold light of day, my only complaint about the finger-snapping merchant of jive is that black America has always allied rhythm with soul. If the south-side of Jive City personified by Rent Party, Roman Holiday and The JoBoxers is to avoid becoming a ghetto, locked up in the Whiskey-A-GoGo in the way that R & B is locked up in Dingwalls, or a ship that passes in the night of the charts and ends up on the rocks of revivalism, the sound has to get in the mood to include some soulful torch ambience and expressive jazz atmosphere.

On the north-side of Jive City the sons of Sinatra and the daughters of Piaf are interesting themselves in the big band sound of swing and the lyrical eloquence of torch. If someone could arrange a meeting between the north-side and the south-side we'd have a city worth dreaming about.

Someone needs to put a torch to Jive City if we're really going to get burnt by the big heat.

Tyrone Power

WET GUSSETS

TEARS FOR FEARS PIC by KEVIN CUMMINS

TEARS FOR FEARS

Glasgow Tiffany's

YOU EXPECT a display of inherent comedy in the performance of a chart act, but none of the hilarious scenes of the past, none of the odd deifications you may have witnessed can quite prepare you for the sight of thousands of teenies screaming their wee hearts out at the sight of Tears For Fears. Amidst all these dreams of death and these fascinations with destruction and decay the only real power is in their pretty faces.

Roland and Curt appear amongst a barrage of hysteria to present a solid wall of sound and expose their broken hearts (poor loves). *"Memories fade, but the scars still linger,"* they sing and the young girls keep screaming. Not so much, as the band would like to think, because they are too superficial to understand Tears For Fears great depths but more from an understanding that these boys look too well fed to be truly marred. The emotion in TFF is simply smug self-assurance, they lap up the admiration and glory in the clinical perfectionism of their own sound.

They have a love/hate relationship with their audience. They love them for being here now, and resent them for taking so long to recognise their 'talent'.

"This was our first single, although you probably didn't know that," says Roland, introducing 'Suffer The Children'. It's our old friend the tortured artist again — 'we've suffered for our art and now it's your turn'. 'Suffer The Children'? They do, Roland, they do. In fact, as if to underline the point, a horde of teenage girls obligingly choose this moment to faint. All very dramatic, of course, but it's most distracting having to put up with bodies being lugged around when you're trying to watch the band.

On with more aches and pains from 'The Hurting', 'The Prisoner', 'Watch Me Bleed'. . .it goes on and on until in the final number, the equipment suffers a sympathetic breakdown.

The love/hate thang goes on. it was almost as if Roland and Curt were telling the audience "You *will* take notice of the rest of the album!". *Scream, scream, scream . . .*

In the end, so much hurting just becomes a pain.

Andrea Miller

BABALUMA

London Venue

FROM THE ashes of last year's tribalists King Trigger emerges the phoenix of this year's rockists Babaluma. Taking their name from an album title by Can, Babaluma proceed to pay homage to a succession of modern rock greats in such a way as to guarantee an early appearance in the next series of OGWT.

Off-duty I do little else but listen to old records by The Doors, Talking Heads, Bunnymen, Iggy and U2. But when all of these and more are neatly set before me in a convenient package, I retreat to the bar pronto.

Like a cameo actor, Babaluma project every personality but their own, and reduce the attainments of their heroes to a chocolate-box of crafted, rounded but uninspired mannerisms. Unless they cut loose from the too, too solid Rock, they're going to remain the perennial support act — setting an atmosphere but never creating an edge.

Mat Snow

SCREAMING BELLES & TOILET TALK!

CULTURE CLUB

London Dominion

RUMOURS THAT Boy George was going to hold court in front of a giant backdrop featuring The Toilet That Time Forgot were quickly dispelled once his disciples were safely in their seats. Culture Club create enough myths of their own without having to cop them out of *The Face* and they laid them on thick and fast in front of an awestruck legion of lookalikes at the Dominion.

After cleverly spotting the gap left by Adam Ant's abdication from the throne of throwaway pop, Culture Club can now revel in the smugness of their success, secure in the knowledge that they have totally won over their audience. And so George skulks and skanks across the stage, his every move serenaded by a bout of screaming from his harem of young female admirers.

For one who advocates a vigorous individuality, the prancing pancake has quite successfully spawned plenty of adoring clones. Of course, it is all good, clean fun and the man in the middle loves every titillating moment. What he does, Boy George undeniably does well, but the limitations of his show are obvious.

For all the nonsense spoken about George being a great white 'soul' singer, Culture Club are basically a pretty pop group. John Moss is a good, solid drummer. Roy Hay is a fine, economic guitarist. Mikey Craig is a lively, voluble bassist. Boy George is a charismatic frontman, a crummy toaster and a slightly mannered singer who benefits enormously from the vocal support he gets from Helen Terry, a bluesy belter almost in the Alf class. They are a fair pop group, but that is as far as it goes!

There's nothing wrong with being a pop group, of course: it's just when they pretend to be something else that hints of dishonesty start to creep in. For all that celebrated 'eclecticism', Culture Club embrace 'ethnic' music in a most shallow manner. One of their new songs, 'Madmen', leans towards a gospel-influenced singing style, but the resultant vocal sound is no more than an ersatz copy. The same applies to their new 'Church Of The Poison Mind' single, a feeble Motown pastiche not too far removed from the plasticine pop that The Maisonettes might dish up.

Culture Club's best moments are when they acknowledge their limitations and play the simple, straightforward dance music they show themselves to be capable of on 'I'm Afraid Of Me', their best single to date, and 'I'll Tumble 4 Ya'. When they ignore these basics and get too clever or try to be too smooth and schmaltzy, they are almost impossible to take seriously.

Musical Youth, Paul Weller and Wham, among others, have shown that you can make honest music that tops the chart without covering it in gloss and pretension. Maybe Culture Club can too. The alternative path is the one that leads down towards that land occupied by the likes of Duran and Kajagoogoo, where the hits are guaranteed but the credibility goes out of the window along with shame.

Ernest Hemingway

LIVE!

SPINELESS

SHRIEKBACK
Derby Blue Note

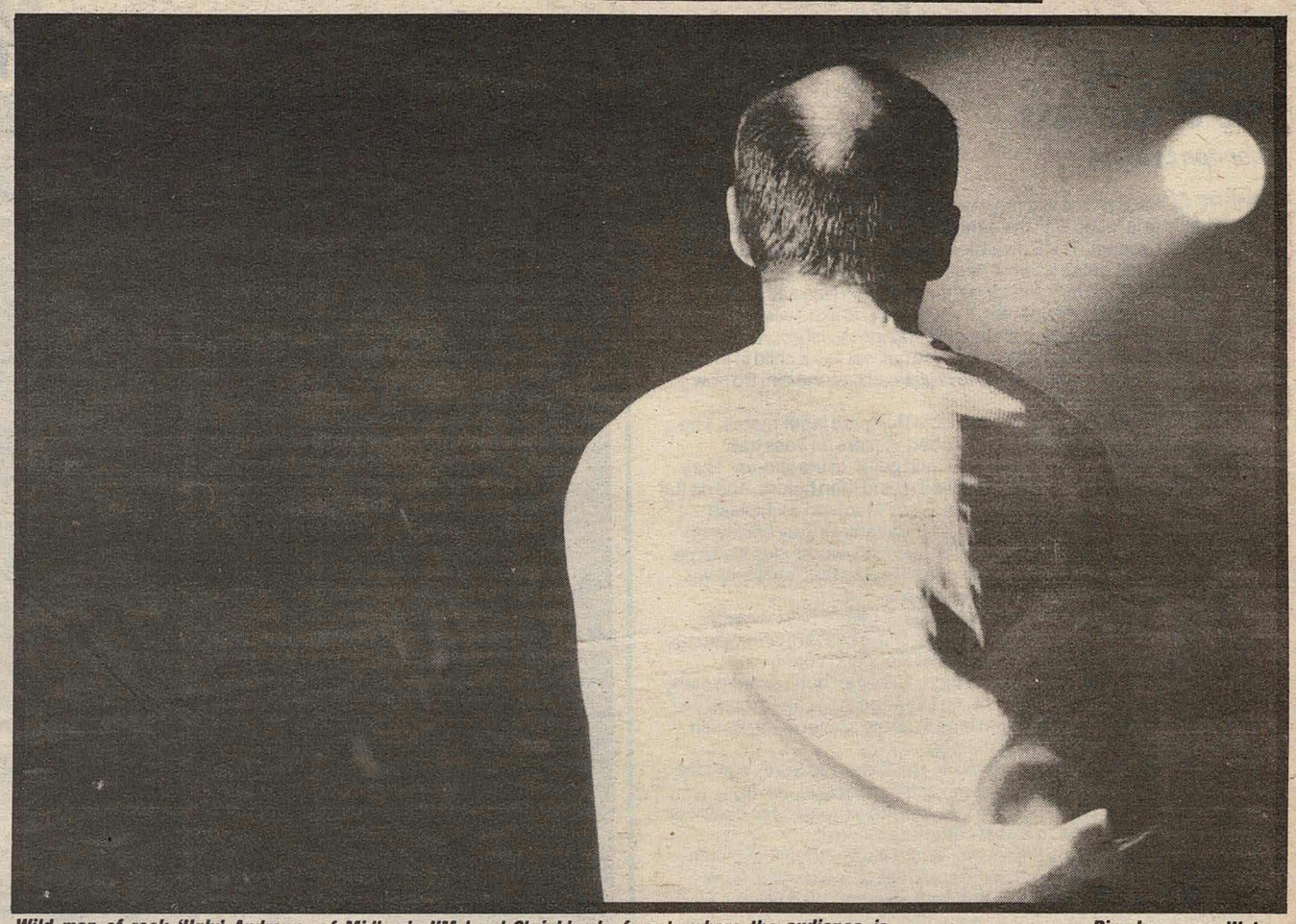
IF THIS dismal evening had one saving grace, it came not from anything Shriekback perpetrated but with the news that plans to turn Derby's elegant Blue Note into a plastic palm tree fun pub had fallen through. And instead of impending closure, the Midlands' best venue now heralds a comprehensive return to live action. But aside from that, Shriekback turned out to be just another bunch of po-faced Indie malcontents flinging the torpid funk flat in your face. Perhaps I expected too much too soon, and maybe the numerous technical hitches were just too much of a hurdle to begin with, but no band with Dave Allen bossing the bass should have been so diabolically bad.

Where he was once the unsung spur in the Gang Of Four's flank, co-ordinating the clamour with a pushing, pulsing bass, Allen now instinctively shies away from confrontation. Hiding somewhere at the back, behind guitarist Carl Marsh, he sprays his bass runs from the wrong end of a horrendous mix. Just as he was the malevolent prowler cementing the Gang Of Four's aspirations, so he's the epitomy of Shriekback's inconsequential, turgid clatter of white boys high on hackneyed funkdreams.

'My Spine Is The Bassline', 'Tench' and the current single 'Lined Up' all display an alarming disparity between recorded and live product. Shriekback on record are monotonous in all the right places but live they're just overly morose, flat drones. The hostile meanderings of 'Spine' are buried beneath a shambolic clash of feedback and rock atmospheric overkill. Percussionist Pedro Ortiz might as well not be there for all you can hear of him through the ponderous slugging of drummer Martyn Bates.

A thoroughly tacky affair, the only hint of life in Shriekback comes from Barry Andrews, who just about gets away with a manic clambering from behind his DIY keyboard stack. Shriekback in anger? I nearly threw a can at them.

Amrik Rai



Wild man of rock 'Ugly' Andrews, of Midlands HM band Shriekback, forgets where the audience is. **Pic: Lawrence Watson**

MARILLION
Bournemouth Winter Gardens

THIS HAPPY breed came to town with Black Sabbath and Thin Lizzy emblazoned on the back of their jackets. Patches, denim and undyed hair were de rigeur, along with the stray Afghan and whiff of jasmine.

Rambling old theatres like the Winter Gardens seem to be the favoured venue of progressive rock bands — seated auditoriums that would have been packed for a Richie Blackmore Rainbow concert in 1976 — but, on the latest leg of Marillion's tour of Britain, this one was half-empty.

Having taken their name from a Tolkein novel, Marillion tried to create the impression of a mythical Anglo-Saxon world where men were heroes and defended their ladies with swords of stone. Looking back to King Arthur and 'Selling England By The Pound', the band found Noggin the Nog instead.

The lead-singer, Fish, with his Kiss-clichéd white stage make-up and black-rimmed eyes, swam through the turgid waters of a ponderous set. Complete with boils in his ears and harlequin pants, he acted the part of the court jester, getting off to a healthy start with sexist jokes about herpes.

The 'Script For A Jester's Tear' included comic routines between each number where the singer forgot to finish his jokes and laboriously explained the meaning of the next song. Slides of a merry Fool and flailing attempts at mime do not a Jester make. Unfunny jokes directed at poufters, queers and "pathetic girls in Chelsea bedsits with Marks and Spencer duvets and a letter from the bloke they first slept with" raised a few guffaws, though most of the crowd (90% men) remained, in Fish's words, "*unnaturally* quiet".

Attempts to prove that underneath the macho-man image there beats a heart of gold were probably lost with the vocals, submerged under wavering keyboards, a leaden rhythm section and American radio guitar.

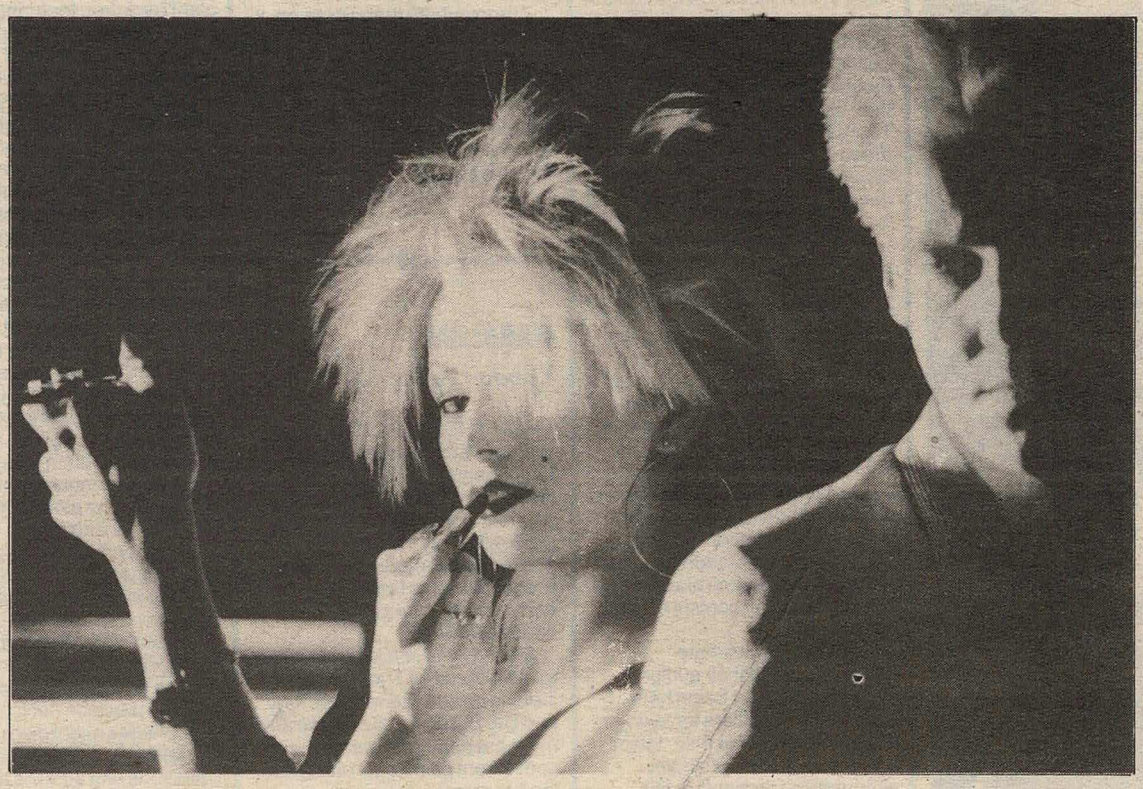
In contrast to Fish's concessions to stagecraft, the other Marillion members stood tucked into their instruments, mute, and oh so normal. Even while the vocalist ranted about Northern Ireland and the *NME* associating peace with hippies, they merged into the backdrop.

The giraffe with one leg cut off on acid on roller skates may have been progressive humour ten years ago, but there comes a time when the track stuck in the same old groove signals stasis rather than surprise: *"Yet another emotional suicide. Overdosed on sentiment and pride."*

You said it.

Lucy O'Brien

TEMPTATION



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PROLE SQUARES

Performance artist Mark E Cha-Cha dismantles a microphone while reciting his inside leg measurement

Pic: Bleddyn Butcher

THE NIGHTINGALES
Birmingham Fighting Cocks

"*BETWEEN YOU and me, I'm serious...*". Robert Lloyd's said it himself but sometimes it's still hard to believe. This was probably the 900th time the trusty Nightingales have played here, with the usual sweaty crowd of beer-swilling students and doped-up devotees, but despite the band's driving, discordant power and the sheer energy of their performance, The Nightingales *as a force* are becoming harmless; the gig was almost pointless.

So, "*The big dilemma's almost there*", and Lloyd knows it. He and his band have made a career, even an art, out of his dull, dense drudgery, dead droll delivery and his hard but humble observations of the trivial absurd.

The band back him up with a frantic, hay-wired barrage of thrashing guitars, pounding drums and rumbling bass and a passion that's certainly impressive. As the drummer beats away at his trade — hardly able to look at his kit — the guitarists spar in a frenzied bop, while Lloyd, cynical fowl, arrogant fool that he is, stands straight and square. In his pinstripe jacket and NHS specs, he has a gormless look that belies the biting wisdom of his slovenly prole-rant polemics.

But without the deranged intensity of a Beefheart, and being too plain (and honest) to match Mark Smith's sneering, the point blank pace of delivery leaves Lloyd's words sounding almost meaningless. The dry, wise wit becomes wearisome and even the abrasive, jagged guitars grow jaded. They stuck to the basics, there's nothing approaching the searing spring of Smith's 'Fantastic Life'.

I'm just serious enough to suggest The Nightingales as the new Feelgood — just in it for the beer money? One would hope not. Let's get serious Nightingales!

Jim Shelley

AMAZULU
Hull Dingwalls

In spite of the glamour, the bonhomie, the leaping and the smiling, Annie and her gang just couldn't pull it off. Amazulu have all the right components to construct a cosy, snappy *TOTP* band with a gentle bent for social comment and infectious rhythm. Trouble is, they can't spot the faults under their noses.

The heart of this band lies in Nardo's drumming and Sharon's vocals; yet Sharon only sings once in the set and Annie grabs the centre stage for the rest. It's a nice brick wall without the mortar.

We get Brixton, gritty, aggressive. The War, serious, pointed. Followed by...let's see...ah, yes, don't forget Greenham Common. It's all well-meaning, all snappily played but with the meaningful weight of a feather.

Belle-Stars-go-Dub; that's what's happening here. We gyrate a bit, obey the lovely leader, sweat some, smile a little, and all go home without a taste of the evening lingering anywhere. "Are there any toasters in the audience?" cries Annie. If there were, this crowd would be roasting Mother's Pride on 'em. Come on girls, reorganise, dig a bit deeper and forget that Stardom Motorway. We're still on the 'B' roads. "What's wrong, can't you *dance* in Hull," asks the Lady.

You'd be surprised, love. When the beat is right...but not tonight.

Karl Kohler

FALL OUT

THE FALL
London The Venue

THE FALL have never delivered anything on a plate and probably never will. Their arrogance, disinterest but honesty in regard to the trendy 'music-scene' or, for that matter, a hip 'world scene' has placed them in the position of champions of, usually, free-thought, sometimes even vagueness but always of individuality. There are no boxes for them — what you *feel* is what you get.

Tonight, Mark E Smith stands in the spotlight looking as dishevelled as ever, "We are The Fall and these are the words of expectation" is his cry. We dare to anticipate nothing as a Velvet Underground wall of noise lurches into effect, neatly providing a barbed underlay for Smith's mysterious, spontaneous raps and rants.

These take up the bulk of a new Fall set and the atmosphere created is akin to that which surrounds a good detective story. Trigger words, emphasised by a high pitched Mancunian squeal, flick the puzzle along; "Sir Winston Churchill", "Africa", "Echo And The Bunnymen", "the dole queue", "decadence", and "anarchy" all come floating out of the mist. There are no neatly tied conclusions here tho', kids — an involved and complicated plot becomes more tangled as time goes by. There's the fun of it.

Smith's words flash, one of the two drummers drops his sticks and randomly punches the keyboards, the guitar crashes around in typically erratic fashion — a bemused audience smiles and all is fine in The Fall camp.

An imaginary apres-gig interview would run something like this (to paraphrase a Sex Pistols at The Marquee review):

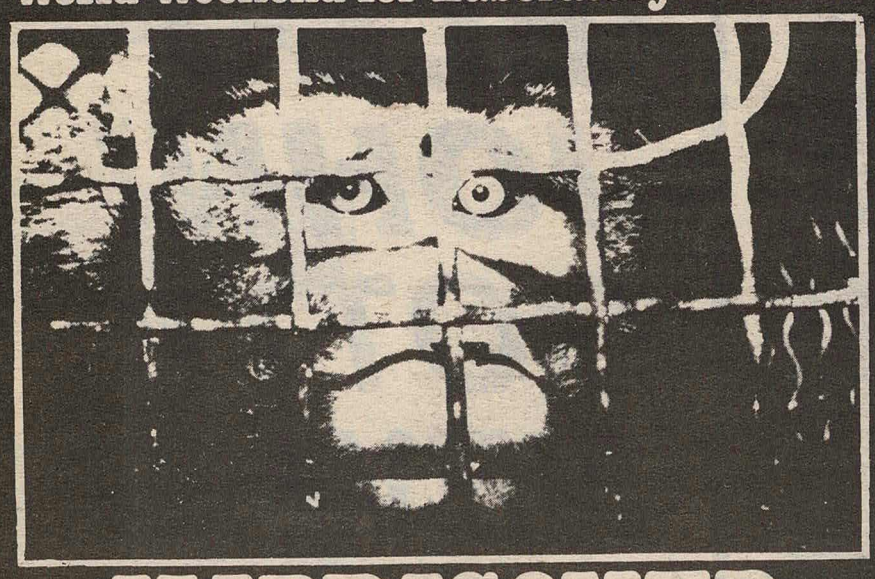
"Actually we're not into music."

What then?

"We're into chaos."

Richard North

World Weekend for Laboratory Animals



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RAY CHARLES

FROM PAGE 25

Fortunately the songs I wrote — and I didn't write a huge amount — were fairly successful, and that might've made people think I was a writer, but I very seldom write now. I write a song maybe every two years, and I write one or two arrangements every year just to keep in practice. I like to stay current so I'll write an arrangement so I can pit it up against what's happening.

You also once said that "if the blues ever really get sung by a white person, it'll be a Jew that does it". Must a man suffer poverty or persecution to sing the blues, or will a love of the music give him sufficient feeling and understanding of it to be able to perform it?

I'm not into psychology or nothin' like that, so you'd have to go a little further than me for the answer to that question. But I will say this: a psychiatrist doesn't have to use heroin to understand the effects of it, but experiencing something is a little different from having someone tell you about it. Having experienced certain things doesn't necessarily mean it's gonna make you sing the blues better, but you'll probably have a better understanding of what you're singing about.

"Being black is the biggest handicap I've had in life," you once observed. Have you found that fame and wealth protect you from racism, or is it something you still encounter?

I don't know if fame and money protect anybody against anything; in fact, it might cause a person to be treated with even more hostility because there's a resentment that can happen. Times have changed a hell of a lot and I don't think my fame or the few dollars I've been able to work myself up to has anything to do with it. I was making money in the '50s and the racial thing was still very very bad. So, I don't feel, babe, that having bread is gonna change people's minds if they have prejudices against you.

You said that "racial hatred was harsh and open in the south in the old days, but at least you knew what to expect. Now it's subtle and quiet and I think even more dangerous". Do you believe the racial situation is getting worse?

No, no. I didn't exactly say that. I was talking about the difference between the north and the south and how the racial thing is more subtle in the north — and that does make it more dangerous to my mind. If you know how a guy feels, you may not like it, but you know how to deal with it.

The south has always been a hospitable, very courteous place, and now there are no longer any laws forbidding people to be friendly. Of course, there are pockets of racial tension there, but you got that all over the United States. We got plenty of it right here in California, plenty of it!

YOU ONCE commented: "When I go to buy a pair of shoes, I give less than a damn who the salesman voted for — all I want is a pair of kicks that don't hurt my feet." Then on another occasion you said that "music has brought more young people together than all the integration ruling of the supreme court". Does music have the power to bring about social change and does a musician have an obligation to address the political issues of his time?

I don't think a musician has an obligation, but he does have the same rights as a plumber or a doctor. I think a person should contribute to whatever cause he believes in whatever way he can. But personally, I think the most valid way to deal with these things is to try to get people's minds movin' in a positive direction.

In your autobiography there's a section where you give your thoughts on the Bible and you comment, "The only thing in the Bible that I question is that Joseph never touched Mary until after Jesus' birth. To me that's not human. I can see a guy trying to save a woman's character. He might say that's fine mama. If you're carrying something special in your womb I can dig it. But listen here; there's no reason why we can't get together". That comment suggests that you think God has a pretty liberal attitude towards sex.

(*Laughing*) Yeah, I like to think He does.

A review of one of your shows in the *Washington Post*, described the concert as "a thinly disguised church meeting". Is that an accurate appraisal?

I been accused of a lot of things, but I never heard that one before. Whether or not it's true, well, that must've been the way that person saw it. People say Ray Charles is a blues singer; no, he's a jazz singer; no, he's a country singer and so forth. But the same way an actor doesn't want to play only one kind of part, I want to do different things and I think fact that I have is one of the keys to my longevity. Gospel oriented material is one of the things I've done.

How did having children change you?

I'm not sure it did. My children didn't have any effect on my feelings about my work in music. But I think what hurt me with my children, and this is probably true for many entertainers, is that I just didn't get to spend the time with them that I probably should've. People might call that selfish, but you have to do what you do, and I play music. That's my life and I can't give it up. People ask me, Ray, when you gonna retire? Retire to what?

Aren't you beginning to find touring for nine months of the year a rather rough grind?

Honey, it's only a rough grind if that's the way one wants to think about it. If an artist allows himself to get exhausted it's his own fault. Nobody makes you go on the road. The dates come in and I see them. I have the right to say I don't want to work and sometimes I do say no. It ain't like if I don't work I don't eat. That's a laugh. I may not eat as well if I don't work, but I will eat the rest of my life, you can be sure of that. But I love music and I love to play it for people. And since the people can't come to me, I must go to them.

See, I was blessed with a great gift, and I'm able to make a living with it on top of that. How much more could a man want? And don't you think I got to pay something for that? So the travelling is the pay-off. If you want to overwork then that's you, but music is a joy for me and as long as the public wants to hear my music is a joy for me and as long as the public wants to hear my music I'm going to take it to them and it ain't no grind. I make my schedule so that it's easy and I don't try to stay up all night without sleep. I learned a lot about touring when I was young — I learned what not to do when you get old.

HOW DO you see your music evolving? How is your new record different from ones you made, say, 20 years ago?

I hope my voice has matured a little and that I have a better understanding of how to do what I want to do. And of course, recording techniques today are better than they were, and many techniques that are commonly used today were used very sparingly 20 years ago.

Strange you should say 20 years ago, because it was 20 years ago, in 1962, that I did two country and western albums which were highly successful. And this year, 20 years later, I just put out a country album, ('Wish You Were Here Tonight', on Columbia) but it's totally different from those first ones I did. In 1962 we took country songs and put chorus and strings with 'em. We put the songs in a pop field so to speak. What we did on the new album was record country songs in traditional country arrangements. We got the guys who actually play this stuff to play on the album, so it's very different from other country stuff I've done.

In your autobiography you comment "the world is so ordered, so perfectly balanced, I got to think that God had a hand in it. this marvel didn't just fall into place". That suggests that you feel fairly optimistic about life.

I do, although we certainly have the material to annihilate ourselves — and I sure don't understand all this foolishness about this nuclear stuff. I mean, really! But I think we have enough people with enough sanity to somehow or other keep talking, and as long as we keep talking I think we got a chance.

Although it may not seem like the people are being heard on this nuclear thing, I think people have to keep expressing their feelings on the subject. Nobody wants to live in a world where nothing can grow. What would be the point of such a life?

So, I am optimistic in that I think the people are going to keep the pressure on the higher-ups and the higher-ups are going to be forced to behave with a little intelligence.

Do you feel that the most turbulent part of your life is behind you?

I'm not even gonna try and get a feel on that because those things are so much out of my control that I don't want to think about it. We never know what's gonna happen to us. Like everybody else, I hope I stay healthy, and if I can wake up every morning like I wake up now, feelin' good, not hurtin' no where, then that's a blessing. But this is today. God knows what may befall me next year.

What in your life are you most proud of?

Honey, I can't answer that because I'm proud of a lot of things. I'm not just talking about my career, I'm talking about things that have happened in my personal life too, and you can't measure those things because they're all different.

How do you hope to be remembered?

I hope to be remembered as a man who passed through this world and played his music sincerely.

What advice would you give to a young musician in the early stages of his career?

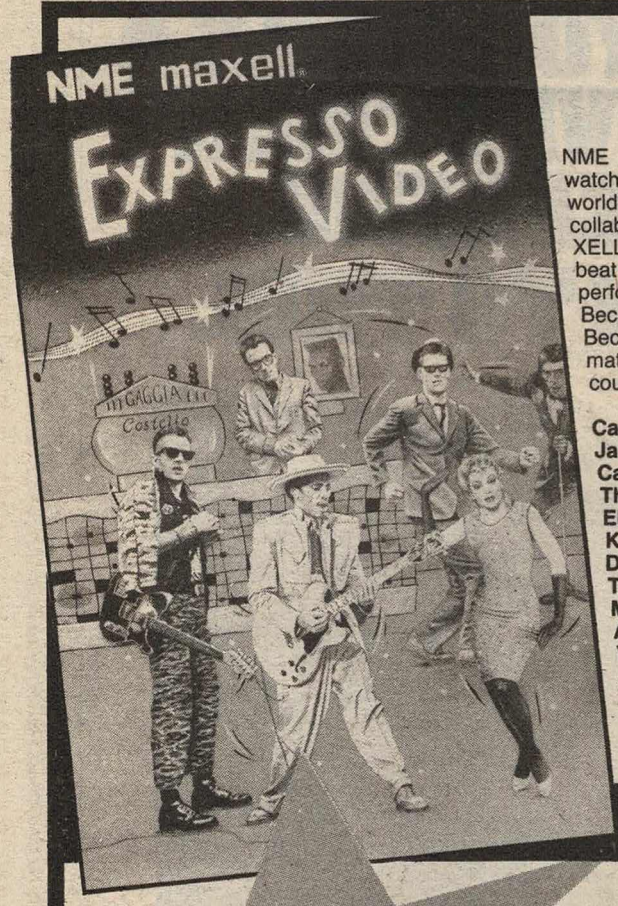
First of all, be truthful with yourself and make sure you got talent. How do you do that? Compare what you do with what you're hearing and watch how people respond to what you do. And who's listening to you? That will tell you a lot. Then comes practice. There is *no* shortcut. I can't say I play everyday because I can't tell lies and I ain't around a piano everyday. But I play whenever I can and I sing everyday.

Now, once you believe you got talent, be prepared for no. I mean NO. Be prepared for somebody to knock you down and don't think that just 'cause you got lucky enough to make a record that you're gonna sell a million with your first one. Be prepared for failure. People say, be optimistic man, well that's all fine, but there ain't no point in kidding yourself. If you're too optimistic you might get so depressed when you got knocked down that you won't be able to get up again. Understand from the beginning that a person has as much right to fail as they do to succeed.

When you're young it hurts when you fail, and if you care, it really hurts. I been through it and I got hurt too, but thank God, after I got hurt and I cried, I got determined.

I got the impression from your book that people recognised that you had an extraordinary talent from the time you were very young and that you always received a lot of encouragement.

Yeah, but I failed too, babe. I tried to get in bands and was turned down. I couldn't find work and damn near starved to death a few times. I went on jobs and didn't get paid, didn't have no money, and it's a hell of a thing, man. And I was too proud to ask because my mama always told me not to beg and at that time I didn't understand the difference between beggin' and askin' so I didn't ask. So, be ready for failure, but after you get knocked down comes perseverance. Say to yourself, hey! I'm not gonna let a few stumbling blocks stop me because I got an obligation to *me*.



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RESPOND

from page 13

Paul Barry, Frank Mooney and John Robinson are The Questions. They *deal* in achievements. They are taut, fresh (without being fresh faced) and if anything *own* the definitive English Soul sound. Weller might call them "soul stylists". To me they're *sole movers*. Listen carefully and your feet keep dancing. Of course it wasn't always like that.

Barry: "We were a bit lost trying to find our feet initially (about a year ago). We were writing songs, but the way we were attacking them was standard...a bit boring."

Robinson chips in with his strong Scottish twang. "The song would be going one way and we'd be going in a completely different direction. We went the way the songs were going.

"We were listening to a lot of soul and a lot of disco stuff — we'd always listened to soul, but it was like coming out of the closet. I bought Chic 'My Feet Keep Dancing' when I was still at school and everybody was going, aye, you're a fucking poof! And I said, fair enough. But you'd say to yourself, I actually like this — so fucking what? It was a question of going for what we actually wanted; to be more true to ourselves than to be image conscious."

How do you feel about Respond? Do you feel a part of it?

Paul: "That's the thing about Respond, we're partly responsible for it."

There is undoubtedly more than a spark of pride in what they say and within the setup as a whole. As John confirms: "In the Respond setup you're not going to a record company, you're going to your pals and you're saying, what do think about this? It's like an overgrown band really — we're like a sub-set of the main set."

Over a strange cocktail of orange juice and bitter lemon they tell me about what they want from the label and what they intend to do. They're out to be pleased and to please the fans; they want to get away from treating people like "cows" or "units".

"You got to look at it this way," points out John. "You don't put out any old rubbish because it's not just an insult to yourself, your artistic integrity for want of a better word, it's an insult to the person that is expected to buy it. The people that are out there aren't just any dummies — they're just like you and me. They'll buy a good record if you've got that thing that'll pull them in."

Paul: "We want to make soul records but not in an elitist, snobby way...just pure soul music."

John: "It's a chance for a fresh start — in everything. If in some way, and it's possible, we could get a big thing with people buying the records and getting into what everyone's saying that would be brilliant. Because the way we look at it we're just talking common sense.

"It's Spring now," he continues, "and we're bringing out our stuff.

"Springtime's a time for growth and change...that might sound a bit HAW!HAW!HAW!...but that's what it is. And this is what we're about, change and getting all the fucking shit that's on the shelves swept out and replacing it with something different!"

As I said, The Questions are about achievements. Strength through soul and youth may sound pretentious, but it's the most apt term I can think of at the moment. And that thought keeps on burning.

SOLID BOND

THE ZESTFUL spirit of the young seems to be the *lingua franca* of Respond. So now I've tried everybody on Respond and I've decided. The only answer for me is a resounding YES. So as Tracie says "...and this is just the start, wee bairns and funksters..."

NEXT WEEK IN NME

DAVID BOWIE

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

"I think I've accepted that there's no way I can make myself other than what I am," admits David Bowie. Does this mean that after 18 years of reinventing himself he is finally coming clean? Or is the "simple country boy" just another mask?

Decide for yourselves as Bowie speaks out in and on black and white, video making, his new movies and, of course, his music.

PLUS A CENTRE SPREAD COLOUR POSTER OF BOWIE

BY CHRIS BOHN AND ANTON CORBIJN

ON THE BOX

Continued from page 21

killed during location shooting, and replaced by Greene. **(ITV)**

Whisky Galore! (Alexander Mackendrick 1948). For some strange reason, nobody invades USA in this; instead, the inhabitants of a small Hebridean island take up smuggling when a ship loaded to the gills with whisky runs aground offshore. Perennial Sunday afternoon fare, but always worth watching again. One of the films on which the post-war British film industry's reputation was built; here's hoping *Local Hero* can do the same today. **(BBC2)**

Glasgow — The Scheme. Documentary on the Glasgow razor gangs, in which the term "razor" has been stretched to include sabres and the like. Not likely to do much for the Scottish tourist industry, except maybell kill it stone dead. I'll stick with *Whisky Galore!* **(BBC2)**

Images (Robert Altman 1972). Sussanah York won the best actress award at Cannes for her performance as a schizophrenic in this early, rarely-screened Altman, a first cousin to *Repulsion* in which madness is depicted not through narrative consistency but through improvisation and "images". And seeing as how Vilmos Zsigmond's behind the camera, we can expect some very interesting images indeed. **(BBC2)**

MONDAY APRIL 11

Loose Talk. Yet another amateur-hour magazine programme for The Kids, trashed elsewhere in this issue by the redoubtable Gavin Martin. Will doubtless give you a chance to see the same half-dozen promo videos currently going the rounds, plus an interview with a hairdresser or fashion designer, if you're *really* lucky! **(C4)**

Vietnam. First of a 12-part series on the Vietnam war. Yes, wars did occur before the Falklands, though you'd be forgiven for thinking otherwise. **(C4)**

The Eleventh Hour: Profiles. First of another series, this one dealing with "leading independent spirits in avant-garde cinema". This week's subject is Malcolm Le Grice, who I believe gave the world the (not so) short *Berlin Horse*, a treated film of a horse running in a circle. There's an allegory in there somewhere for avant-garde cinema as a whole. Could be hilarious, could be stultifyingly dull. **(C4)**

Come On George (Anthony Kimmins 1939). Did you know that at one time George Formby was second in popularity only to Joe Stalin in Russia? It's notices like that that can kill your career. This one's the one where George tries to become a jockey. **(BBC2)**

The League Of Gentlemen (Basil Dearden 1960). Classic comic thriller starring Jack Hawkins as an ex-army officer who recruits his former comrades-in-arms to pull off a heist. **(ITV)**

The Abominable Dr Phibes (Robert Fuest 1971). The abominable Vincent Price visits the ten plagues of Egypt on his victims in this stylish latter-day camp horror. Director Fuest cut his teeth on *The Avengers*, before bringing a similarly absurdist slant to this. **(ITV)**

TUESDAY APRIL 12

Nothing Doing. Documentary about unemployment which aims to be deliberately, didactically dull as some kind of comment on life on the dole. How odd. I always thought dullness had more to do with lack of imagination than lack of work. **(BBC1)**

Pebble Mill At One. Dr John makes a rare appearance, celebrating The Marquee's 25th anniversary with Chris Barber. **(BBC1)**

Conquest Of Space (Byron Haskin 1955). Another of the Haskin/Pal sci-fi oaters. At this late stage in the series, it's getting a bit difficult to tell them apart. **(BBC2)**

Deliver Us From Evil (Boris Sagal 1973). Hack TV movie cash-in on the previous year's *Deliverance*; in this one, a host of Z-grade actors on a hunting party kill a skyjacker who's just jumped out of a plane, then argue amongst themselves over the ransom. Sounds more like *Treasure Of The Sierra Madre* to me. **(ITV)**

The 1983 Academy Awards. After the recent back-slapping and trumpet-blowing of the BAFTA awards, expect a similarly chauvinist affair for the Oscars. My tips: *E.T.* for best film, Spielberg for director, Newman for actor, Streep for actress. The hosts are Liza Minnelli, Walter Matthau, Richard Pryor and Dudley Moore; kinda puts Frank'n'Selina to shame, really... **(ITV)**

A Partly Satirical Broadcast. Politics for the young of heart and poor of mind. **(C4)**

The Dick Van Dyke Show. Unmissable. **(C4)**

The Long Summer Of George Adams (Stuart Margolin 1981). TV movie starring Jim Garner as a railroad man facing mid-life crisis in the '50s, before they knew what mid-life crisis was. I'm damned if I know even today. **(C4)**

WEDNESDAY APRIL 13

Spare A Copper (John Paddy Carstairs 1941). George Formby again, this time foiling a gang of foreign saboteurs on HMS Hercules. **(BBC2)**

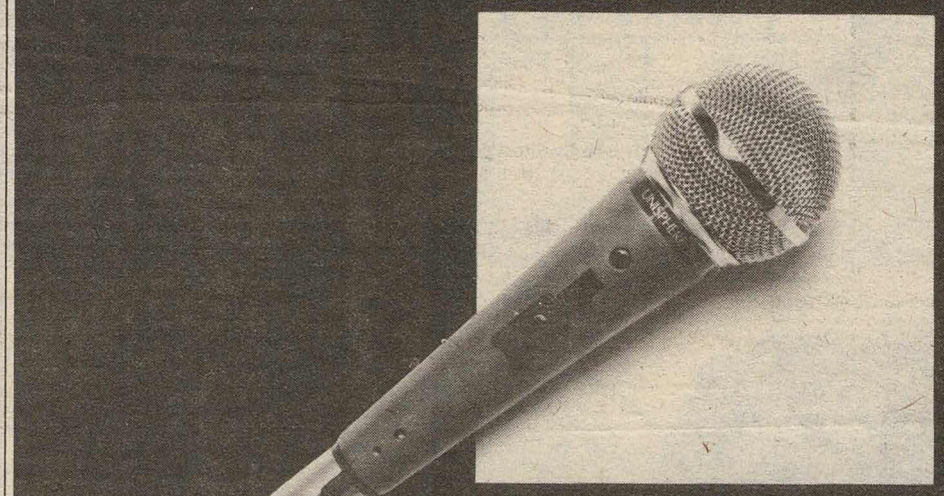
Cartoon Time. Fifteen minutes of Road Runner and Wile E Coyote. **(ITV)**

The Munsters. Herman and Lily rent their home to a rock'n'roll group when they go on holiday. The mind boggles. **(C4)**

Northern Lights (John Hanson & Rob Nilsson 1978). First of a season of "underground" American flicks, this deals with the struggles of North Dakota homesteaders against the Eastern monopolies in 1915, using local non-actors for the most part. **(C4)**

Visions. Andrzej Wajda profiles. **(C4)**

One for the money



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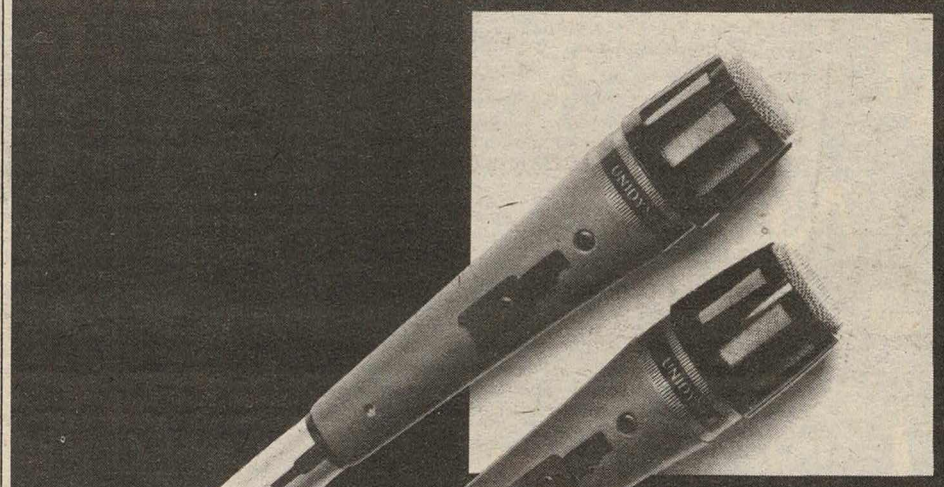

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Midnight Rocker

PRESENTLY in town and bubbling on the reggae soundwaves with midnight rocker 'Keep On Dancing' is 21 year old Jamaican singjay stylist Bunny Lie Lie.

His recording career began in 1978 with a song for Clint Eastwood entitled 'Got To Be Sure'.

"We grow up together in certain ghetto Paine Avenue off Spanish Town Road," he says. "How him discover me now is through we used to go a dance and he test me on a sound and we go in a studio and lick the first tune, followed by an LP called 'Lovers Rock', released in Canada."

It is Eastwood too who is responsible for the singers's extraordinary nomenclature.

"How me get my name now is through a little skank, like saying I have no money when me have money all the time. 'Nough people ask if me feel a way about it, but it no bother me really.

"After this me go in a studio and do a tune at King Tubbys called 'Something Going To Happen', then me lick a tune name 'I Cork The Dance' with Lee Van Cliff, which is the first hit in England.

"My second hit in England is 'Highty Tighty Girl' with Billy Boyo produced by Toyan last September."

He cites as early influences Dennis Brown, Linval Thompson and, especially, Horace Andy.

"Him is the first singer me catch a little note from," he says.

During his two month sojourn in this country, Lie Lie has laid a number of titles, including 'Tell Me', 'To You', 'Vibes Corner' and a version of DEB's 'Cassandra', set for issue on a projected LP 'Mr Dynamite', and is currently engaged on a series of stage shows in the company of Billy Boyo and Brimstone.

"You see right now, the reggae music business has to set up more firm," he says. "You have some producer from *bomba-claat* yard a t'ief. Pure pirate and t'ief. And it can't work so. Youth and youth a starve."

And by way of a final word... "Greetings to everyone coming from Bunny Lie Lie, especially for the Small Axe posse, man like Horse Mouth, Keith Axe, Niney, Hitler the operator, not forgetting the man Fubba and the girl posse, especially Angie, Theresa, Yvonne, all the others and many more."

Penny Reel

REGGAE RUNNINGS

Bunny Lie Lie corks the dance. Pic: Harry Jacobs

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BODYMIXING

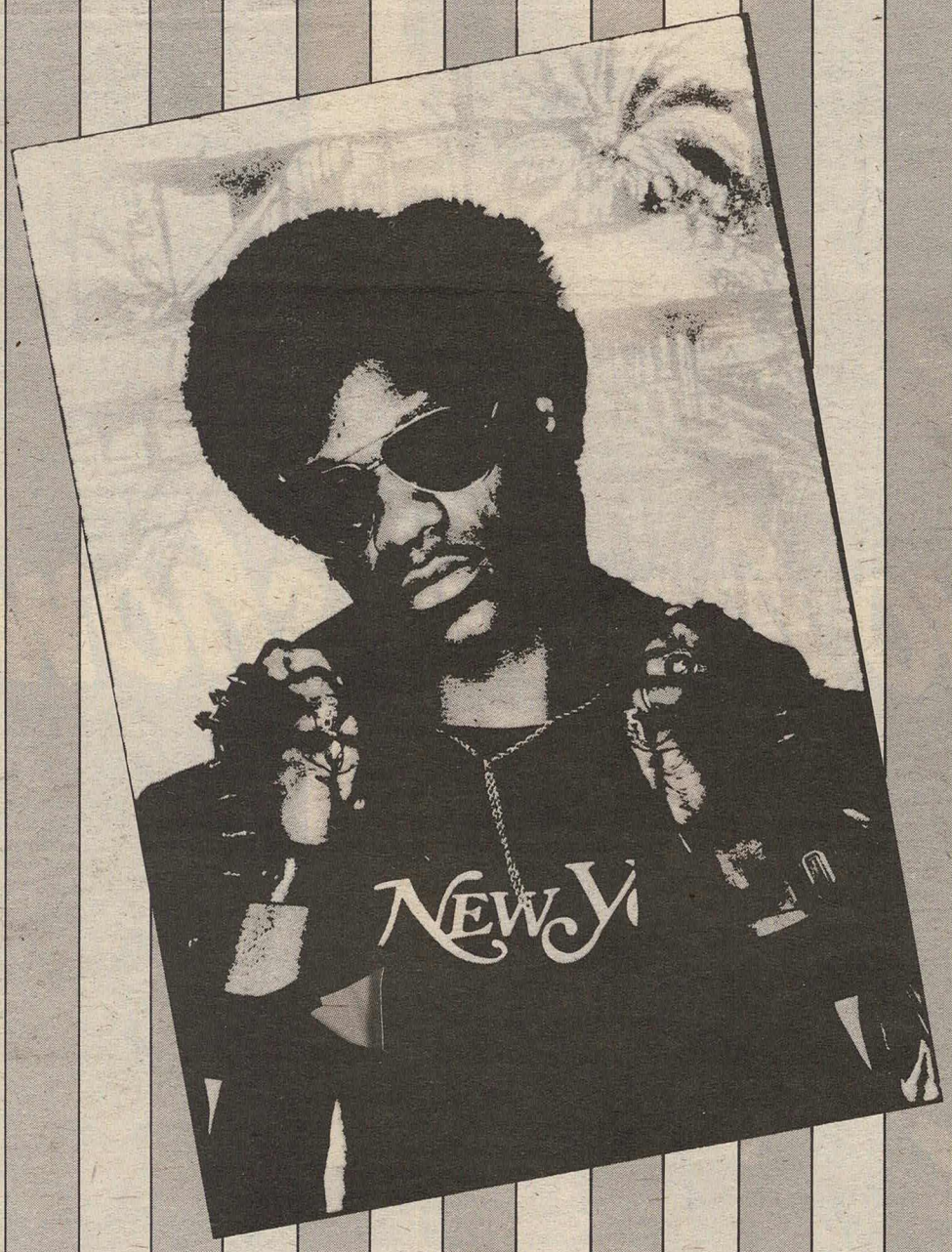
A PAIR of titles released on Tottenham's Body Music label this week dispense new music from **Alton Ellis,** 'Love Is Tops' (BMDIS 8) and **Errol Dunkley,** 'I'm Going Away' c/w **Michael Big Apple,** 'Give Me The Vibes' (BMDIS 9).

Issued on S&G discomix: **Roma Stuart,** 'Today' c/w 'Listen To Mummy & Daddy' (SG 22) and **Fenton Smith,** 'A Woman As Nice' (SG 27).

Other latest 12" include **Dennis Brown** via JGM pre interpreting 'Your Love Gotta Hold On Me' (JGM 8175) and the same singer alongside **Aswad** for 'Promised Land' c/w the group themselves providing 'Cut No. 144,000' and 'More Dub' (Simba — SM 003); plus **Ini Kamoze,** 'Mer-Tel-Ler' c/w 'Dreadlocks' (Magho Naba); **Bad Breed Band** featuring **Maxi Priest,** 'Hey Little Girl' (Bad Breed — BBRD 001); **Derrick Harriott,** 'Whip It' (Hawkeye — HD 46); **Eric Gordon,** 'Day And Darkness' c/w 'For Your Love' (Eric — E001) and **Benie Man,** 'Too Fancy' c/w 'Over The Sea' (Jah Observer — JH 005).

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing from a semi-frequency — our Flouds-Queen *Thames* for Ships & Swans is crowned . . . every Thursday night at Spats, 37-39 Oxford Street, London, W1 — from 10pm until 3am — funking to the music of TWJ with soul, jazz, funk, lovers rock . . . **and stately *Severne* for her Shoare is praysed** . . . a night of live entertainment from 6pm until midnight is held at the Moselle Room, Tottenham Town Hall, N15 on Friday when Triumphant Reign Of Zion present onstage Ras Imru Asher, Winston Fergus, Eli Emmanuel, Barry Isaachar, Benjamin Zephaniah, chanting by Triumphant Youth plus African dancers. Tickets: £2.50 from 01-807 9183 or £3 at the door . . . **the Crystall *Trent,* for Foords and Fish renowned** . . . also on Friday at Acton Town Hall, Uxbridge Road, W5 is a Reggae Sounds Splash in a 83 style from 7pm until 1am featuring UK's most consistent sound Sir Coxsone Outernational + from NE London the classic sound of Fat Man Hi-Power + from SW London the prominent Frontline International + from Birmingham the crystal sound of Quaker City — Midland black slate champion . . . **and *Avon's* Fame to *Albion's* Cliffes is raysed** . . . and in Brum on the same night Unity In Motion present Africa Musical Word Sound Action at the Digbeth Theatre — 8pm to 3am — starring Aswad and Icarus. Sounds by Sifa Hi-Fi. Tickets £3 from Sifa on 021-551 5036 or £3.50 at the door . . . ***Carlegion Chester* vaunts her holy *Dee*** . . . also on Friday at St Hilda Hall, 18 Club Row, E2 (near Shoreditch Church) — 8pm to 3am — mellow sounds of Playboy International Hi-Fi and Soul Brother sounds with reggae, lovers, soul, soca and '60s oldies. Food buffet. Tickets: £3 on 01-249 2342 (evenings) or £3.50 at the door . . . ***Yorke* many Wonders of her *Owse* can tell** . . . every Friday at the Studio 200 in Balham — from 8pm till 2am — the sounds of Jah Shaka in fine style . . . **the *Peake* her *Dove,* whose Bankes so fertile be** . . . and weekly at the Empire Disco, 155 Church Street, Stoke Newington, N16 is a Friday Night Spectacular with music by Stereo Wave also D S Casanova. Commences 11pm . . . **and *Kent* will say her *Medway* doth excell** . . . this Saturday at Camden Town Hall, St Pancras Street, WC1 is screened Nigerian comedian Baba Sala's *Orun Mooru* film featuring the music of King Sunny Ade as previously mentioned on this STATION. Performances at 6pm and 9pm. Admission: £3 . . . ***Cotswold* commends her *Isis* to the *Tame*** . . . on Saturday evening at the London Transport Training Centre, Wood Lane, White City, W12 — from 7pm until late — is a Presentation Dance with music by Hawkeye International and Groove Master. Tickets £2.50 available from Hawkeye records in Harlesden or telephone 01-459 1122 . . . **our Northerne Borders boast of *Tweed's* faire Floud** . . . meanwhile, all night Saturday at Zhivagos, Milton Street, Nottingham — 11pm until 8am — is an Easter Funk & Reggae Splashdown featuring live onstage Natural Ites + Evidence + Fiona Morrell + Steve Sharma. MC: Chalky White. Sounds by V Rocket . . . **our Westerne Parts extoll their *Wili's* Fame** . . . and late on Saturday at 96 Upton Park Road, Forest Gate, E7 is held a Ranking Session blues, dancing to the sounds of Fatman Hi-Power with selector Mikey plus DJ Raymond Naptali . . . **and the old *Lea* brags of the *Danish* Bloud** . . . every Sunday — 8pm till 2am — at Studio 200 in Balham is a night of soul and reggae with Highteous International . . . ***Arden's* sweet *Ankor,* let thy glory bee that faire *Idea* onely lives by thee** . . . finally, next Monday at the Ace in Brixton is direct from JA Horace Andy backed by the Dubbers Posse plus Jah Dave and Mats Melah. Sounds by Jah Shaka . . . **One Love** . . .

PRINCE CHARLES AND THE CITY BEAT BAND



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MORE KEN

From page 17

the sort of people who, in Germany, would be in the Greens, have come into the Labour Party and fought to get control of it, and are winning.

But the Greens in Germany, apart from their anti-nuclear stance, do say the old method of relying on growth and heavy industry is damaging because it not only fails to bring jobs but leads to extreme competition and to war.

That's what the people in the left of the Labour Party are saying — that it's not just a question of having a disproportionate boom which eventually forces another collapse. You've got to take our existing resources and reallocate them in a different way.

We have a vast amount of wealth in this country. We're squandering it. We're spending £15,000 million a year to keep people out of work on the dole. We're spending £4,000 million a year more than France and Germany on defence, and we've got £12,000 million a year from this country being invested abroad. Therefore it isn't a quetion of generating more wealth with all the environmental problems that flow from that, it's a question of taking the wealth that's there and using it on a much more rational basis.

The women's movement in Britain is perhaps the major area of new thought that the Labour Party is drawing on in terms of how you break up power; how you share power. That's why I say that what's happening in County Hall is done by *we* rather than *I*.

CAN I ask you about you own future? Brent East? Have you been selected there yet?

No. The NEC are fumbling around trying to find any number of reasons why I shouldn't be selected there.

They see you as a danger?

I don't think John Golding (the post office worker's union representative on the NEC) enjoys the prospect of having me in the Parliamentary Party. But unless they pull some incredibly crooked stunt, there's no way they can stop the local Labour Party going ahead with the selection meeting.

So what's your ambition? You *are* an ambitious man, aren't you? Here you are looking out over the Thames . . .

My ambition is actually to transform British society and it doesn't require that I be in a particular position to do that. It requires we build a Labour Party and stand by what it says at an election and involve the mass of the population in its decision making.

But that's a political answer. What about Ken Livingstone's personal opportunity? Ken Livingstone in the Parliamentary Labour Party and, some people say, Tony Benn Mark 2, but with the possibility of actually making it? Do you see yourself as Prime Minister?

There isn't anybody in politics who doesn't day dream about that sort of thing, but that's why we failed before. The left hinged all its hopes on an individual, and unless you build a structure around the people leading the Party, that holds them accountable, that keeps them in touch, they are going to fail.

I reckon the reason I remain the focus of press attention is because I'm continuing to say the things I was saying ten years ago. I gradually adapt and change because I'm keeping in touch with what people outside the establishment are saying.

I talk to young people. I make a major effort to constantly keep in touch with people in their teens and early 20s because that's always where you're going to get new ideas bubbling up from. If you can't understand the fears and angers of that age group you're going to become just another vaguely inebriated old fossil round the bar of the House Of Commons.

Yes, people are saying Tony Benn won't become the next leader of the party, but I think at the Labour Party leadership poll that follows the next general election Benn will be the successor. There'll be a major influx of left wingers into Parliament who would vote for him. He will hold his base in the constituency parties. He will hold and gain some in the trade unions — the miners and the railwaymen have both moved to the left — so we are able to forsee Benn being the leader of the Labour Party and Benn being Prime Minister.

But even if the Party goes for him you've then got to persuade the electorate. And if he *is* voted in you've got to stop capital being drained off in a catastrophic rush.

A Labour government has got to move immediately to control the flow of capital out of the country, but don't forget capital is constantly being generated. It's not the case that the wicked capitalists can take all their money out of the country before the next election so there isn't any more left.

We generate wealth day by day in this country and there are a whole range of measures a Labour Government could take to get control of capital that has been moved out of the country.

What do you have in mind?

You introduce retroactive legislation, a whole range of tax measures aimed at taxing the profits of money invested abroad by British citizens and British companies.

But if they are multinationals?

Multinationals are still vulnerable to that.

But you haven't been able, in GLC Peace Year, to deal with Rio Tinto Zinc. The Council pension fund has still got several hundred thousand shares in RTZ (who mine about quarter of the West's uranium). I was told it's difficult because the investment decisions are made by outside city gents. But Tyne And Wear has disinvested. Fife has disinvested.

Well, hang on. People keep telling me they've disinvested from various things but when you check you'll find they haven't. Our problem is that the staff pension fund here has been under the control of officers appointed to manage it for years. They have followed the normal pattern of investment and we just can't instruct them to switch on a whole range of issues and companies because that's illegal. They won't do it.

What we have done instead is to set up a sub-committee of the Finance Committee that, in future, will take all the investment decisions. So you actually have to proceed with a whole range of legal opinions and bureacratic manoeuvres — which is a problem. But it's one of the problems of operating within an elected framework.

JUST WRAPPING up here . . . you've talked about the threat of another Tory regime, about youth camps and so forth . . .

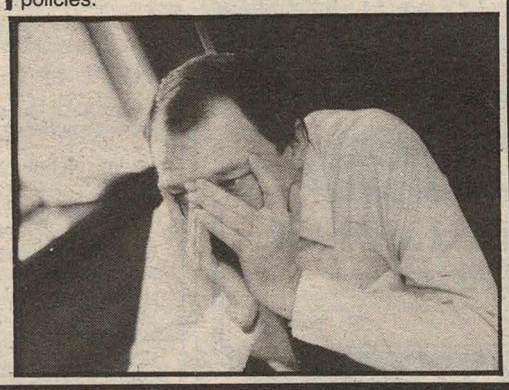
Camps for dissidents, young people who've been caught rioting, people who've been accused of being Trotskyist, shop stewards who are militant . . .

OK. But people are already feeling pretty depressed, not all the time and not everybody, but it *is* gloomy Britain, isn't it? Are you another pessimist?

I'm pessimistic about the present and about the immediate future, but opinion moves in an historical way.

The '20s and '30s were a deeply conservative time, both in Europe and America with right wing and sometimes fascist governments. But that was so bad you eventually got a reaction and people shifted to the left in 1945 here; in 1932 in America. And the worse Thatcher gets the more that will advance the day when there is a major swing back. And, unlike the past, it will be a much more politically aware reaction, rather than *let's give the others a try*.

But, also, the big key is that for the first time the Labour Party, which will inherit that shift back, is a Labour Party that knows exactly what it wants to do and is quite clearly committed to radical socialist policies.



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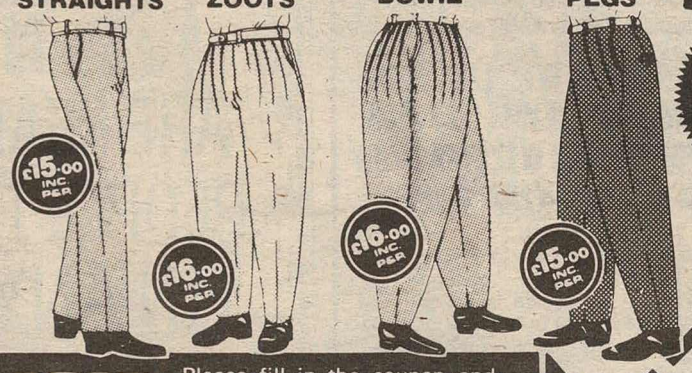

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HEADING:				

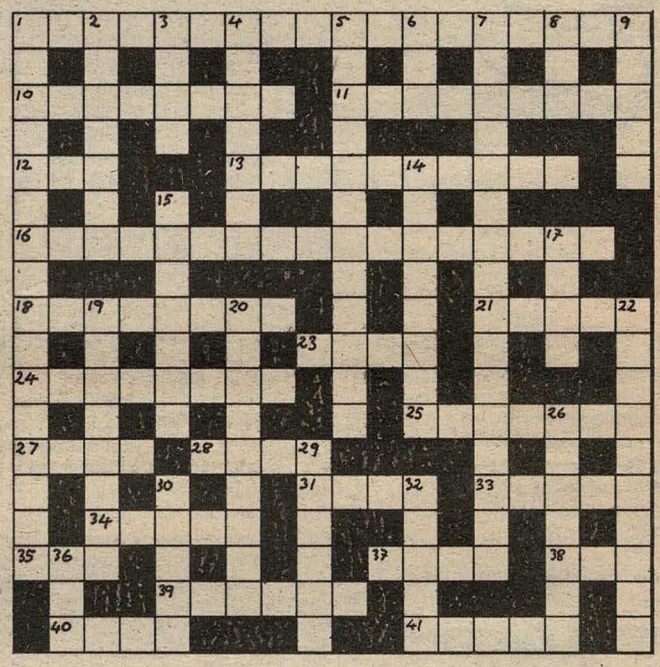
CLUES ACROSS

1. I found a sink! Fix plan — for unbunging it (1-4-2-4-7)
10. Do a snort when you find out that it's an old '60s instrumental group (8)
11. A noisy clash for the Caucasians (5-4)
12. American Tommy became dizzy in 1969 when he reached number one (3)
13. Undertones single — pic cover featured an urchin holding aloft the World Cup (5-5)
16. From Genesis onwards, it's Damned giving their own version (7-2-3)
18. Elvis Costello sends out the hit squad for one of Snow White's dwarfs (3-5)
21. Will they escape from a frantic LA shoot-out? (5)
23. see 30D
24. The man's an Upsetter (3-5)
25. Prior to joining Crosby and Stills, these were Graham Nash's musical chums (7)
27. 'New, Live And ——', was the title for three succesive Deep Purple EPs (4)
28. By their own admission, the album's a load of bollocks (4)
31. He's had just one hit, but twice over, with 'Shotgun Wedding' (3-1)
33. Elvis Costello owned two so he could listen to Mike Read *and* Terry Wogan (5)
34. Crisis country? (5)
35. '70s band which featured Gary Holton on vocals — one of their albums was 'Anvil Chorus' (initials) (1-1-1)
37. Deep Purple get their second namecheck — 1974 album (4)
38. Girl singer who's just a bit of a halfwit (3)
39. Main track from SLF's '£1.10 Or Less' EP (6)
40. Rachel Sweet number spelt out in 1978 (4)
41. 10 cc's first single release from 1972 (5)

CLUES DOWN

1. *"Well I dreamed I saw the knights in armour come, saying something about a queen"* — opening lines (5-3-8)
2. Their first album on Beggars Banquet was 'Fulham Fall Out' (7)
3. Poly Styrene's vision (1-3)
4. Supremes single and album from 1972, after Diana Ross' departure (4-3)
5. Send warm meat round to swap for an old Elvis Costello record (3-9)
6+32D Julie Felix hit— Simon and Garfunkel's 'El Condor Pasa' (2-1-5)
7. The other side of 'Going Underground' (6-2-8)
8. Johnny Wakelin's Black Superman (3)
9. As much a success at by-elections as he was with pop records (5)
14. The smoker you drink, the player you get — you can't argue with a sick mind! (3-5)
15. Traveller(s) who stopped awhile at the halfway hotel (7)
17. Something to be done on Bill Withers (4)
19. Ruts as they began with a big split (3-5)
20. A star spin, perhaps, from a No Future band (9)
22. *"Party hats, simple enough clear, comprehend, savvy, understand, do you hear?"* 1983 lyric (5-2-3)
26. The kind of state R. Dean Taylor got into, and out of again pretty quickly (7)
29. Girl for Plain Sailing or a Breakaway (6)
30+23A He who was worshipped, revered and admired of Gen. X (5-4)
32. see 6D
36. Currently in the indie album charts with 'Let The Tribe Increase' (3)

NME XPRESS



compiled by **Trevor Hungerford**

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. Sweet Dreams, 6. Gap, 8. Return To, 9. Mayall, 11. B(urt) L(ancaster), 12. Love Me Do, 13. Soldier, 15. A Boxer, 16. Lebons, 17. Rae, 19. TG, 22. Style, 23. The Blacks, 25. Sad, 27. No, 29. Chain, 31. Bad Seed, 34. Sender, 35. AM, 36. See 7 Down, 37. Ben Watt

DOWN: 1. Stray Cats, 2. Erte, 3. Thriller, 4. Rats, 5. Shake Me, 6. Grace Jones, 7. and 36A. Pillows And Prayers, 10. MOR, 11. Box, 12. Leer, 13. South, 14. Dr., 16. Let's Dance, 18. Ask, 20. Genie, 21. Dammers, 24. Bonnie (Tyler), 26. Scoop, 28. USA, 30. Asia, 32. Emma, 33. Dirt.

GOT SOMETHING TO SELL?
IT'S ONLY 25p PER WORD IN THE NME CLASSIFIEDS

MAD

YOW!

Don't start an argument, leave it on the grey walls, see it mildewed on the paving stone. This love is controlled by the forces on the telly and expressions broadcast by the media. Am writing letters to people of importance like the Queen and Michael Foot, the *NME* or anybody.
Anon.
Some folks get all the luck. — AG.

HIRE THE HANDICAPPED

I see it's gotten to be that time again, slag off a Steve Hillage album time. If he had listened to you lot he would never have made an album after 'Fish Rising'.
Roj, Oban, Argyll.
Hearing Aids are available on prescription, if Steve would care to visit his GP. — AG.

A HUMAN WRITES

There's a distinct lack of positivism pervading the letters page nowadays. People grumble, criticise and express their sometimes narrow views in a hope for something better.

There's nothing wrong with music right now — but you've got to go out and find it. Don't let the radio or the charts influence your judgement. Try something new, be adventurous! There's a whole world out there, full to the brim with music and ideas. Not everything's perfect, but aren't the mistakes sometimes just the magic that separates men from machines?

I believe the '80s have produced some of the most exciting and innovative music ever. People like The Residents, one of the most committed groups of all time, The Space Negros, Negativland, Jacques Berrocal, Tuxedomoon, Melodic Energy Commission, Science Patrol, Die Form, Zru Vogue, Elvis Costello and a padfull more too numerous to mention.

I know what music generates enough adventure for me. I'll never stop searching for a new group or artist who might just have put something wonderful down on tape/disc.

It's all there, it's waiting to be plucked. Who cares what anyone else thinks — find your own ideals. Forget the phoney squabbles. Music is to enjoy — so put a smile on your face!
Trev Faull, Barkingside, Ilford.
Contrary to popular belief, I did not write this letter. — AG.

TOAD, STOOL

Start, look, stare
Our future is there
Over the hill
Where the mushrooms grow
Don Juan, Mexico City.
And which hill might that be, man? — Someone who can't remember his name.

OR . . . WELL . . .

I must say I fully agree with Jeremy "I am doing a Politics degree so I should know" Hye. This disgusting obsession with three million unemployed, nuclear war and other trifling issues has got to stop. You're a music paper, and as such you should not bother your pretty little heads with party politics. Remember everything is under control; don't worry, we have your best interests at heart.
The Minister For Culture.
When I hear the word "Minister" I reach for my gun. — AG.

WHO HE?

Right, I want to sort it out straight away this time. It took me long enough to find out who Nietzsche was, and it still makes no sense. How does "Nietzsche, Fredrich Wilhelm (1844–1900) German Philosopher, poet" explain what his name was doing in practically all the letters printed in *Gasbag* last year? So tell me now, before everyone starts quoting them, who are Julie, Karl and Ivan?
Karen Leicester, Sale, Cheshire.
The Three Stooges. — AG.

HE NEVER LISTENED TO IT, ANYWAY

Thank god Richard Cook, and no doubt all at *NME*, slammed Roger Waters' 'The Final Cut'. I would have been so upset had any of you actually liked it; if I thought I had anything in common with any of you ageing posers, pampering to the young trendy readership, I'd commit suicide.
Miss Ozzie Trier, East Horsley, Surrey.

PS: Even the "Miss" looks out of place, I imagine, amongst all your butch Ms feminist journalists.
The only butch feminist journalist round here's X.Moore, and we think he's a Mr. Besides which, we don't "pamper" to our young trendy readership; we pander to them. — AG.
Hang on a sec . . . Ed.

DEPTFORD DEPT.

What is it that Difford and Tilbrook really want? Surely Squeeze achieved limited success here due to their obsessive desire to remain imageless and so alienate themselves from the majority of the record-buying public. On the whole, Squeeze singles appeared to creep out rather than be released, and with the band on yet another of their seemingly endless tours of America, the public never had faces to relate to the music.

However much Difford and Tilbrook wish to remain "faceless" South London boys, if their vast talent is to be enjoyed by all, they must become more "available" to the public and develop concrete "public" personalities. The future's up to them . . .
Nicolle Cleaves, Stapleford, Nottingham.
Who is Danny Baker? — Jeopardised AG.

GOT A SMOKE?

I'm sorry, "Wally" Tompkins, but 'New Year's Day' sounds not even *slightly* like 'Assault On Precinct 13' — both are brilliant pieces of music, but nothing in Carpenter's work reminds me of the aforementioned U2 ditty.
Conor Hamill, Garron Tower, County Antrim.
I'm still waiting for my royalties from 'Things That Dreams Are Made Of'. — John Carpenter.

POLL SHOCK!

Here are my nominations for the 1983 Readers' Poll; a bit early I know, but I thought I'd get them in before the price of a stamp goes up.
Best Group: Style Council
Best New Group: Style Council
Most Missed Group: The Jam
Best Male Singer: Paul Weller
Best Guitarist, Songwriter, Haircut, Clothes, etc: Paul Weller
Best Keyboards: Wotsisname in the Style Council
Best Drums, Bass, Other Instruments: Whoever PW gets to join the Style Council
Best Single: 'Talk Like A Child'
Best Album: Style Council's first
Best Live Band: Style Council
Event of The Year: PW forms Style Council
Most Popular Human Being: Paul Weller
Creep Of The Year: Anyone who doesn't vote as above
Steve Masters, Bournemouth.

TE DEUM

There are a couple of things I want to get off my back.

Firstly: Marxism (as Marx *intended* it to be) has not been followed by any country at all. The communist countries who apparently (to our eyes) follow Marxism actually practise a filtered version of Marxism.

Secondly *NME* and its readers seem to have adopted Nietzsche as a father-figure. Oh dear! Let's put the record straight. Ol' whatsisname a) did not like the lower class, although he was born into it; b) hated women; c) loved power-dictatorship. Obviously not the sort of person this world needs.
The Spirit Of '77, Epsom.
Firstly: Marx did not intend "Marxism" to exist at all. Secondly: Judge the work, not the man. Engels placed the Irishman "little above the savage", and Marx wasn't awfully fond of Jews, either; obviously not the sort of people this world needs, eh? — AG.

HIRE THE SEVERELY HANDICAPPED

In Jesus' day people were crucified for preaching to the ignorant. These days they seem to work for music papers.
John Connolly, New Barnet.
Is this a joke? — AG.

NOT A JOKE

Q: How come The Jam manage to monopolise the hearts and ears of your readers for four years when they are clearly an artless bunch of humourless sods who never smile and don't have the imagination to be hardcore depressives?
A: Because the readership, openly encouraged by your contributors, identify so easily with their heroes.
S. Hampshire, Plymouth.
No comment. — AG.

ANOTHER HUMAN WRITES

After seeing a few minutes of the TV special on The Art Ensemble Of Chicago, and knowing how well thought of they are by yourself and others, I decided I should hear their music.
Question: where?

The answer was simple. I joined my local record library (the one in the district library, not the local shop variants). Wonderful! For a £6 annual sub and the cost of a few blank tapes, I now have LPs by the Art Ensemble, Jan Garbarek, Cecil Taylor, Bill Connors, John Coltrane and Archie Shepp — with more to come! The only problem(?) is that I have had to buy my Sun Ra and Keith Jarrett LPs.

I fear this sounds a little like back-slapping from someone being led by others of "superior" tastes. All I can say is that this is not the case, I'm just overjoyed with this *wonderful* music!
Mark Ellison, Blackburn.
Aw, shucks! — AG.

PARTY POOPER

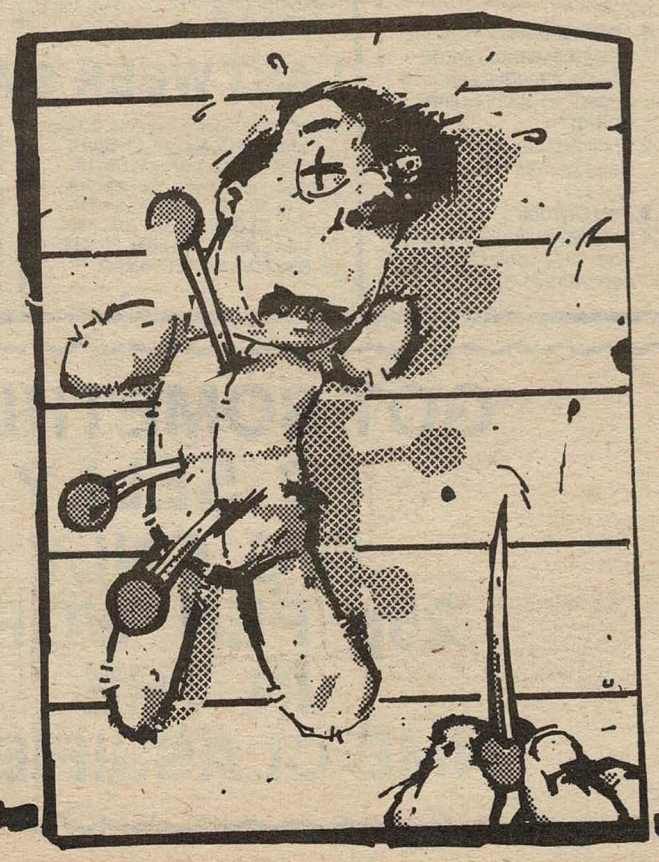
My mind drifts back to a distant issue of *Enemy*, when you described The Birthday Party as "obsessive, deadpan, moribund, seasick". Now you have the audacity to hail them as the harbingers of some new style of musick, ref. last week's interview with the group by Chris Bohn. You seem very interested in them now. They must need money or exposure in this country pretty bad (probably both!)

In two or three years (if they last that long) the rough edges of The Birthday Party's act will be smoothed over. I hope not. Long may their trail of slime slither.
A. Crowley, St. Helier, Jersey.
Arse about tit with regard to this one, Ally. If you listen to their very first — eponymous, no less! — LP, and the even earlier 'Door, Door' debacle by their former selves The Boys Next Door, you'll find that the smooth edges of The Birthday Party have actually been hacked away over the past few years; and if you clock the lyrics to their second LP 'Prayers On Fire', you'll find the headline "obsessive, etc" neatly encoded in one of their songs. Perhaps you should check these things out — after all, you seem very interested in them now. Besides which, Chris Bohn (who's always liked the group) is not Amrik Rai (who hasn't). — AG.
The Enemy? **Am I back in print? — Wyndham Lewis.**

CROWL OFF AND DIE!

It has recently come to my attention that there is an embryonic protagonistic conspiracy afoot, whose avowed purpose is to subject the "general public" and other fine upstanding citizens to the be-devilment of "positive thinking omnipotent optimism", and the media, with their bare faces hanging out, with their Divine Right, have decided in their Infinite Wisdom that the time is now right to unleash this potentially evil force, which they have the audacity to encode as "POSIPUNK", onto an unsuspecting nation. The name is more akin to that of a certain well-known brand of screwdriver than to that of such Houses of Devilry as Communism, Anarchism, Discordianism, The Christian Hierarchy, No. 10 Downing Street and Ken Livingstone's Bedsitter.

I, SPON, High Elder of the Templis Dogmatica Hereticus Surreptica Societa, hereby announce my concern and indignation at this evil plot and, henceforth, I and my Fellow Brotherhood shall declare total war in a last ditch desperate attempt to . . .
And I, GILL, Most Esteemed Custodian of the Bag, hereby consign this drivel to the Worthy Bin of Waste, where it shalt languish for all eternity, yea, even unto such time as I shouldst listen to an album by UK Decay. — AG.



YOUR SYMPTOMS DIAGNOSED by

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Write to: Gasbag, NME, 3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby Street, LONDON W1V 1PG

Illustration by Trevor Brown

These boys with a cavalier attitude to clothes are US discoteers The Jonzun Crew, who'll do anything to get a feather in their caps, it seems. A pluming cheek, we say, and keep taking the coiffure mixture. Pic Joe Stevens

T-ZERS

AND SO **The Style Council's** impromptu tour of Europe continues with spur-of-the-moment dates being added even as we write. Unfortunately the rest of this week's issue went to press too early for reference to **Weller's** radical Euro-revision of the rockist touring syndrome to be made in **David** 'Duckie' **Dorrell's** feature on the band.

Thankfully your caring, sharing *T-Zers* prides itself on having the latest copy delivery facilities in the rock press and is thus able to bring you this exclusive report on the Council's continental conquest predicted in last week's paper.

The band's Paris, Pisa and Turin dates — one of which was recorded for a forthcoming live EP on Respond — were followed by a show in the French Alpine village of Riech-En-Backeur, the place from where competitors in the annual Tour De France cycling race set off in the summer. In addition to **Orange Juice** drummer **Zeke** and a couple of **Questions, Paul Weller** and **Mick Talbot** were joined by French R&B "genius" **Little Bob Storey** on a couple of old numbers. Little Bob, incidently, once played the Marquee with **The Jam** and Weller was well-chuffed to renew an acquaintance that ran back years. "I'm well chuffed with the way things have been going," were the breathless words uttered exclusively to a passing Dot.

In keeping with the historic significance of the venue, the band had taken to the stage in Belgian cycling togs described by Weller as "exceptionally stylish...jeans and leathers are simply too rock 'n' roll these days". At one stage in the show, Talbot and Little Bob even brought huge guffaws from bemused Frenchmen by whizzing to the lip of a smallish stage in a specially-commissioned tandem.

As the band headed north towards the German Federal Republic, Weller expanded further on the highly-unusual nature of his band's first faltering footsteps onto the live stage. It was, he emphasised, essentially a fun tour, although, as is usual with his work, the serious undertones were there.

"Back home, the cynics have been saying that this tour is just some sick April Fool's joke or, even worse, me and Mick just acting out our *Summer Holiday* fantasies. But the critics can go and fuck themselves. If they had their way, I'd still be going onstage in a parka. You have to move forward and that's what we're doing in The Style Council. The only person I have to prove anything to is myself. I feel like a man with a mission and that mission lies in Europe, not in the States which is where all the other bands are heading these days. Yanks are just a bunch of hippies who sit around all day digging **The Clash** until the dope smoke starts coming out of their ears!"

It was in Germany, however, that the tour hit its only hitch. Border guards stepped in as the band were setting up their amps by the Berlin wall and a "busking" session was nipped in the bud.

Weller and Co were also, as expected, refused entry visas into the eastern bloc, where they had hoped — somewhat optimistically — for permission to play a *Solidarnosc* benefit for East German punks. And so the mini-bus, now with **Tracey Thorn** and **Ben Watt** also on board, headed back westwards... towards a tour-climax which few bands would have even contemplated.

Their destination was the German town of Kaiserslautern and a show in the local soccer stadium in front of a couple of thousand NATO servicemen. The set was a blinder, the band playing for near-on two hours with Weller displaying all the frenetic fire and passion of his Jam days and even including an acoustic version of 'Going Underground' with the words "you can hum this one in the bunkers if you like!"

Paul is anticipating plenty of flak for doing the gig, but afterwards, as he supped a cappucino, he remained unrepentant: "That gig was the most subversive thing that a British band have done since the **Pistols** played on the Thames during the Jubilee celebrations. It's alright to go on about stopping cruise missiles and supporting CND, but those cats in the uniforms are the people we should be telling that to, not some bunch of middle-class college boys who think that they're radical because daddy gave them a subscription to the *NME* for Christmas! Who cares what they think...the kids always dig what we're on about and they're the ones that count."

The group were tight-lipped about a projected London date. The big halls, said Weller, were "out of the question", as were any small-scale showcases at the anticipated mod meccas such as the Marquee and the Wellington in Waterloo. For the time being, Weller will remain content to concentrate his creative energies on Respond and plans to open an 'alternative' pizza parlour in Old Compton Street. Stay tuned for further developments...

WHILE WE wait for news of British gigs, however, some of us are amusing ourselves by playing **The Style Council's** 'Speak Like A Child' 45 back to back with **Brinsley Schwartz's** 'Surrender To The Rhythm', a tune that dates from 1971. Have we gone mad, lost our marbles, turned absolutely bazoomie? No way, bro'. Tis just that an eagle-eared Dot noticed an uncanny similarity between the two songs. Some say they are practically identical in fact. And to think that the Brinsley's number was penned by self-styled Jesus Of Cool **Nick Lowe.** Makes yer sick don't it. To think we fought the mod wars for *this!*...

Another folk hero from those fabulous "new wave" days still going strongly, of course, is the right honourable **Joseph Strummer,** the one-time scrap metal dealer who made a living as a song and dance man with **The Clash.** "Strum", as he was once affectionately known, has been keeping quiet about his reasons for involving himself in *The Sun's* sponsorship programme for the London Marathon. Minder **Kosmo Vinyl** (real name **Cosmopolitan Black Plastic Substance From Which Records Are Often Made)** did suggest, however, that Joe might use the partnership to some, er, subversive end in the not too distant future. Will he wear a **Sex Pistols** T-Shirt underneath his *Sun* vest? Run in his bare feet? Say "bum" as he crosses the finishing line? Only time will tell...

Meanwhile, Clash bassman **Paul Simonon** has himself offered to sponsor — of all people — **Ray Lowry** and **Gavin Martin** of this parish if they will run alongside his humble leader in the race. This would, unfortunately, prove slightly difficult. Raymondo is a well-known octogenarian from Manchester and Gavin hasn't had any strenuous exercise since he had to run, oh, at least 100 yards to catch the 29 bus a few months ago...

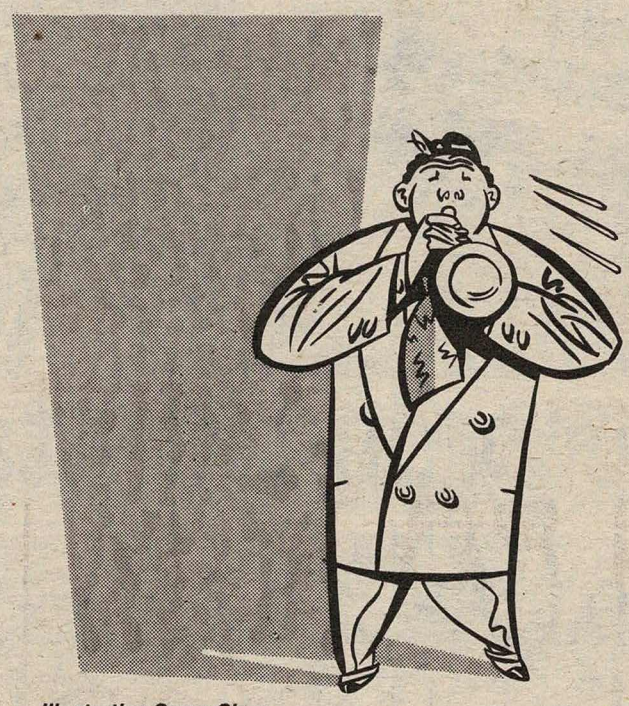
Carrot-topped **Annie Lennox** and side-man **Clem Burke** crept into **Dolly Parton's** recent bash and fended off would-be rabid fans by hiding behind pairs of Wayfarer shades. Their only problem was that this was the particular evening that 'Doll" chose to be filmed for her telly special and who should she sieze upon to pump by the hand as she entered the audience but the shy, retiring Burke. Clem's "thang" for blondes has been evident for years, though...

At least that eliminates him from the list of suspects for planning the bomb scare at Dolly's date later in the week. During the scare, most of the crowd were ushered out to stand under an arch beneath Centrepoint before being allowed back in...

SHATTERING THE majestic calm of the *NME* offices at lunchtime one day last week, North London group **The Time Dance** turned up in full posse to perform their new single 'Picture'. Miming to the accompaniment of a ghettoblaster they performed to a stunned audience of precisely two people. It was the first gig in rock history in which half the audience left afterwards to have a slash at precisely the same time...

And the age of plunder goes on. When **Rip Rig and Panic** a-recording did go not too long ago, piano tickler **Mark Springer** went down to the studio to check the suitability of the old joanna for his exquisite purposes. Imagine his surprise when a portion of his rehearsal doodlings cropped up on the **Sex Gang Children** LP, uncredited and un-paid for. The spikey new positives had been recording next door, where they copped some Springer ticklings without his knowledge. Cheeky...

Following in the footsteps of **The Style Council,** more of our pop heroes have taken to impromptu stage appearances. The latest is **Michael Jackson,** who after watching **Grandmaster Flash and The Furious Pick-A-Number-Between-Four-And-Sixes** at the Peppermint Lounge in Noo York, leapt onstage in slacks and shoes, to lip-sync to 'Don't Stop Till You Get Enough' and sundry other gems. He then proceeded to grab and kiss female members of the audience stationed in the front row. Hang on a minute Michael Jackson grabbing fans, you've got to be fooling. He was, and they were. Some impostor.



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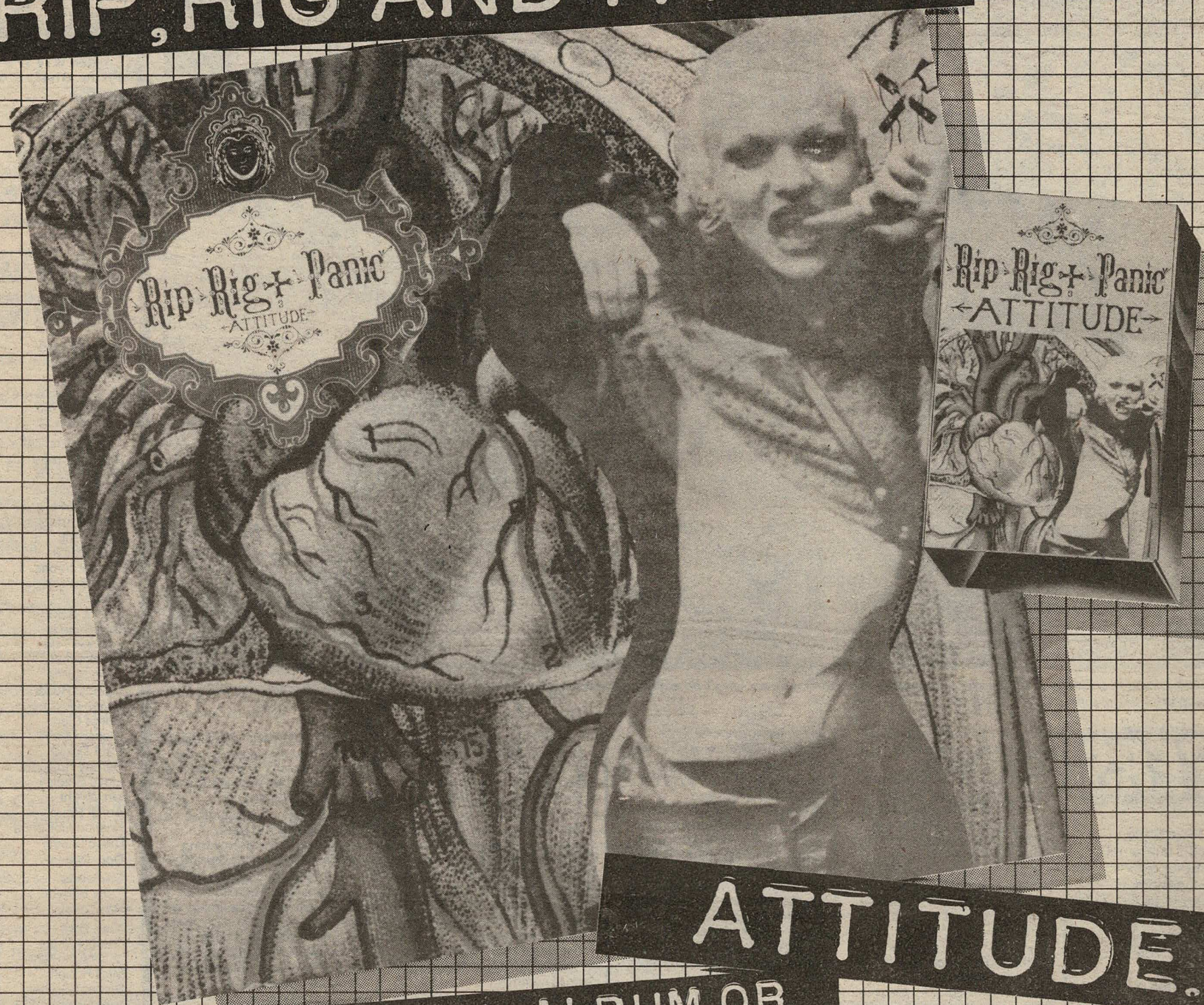
RIP, RIG AND PANIC.



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